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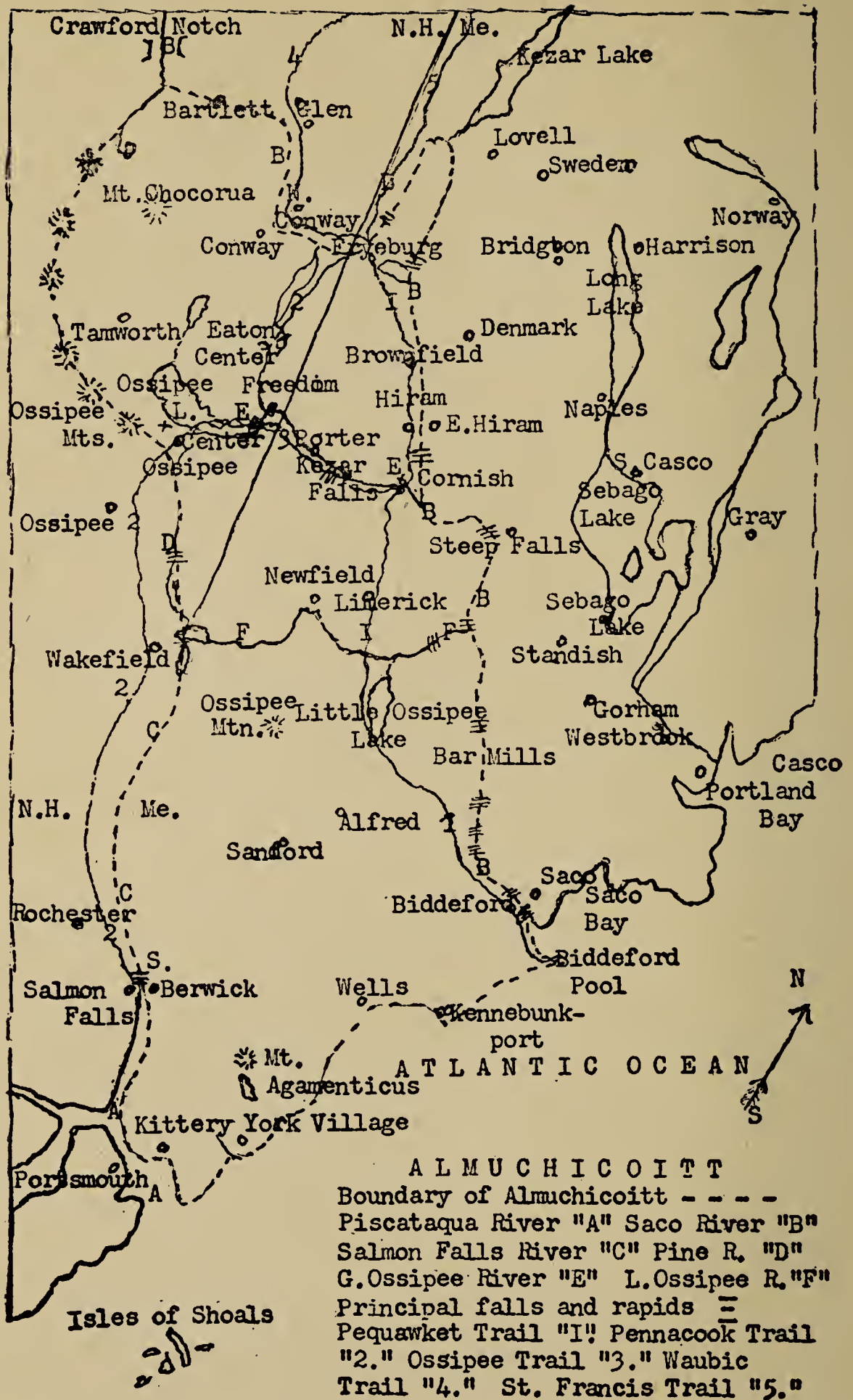
ALMUCHICOTT, LAND OF THE
LITTLE DOG

✓

Historically yours,
Philip Tappan

author of

ALMUCHICOITT



ALMUCHICOITT

LAND OF THE LITTLE DOG

BY

WILLIAM TEG

Author of "Hiram"

Illustrated with Photographs



THE CHRISTOPHER PUBLISHING HOUSE

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T. B. T.

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The map was designed by the author; and all the photographs reproduced here were taken by the author.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The word *Almuchicoitt*, signifying, "Land of the Little Dog," is not a newfangled appellation. It dates back to the pre-colonial period of America, and denotes a certain territory lying in the states of Maine and New Hampshire. The place was undoubtedly well known to the Norsemen during their occupancy of Vinland (A.D., 1000-c. 1400).

Although modern Penobscots would write the name differently, the ancient spelling, as rendered by the first settlers of the country, is here retained.

The first few pages of this work are mostly devoted to "prefatory" events—events leading up to those especially assigned to the State of Maine, particularly to the southern section of *Almuchicoitt*.

History is generally considered as a "dry subject," hence often relegated to obscurity where it eventually becomes the prey to dust and decay, and finally passes into a state of oblivion. To intercept any such retrogressive action to certain historic events through the agency of "resuscitation," is the writer's chief objective—he wants to put new life into history!

Being an ardent admirer of God's great out-of-doors, I repeatedly stress the importance of becoming conversant with Mother Nature, thereby acquiring the habit of living a *radiant life*!

Twenty-seven years of research have entered into the making of "*Almuchicoitt*."

William Teg

Almuchicoitt

PART ONE

HISTORIC HIGHLIGHTS

1

AMERICA BOUND

What incentive prompts man to leave his home and country to go in search of unknown lands? To a philosophic mind it seems that this impulse invariably expresses itself as an irrepressible urge, the compliance with which assists man to escape from ennui, thus enabling him to find adventure, happiness, or forgetfulness. Even an "ideal" form of government would eventually become irksome to the soul that seeks change!

Scientific research has amply substantiated the fact that the Old World was well aware of the existence of antipodel continents, and that many centuries before the rise of the Christian era; but mostly due to the Dark Ages (476 A.D., to the 13th century), when literature languished and superstition triumphed, most of the accounts undertaken by ancient mariners were subjected to medieval coloring—in this "mutilated" shape these narratives were bequeathed to posterity. With logic to guide us, let's summon forth from our depository of fragmentary data a few relevant facts.

The first known literary figure to emerge from the hoary mists of antiquity to inform our insatiably enquiring minds about distant worlds was Solon (c.639-c. 550 B.C.), the celebrated lawmaker of ancient Athens; the founder of the Athenian democracy. He revealed, through the medium of an Egyptian priest—we have the story from the pen of Plato (427-547 B.C.), the island of Atlantis; an ideal commonwealth, lying beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Strait of Gibraltar). Atlantis was admirably governed at the time of its greatest strength, but its subsequent decline, probably brought about by civic corruption, culminated in what might conjecturally have been the Noachian Deluge. The present writer supports the view—now held by many archeologists, that the Atlantides once held sway over the Western Hemisphere. Finds, such as megalithic monuments, archaic writings, tools of tempered copper, reveal the fact that an ancient, highly cultured civilization once flourished in North America. I advance the theory that a “Temple of the Sun” once stood on the summit of Mount Washington! Preposterous? The “Mount Washington Brass Plate,” discovered near the top of this mountain, in 1802, bore a Poseide chirography. Furthermore, the six bronze plates unearthed in the state of Illinois, in 1843—made known to the world by Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, carried a somewhat similar type of characters.

Anaxagoras (500-428 B.C.), the Ionic philosopher—he who is credited with having founded the “atomic theory,” comes next, supplying us with a timely, thought-evoking issue. A new land had been discovered at the time of his birth; a land that lay beyond the western seas; a land of wonders, about which Anaxagoras so lucidly wrote an account. Brass tablets bearing Phenician inscriptions, referring to this particular discovery, were uncovered in the northern part

of Brazil, South America, about two decades ago, indicating that this continent was known to the Old World five centuries before Christ! Both Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) and Diodorus, Greek historian, and a contemporary of Julius Caesar (102-44 B.C.), wrote extensively about the land that Anaxagoras described in his *Bibliothেকে Historike*.

Centuries pass. About the year 517 A.D., St. Brendan or Brandane (484-577), appears upon the scene. This Irish monk and missionary, with his following, had just returned to Ireland from his voyage to the legendary "Isle of Saints;" later known as "St. Brendan's Island." Where was this island—was it Monhegan? If so, he might have reached the mainland, and consequently sought a safe haven for his craft in some of our sheltered coves, inlets, or estuaries; and probably left a record of his visit, in Ogham symbols (Celtic writing), on some conspicuous ledge!

Fortunately, subsequent events in the course of discoveries, explorations, and colonizations have been copiously authenticated. Firstly, we entertain no hesitancy about assigning the "priority" of discovery to the Norse—the first white men definitely known to have come in contact with the aboriginal Indians of North America. Numerous Norwegian and Icelandic Sagas, ecclesiastical documents, and runic inscriptions all contribute toward vindicating this claim. Only in very recent years has this study been given a thoroughgoing inquiry—open minds have had access to original material, permitting them to arrive at some startling inferences.

The famous "Yarmouth Stone," discovered by a Dr. Fletcher at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in 1812, bears an ideographic inscription recording Leif Ericsson's visit to this maritime province. The writing is in runic characters, obviously inscribed by a Norse rune-cutter; probably the work of Leif himself. We definitely know

that it was not executed by a Phenician, Greek, Latin, nor by a Tatar, notwithstanding the fact that the archaic ciphers employed by these ancients closely resemble the runic symbols used by the Norse. Incidentally, the runes originally came from archaic Greek and Latin symbols. The invention of the runic alphabet has been attributed to Bishop Ulphilas or Wulfilas (311-381 A.D.) while translating the Bible into Moeso-Gothic, about the year 365. This work—the original manuscript, known as the “Silver Bible” (*Codex Argenteus*), is now in the library of the University of Uppsala, Sweden. Weapons and instruments bearing runic inscriptions have been traced no farther back than to the 4th century, contemporaneous with Ulphilas. The first runic characters were twenty-four in number; finally reduced to sixteen. These symbols were called “Futhork,” from the first six letters of the alphabet. Pictographs were used by the Norsemen previous to the origin of the runic alphabet. Such picture-writing, dating from before the time of Beowulf, have been seen by the present writer along the coast of southwest Sweden.

Another runic writing of great importance is the one engraved on a large boulder on Nomansland. This island is situated a few miles to the southwest of Martha's Vineyard. The runic inscription, discovered in 1926, by Mr. Joshua Crane, the owner of the island, refers to Leif Ericsson. Only at a very low tide can the boulder be reached dry-shod. It originally occupied the summit of the bold headland facing the sea, but erosion undermined its base, and the boulder plunged into the Atlantic. This “Nomansland Runic Boulder,” the “Yarmouth Stone,” and the “Hoenen Runic Stone”—the latter mentioned elsewhere in this sketch, are considered to be the most conspicuous links in the chain of corroborative evidence relative to the epoch-making voyage of “Leif the Lucky.”

The Norsemen Are Coming!

Leif Ericsson—in Old Norse, “Leifr Eiríksson,” the hero of numerous novels and historic sketches, was born in Iceland, in the latter part of the 10th century. He was the son of Eric Thorwaldsson; the “Eric the Red” who discovered Greenland in 982. Leif’s ancestors, the renowned “Vikings,” had been sea-faring men for well-nigh a thousand years. The earliest known members of his race, however, had been landsmen. According to the late Prof. R. B. Anderson, the Norse scholar, they migrated into Europe about 70 B.C. Others place the coming of the Norsemen to Scandinavia at a much earlier date.

Leif’s career as a navigator did not arise from the perusal of any textbook on navigation. His foster-father, Tyrker, was his first tutor; his classmates were freebooters; his classroom the open deck of his foster-father’s ship! Leif did not attain his sobriquet, “Leif the Lucky”—*Leifr hinn Heppni*, by any mere whim of his countrymen. No! His rescuing a group of shipwrecked countrymen gave him the nickname. One account tells us that Leif was the most outstanding skipper of his time and generation.

Leif’s visit to the court of King Olof Tryggvason at Trondhjem (Nidaros), Norway, in the year 999, introduced a new era in the annals of discovery. Only a distinguished person could find favor before royalty. To Christianize Leif, this was King Olof’s first objective. And his efforts toward that goal seemed to have been crowned with an early success. Having embraced Christianity, Leif was advised to devote his time from that period on to the propagation of the Gospel. His first convert would, naturally, have to be his own father, “Eric the Red,” who was a so-called heathen—he must be persuaded to abandon his Nordic gods. Incidentally, Eric never became a Christian!

Greenland, discovered eighteen years previously, had, as yet, not come under the jurisdiction of the Vatican. Here was a virgin field, and its immediate needs were missionaries. And so the king gave Leif the further assignment of conveying priests to the newly formed (c. 986) republic; the first representative democracy to be organized in the far North.

In the late summer of 1000, Leif, with his crew of thirty-five men, including Tyrker, his foster-father, and several priests, set sail from Trondhjem, ostensibly bound for Gardar, the seat of government in the Eastern Settlement of Greenland where "Eric the Red" held sway; actually, however, Leif's course was a more southerly one, having *Markland* (Newfoundland?), "land of forests," as his destination, and where he eventually arrived. This new route had evidently been premeditated by Leif himself a few years previously. It seems that Bjarne Herjulfson, a son of Herjulf Baardson, a wealthy sea-merchant and a man of great initiative, had been the instigator of the scheme. Incidentally, it was from Bjarne Herjulfson that Leif had bought his ship in 997-999; the ship destined to reach the then unknown "Vinland." Annals of that period somewhat naively make the conjectural report that Herjulfson had discovered Markland in 986, and his enthusiasm over the find had kindled a similar feeling in Leif's susceptible bosom.

Being satisfied with his rediscovery of Markland, Leif turned his prow toward Greenland, to deliver the king's charge before the opening of the Summer session of Parliament, where the ecclesiastics were destined to persuade this august body to place the country (Greenland) beneath the banner of Christianity. And since the ruler, "Eric the Red," made no serious objections to such a psychological change among his subjects, the priests easily won their case. Having religiously fulfilled his major promise to the Norwegian

king, Leif and his "merry men" were now free to exercise their own mutual interests. They now promptly sailed toward the West; past "Gunnbjorn's Skerries;" past the rocky headlands of *Helluland* (Labrador?), "land of flat stones;" past Markland, thence into the unknown!

After a few days' sail, the cry of "land ho"! brought the storm-tossed sailors to a full realization of their fondest dreams. Before them lay a new continent. Land of opportunity—land of the luscious grape—Vinland!

The place of Leif's landing on the American coast has never been ascertained, although several subsequent expeditions to Vinland mentioned, and made use of, the booths erected by Leif. Inasmuch as Leif arrived in Vinland with no "royal grant," the limits of his jurisdiction cannot be determined approaching any degree of accuracy. Vinland was, presumably, situated along the Atlantic seaboard, between the thirty-eighth and forty-sixth degrees of latitude, or, between the state of Virginia and the maritime province of Nova Scotia. In some measure, the runic inscriptions found in New England and elsewhere help us to outline the compass of Leif's survey. The Sagas relate that Leif and his men spent the winter of 1000-1001 in Vinland, and that his return to Greenland in the autumn of 1001 with the news of his discovery of Vinland was hailed by the skalds of the North! The "Hoenen Runic Stone," previously mentioned, documents the discovery of Vinland. This famous stone was discovered about the year 1817, in Ringarike, Norway, and dates from the period between 1010-1050. The Roman Church also recorded this historic event; likewise all subsequent ones having direct bearings on church activities.

Leif's epoch-making trip to Vinland was soon followed by other expeditions. About the year 1002, Leif's brother Thorwald sailed to Vinland with a crew of thirty men in Leif's ship with the intention of

colonizing the country. Leif's booths were used as headquarters; spending two winters here. While cruising along the coast that first summer, their ship ran aground, damaging her keel. Here a new keel was constructed, and the broken one placed on the beach as a landmark, naming the place *Kjalarnes*, "Keelness." On a jutting promontory, a few miles from *Kjalarnes*, eight *skraelings*, "Indians," were massacred by the Norsemen, and in this fight Thorwald was mortally wounded by an arrow. His wish to be buried here was complied with, and two crosses were placed on his grave. From this incident the place was called *Krossanes*, "The Promontory of the Crosses." Both these promontories must have been well known to several generations of Norsemen. Some day runic inscriptions might be found indicating their locations. Following this distressing event, Thorwald's men returned to their winter quarters; and in the summer set sail for Greenland.

As soon as the news of Thorwald's death reached Gardar, Leif's brother, Thorstein, desired to have Thorwald's body brought to Greenland for burial, and so he with a small company set out for *Krossanes*, but stormy weather thwarted their attempt. Thorstein died shortly thereafter during an epidemic in the Western Settlement.

Freydisa, a natural daughter of "Eric the Red," was the next historic figure to visit Vinland. This expedition consisted of two ships—the small vessel was commanded by Freydisa's husband, Thorwald; the other one was under the command of two brothers, Finnbogi and Helgi. The two companies were made up of both men and women. Freydisa, a "red head," had inherited her father's irascible temper. Avarice was a prominent trait in her character. Like all the previous expeditions to Vinland, this one also made Leif's booths its headquarters. While sojourning here,

Freydisa instigated the massacre of the large ship's entire company, men and women, including Finnbogi and Helgi, thus to secure their valuable cargo of furs and lumber! Even the natives themselves were greatly astonished at her initiative and audacity. Notwithstanding her threats to any person that disclosed this heinous crime, the secret somehow reached Leif, who soundly berated his sister's complicity, and predicted for her and her descendants a series of dire misfortunes, all of which fate fulfilled!

The year 1003 or 1004 brought another expedition to Vinland. It was comprised of several ships, carrying, besides their crews, 160 men and women colonists, and a cargo of cattle. This group was under the leadership of Thorfinn (or Thorfinur) Karlsevne, he who had been entrusted to undertake the actual colonization. To locate Leif's booths was the first problem to face Karlsevne. Several days were spent in skirting the coast of Vinland in search of these shelters, but to no purpose; they had undoubtedly been destroyed by the wrathful natives. The place of this expedition's landing on the American coast was what is now Cambridge, Mass. Karlsevne called it *Hop*, signifying "Hope." Several foundations of structures antedating the Popham Colony (1607), in Maine; some of which are typically Norse, have been discovered in New England. Those unearthed by Professor Eben Norton Horsford at Gerry's Landing, on Charles River, being the most noteworthy.

The first vessel of this expedition to arrive upon the scene was the one commanded by Karlsevne himself. The promontory with the three forest-clad hills, lying directly across the river from *Hop*, was at that time known by its Indian name of *Shawmut*, "Sweet Water." Upon this noble height our valiant sea-faring Karlsevne and his company of men and women rested their weary eyes, and toward it the skipper directed

his ship. By means of our "visionary proclivity" we observe how the captain and his crew begin to act as if they suddenly had become reanimated upon their having come within hearing-distance of the monotonous dirge of the breaking billows of the archipelago. And wisely so. How dexterously they guide the vessel through the flying spume and spray, past skerries, spits, and bars! What a grand display of mental and muscular co-ordination; what a concurrence of action between skipper, crew, and craft!

Having entered upon tranquil waters—just above where a sand bar formerly obstructed the channel at low tide, the ship slowly comes to rest. This is the end of a perilous voyage, accomplished without compass, without astrolabe, without sextant, without hydrographic charts! The mariners had sailed by the sun and the stars, by prevailing winds, by air and sea currents, and by landfalls!

The ship that now so proudly rides at anchor at *Hop* is a representative of the "Gogstad ship," a type of vessel in general use during the Viking Period (c.800-c.1050); constructed out of well-seasoned oak, with a length of 78 feet, a beam of 16 feet, 7 inches, and of light draft—3 ft., 7 in., hence able to enter shallow creeks and inlets. A series of copper shields, richly embossed, adorn the topsides. The ship is propelled by oars as well as by sails—one quadrilateral sail midships, and a set of triangular sails fore-and-aft. The graceful curves from stern to bow—both ends being sharp (double-ender), depicts the work of a master craftsman, equal, if not superior, to any Phœnician shipwright. Compare the type and dimensions of this ship with those of the famous *Mayflower*, a double-decked vessel, of 180 tons; extreme length, 97½ feet; width, 20 feet.

We see Karlsevne, the master of the expedition, standing beneath the dragon's head of his ship, and

closely behind him his stalwart crew, ready to disembark. Karlsevne's physical appearance presents the following characteristics: His features are classic; nose slightly aquiline; sky-blue eyes; a huge titian-tinted mustache, and long flaxen locks. A leather helmet with a crest of golden wings crowns his noble brow. His general appearance is that of a great chief, one possessing skill, courage, and perseverance; slow to anger, yet, when thoroughly aroused, dangerous! He is dressed in a parka-like, knee-length garment of skins, belted; leggings reaching from thighs to ankles; heavy leather boots. A short, sheathed sword is at his belt. The helmsman and the oarsmen are similarly attired, except their head-dresses, these being less ornate than the one worn by their chief. Physiognomically, as well as emotionally, however, they differ widely from their master. Many of the Norsemen of that period were of a mixed race. Frequent voyages to Mediterranean coasts during the Viking age resulted in the usual intermarriages between the conquerors and the vanquished, consequently the great number of dark-complexioned, quick-tempered men found among the sea-rovers of the far North—but the Nordic spirit of liberty prevailed!

Having debarked, Karlsevne's immediate concern was to offer thanks to God for their safe arrival. He then christened the place, *Hop*. Thus Vinland, Greenland's North American colony, had its birth. This first Norse expedition to the New World—we must regard the previous ones as mere preliminaries—had a three-fold objective; namely, to explore the country, to colonize it, and to convert its inhabitants to Christianity. These tactics, however, fomented trouble. The confiscation of land, and the inculcation of foreign ideas into the minds of the aborigines were not conducive factors toward harmony. Several skirmishes between the natives and the Norsemen inevitably follow-

ed, resulting in many deaths to both races. These martial engagements so depleted the fighting strength of the colony that, within three years, it was decided upon to abandon the country. The survivors returned to Greenland about the year 1007. Incidentally, it was at *Hop* where the first white child in North America was born; the Icelandic Snorri, a son of Gudrida and Thorfinn Karlsevne. Gudrida was Leif Ericsson's sister-in-law. She had married Thorfinur, the first colonizer of Vinland, upon the death of her former husband, Thorstein—the previously mentioned brother of Leif. The date of Snorri's birth has been set at 1006. He left distinguished descendants—the Danish sculptor, Albert (Bertel) Thorwaldsen (1770-1844) was one of these; documentary evidences confirming these facts are available.

Here is a noteworthy historic fact: Upon the death of "Eric the Red," his son, Leif Ericsson became the ruler of Greenland. Both of these illustrious figures passed into immortality at Gardar, Eastern Settlement, Greenland, in the first part of the eleventh century.

In the map of Diego Ribero of 1529 the name "Aranbega" appears; this being the much-discussed "Norumbega" which is found in later maps—the name disappears from all maps toward the middle of the 17th century. Numerous definitions of the term have been advanced, but only one is acceptable. The word is undoubtedly of an aboriginal origin that has undergone Latinization—to the Indians the name designated the territory, Vinland, occupied by the Norsemen. Capt. John Smith changed the name of this particular region, from "Norumbega" to *New England*. Norumbega was first mentioned by a French captain in 1537. Jean Francois, Sieur de Roberval, the Viceroy of Jacques Cartier, gives a glowing account of his visit, in 1542, to a "city" in Norumbega—probably a trading-post on the Charles River. Andre Thevet reports his having

visited Norumbega in 1556. And David Ingram, the "long-distance walker," entered Norumbega through pearly gates in 1569. In these various accounts two salient features are noteworthy: Precious pearls and valuable furs were found in abundance. Samuel de Champlain's search for such a treasure-trove on the Penobscot, as related in his "Voyages," was met with failure. Had he extended his search along the Charles River he might have found it. But to return to the Norsemen.

Did the aforesaid setbacks deter the resolute Norsemen from making further attempts to colonize Vinland? No! The fact is that reverses were generally regarded by them as incentives rather than deterrents. This view is borne out by the fact that the population of Vinland gradually increased, and that by the year 1112, Pope Paschalis II considered it timely to appoint a spiritual director to Greenland and Vinland—Bishop Erik Gnipsson, the appointee, was sent to his diocese in 1121. As previously intimated, trans-Atlantic commerce thrived for centuries, notwithstanding the paucity of specific accounts. If the inscriptions on several of our runic stones bear dates, as deciphered by the runologist, Prof. Olaf Strandwold, we certainly possess some highly valuable historic data relative to the chronological occupancy of Vinland by the Norsemen!

Modoc, Prince of Wales, is reported to have played an important role in this trans-Atlantic trade in 1170. Timber obtained from the virgin forests of Vinland was the principal commodity.

The last chronicled event respecting Vinland—to come to us from a European source, was dated in 1342. In that year the inhabitants of the Western Settlement of Greenland apostatized their faith and emigrated to Vinland.

The period 1348-1351 marks the first appearance of

the "Black Death" (Bubonic Plague) in Europe—in 1402 it carried off nearly two-thirds of the population of Iceland. Greenland was similarly affected. This acute malignant contagious disease is caused by the presence of a specific microbe (*Bacillus pestis*). Was this deadly bacteria brought to Vinland? If so, it may partly account for the dearth of information concerning the Vinland colony. The destruction by fire of the many ancient Norse records reposing in cathedrals would be another contributing cause.

During their long period of occupancy, the Vinlanders made frequent journeys into the interior of the continent, leaving runic stones at various points of special interest. Several such markers have already been found; numerous others await detection. What made the Norsemen undertake such hazardous and prolonged traveling? The very same incentive that made rovers out of the Phenicians; conquerors out of the Romans; zealots out of the Crusaders—the lure of adventure!

In 1738 the French explorer, Pierre Gaultier de Varannes de la Verendrye (1685-1750), found a small stone tablet bearing what might possibly have been runic inscriptions, some miles to the east of what is now the village of Menoken, North Dakota. The stone was first submitted to several priests at Trois Rivières, Canada. These ecclesiastics, however, failed to interpret the strange writing; whereupon Capt. Verendrye ordered that the stone be sent to Paris, France, to be deciphered. The stone disappeared. And a search of the archives in Paris, in 1935-36, by Viscount Henry de France, and the present writer, failed to locate its whereabouts. Had Verendrye sent the stone to Christiania—now called Oslo, Stockholm, or Copenhagen, a runologist could have been found who would have been able to decipher the characters, provided they were runes.

The "Dighton Rock," on Taunton River, Mass., carries the best known of all our ancient rock-carvings; first copied, in 1680, by a Dr. Danforth. Cotton Mather (1663-1728) was one of the first learned men to take a serious interest in it. These rock inscriptions were formerly thought to be a record left by the Norsemen; now, however, they are generally conceded to be a motley of pictographs and other graphic symbols, partly, at least, of an Indian origin. Considerably more than six hundred articles have been published about these inscriptions—they have already had thirty-five different interpretations!

Of paramount importance is the "Kensington Stone," unearthed near Kensington, Minnesota, in 1898. The runic inscriptions on this stone were thoroughly authenticated by a committee of scholars appointed by the Minnesota Historical Society, in 1910. First in 1948 did the Smithsonian Institution verify the Society's finding! The gist of these runic records is that a party of eight Swedes and twenty-two Norwegians had been sent from Vinland on an exploration-journey, in 1362, and that ten of the members had been massacred, presumably by the Sioux. The runic stone was found on an "island"—a kame surrounded by a tract of soft, wet land.

Further indications of the Norsemen's occupation of what is now our United States lie in the finding of weapons, such as hatchets, battle-axes, and spear-heads; of a Scandinavian workmanship, dating from the Middle Ages. Most of these artifacts were found, strangely, not in New England, but a thousand miles to the west; scattered across the state of Minnesota, from the Red River of the North, far into the "Driftless Area" of southwestern Wisconsin.

To any mariner approaching the United States from the North Atlantic, the most conspicuous landfall is the group of mountains constituting Mount Desert Is-

land—known as *Dragoe*, “dragon island,” to the Norsemen. This impressive height (el. 1532 ft.) is visible at sea, on any clear day, at a distance of about sixty-eight miles. The island lies about ninety-nine nautical miles due west of Yarmouth, N.S.—where the “Yarmouth Runic Stone” was discovered. We have to give the two Venetian brothers, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, due credit for their having placed this island on the map in 1400. They are reported to have visited North America in 1380 or 1390, and had, in all probability, met some of the Vinland colonists, or, perchance, made an acquaintance with the Norse Sagas. Neither Martin Waldseemüller nor Johann Ruysch had made themselves familiar with Vinland, hence their maps were obsolete a full century before they were made!

Every one of the 1300 wooded islands—not to mention the innumerable skerries, along the coast of Maine, were known to the Norsemen. Many of these islands were used by the Norsemen as positions of defence against Indian attacks from the mainland. But so far only three of these islands can be *definitely* associated with the Norsemen; namely, *Dragoe* or Mount Desert Island, Monhegan, and Manana. *Dragoe*, as previously pointed out, through a Norse history (Saga); the other two by means of runic inscriptions. These three islands will receive further attention elsewhere in this sketch.

Post-Norse Discoveries, Explorations, and Colonizations

Giovanni Caboto and his three sons were the first to break the long silence of the North Atlantic, in 1497-1498. The part the Norsemen had played in discovery, exploration, and colonization, was by this time almost

forgotten by the people of southern Europe. Caboto's visit was followed, in 1501-1502, by the two Portuguese navigators, Gaspar and Miguel Cortereal; the former reaching the Bay of Fundy. But none returned to Europe to give a report of their experiences. Both got lost in northern mists!

Normans and French Bretons skirted the coast of Maine in 1504; Capt. Jean Denys in 1506; Thomas Aubert in 1508. Juan Ponce de Leon's search for the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," which began in 1512, was, probably, the first great event of the sixteenth century. Unfortunately, his quest did not extend to the crystal springs of New England, hence all his efforts were in vain!

Giovanna da Verrazano, the famous Italian explorer and corsair, rendered considerable service to cartography through his delineation of the North Atlantic coast, from North Carolina to the mouth of the Penobscot River ("Rocky River"). He had been commissioned by Francis I of France, in 1524, to discover the waterway (Northwest Passage) leading to the Indian Ocean. Verrazano was, however, more concerned about finding pearls and precious minerals. He discovered the Hudson River, in 1525, but found no riches, unless adventure could be called by that name!

In 1525, Estevan Gomez, a Portuguese navigator, sailed up the Penobscot River, and so delighted was he with the stream that he forthwith named it, "Rio de Gomez," in honor of himself! How much more pleasant the aboriginal name sounds to our ears!

Before we can set the stage for the events occurring in the "Land of the Little Dog," it is imperative that we acquaint ourselves with several other colonization-projects; especially those instituted by the English, inasmuch as they played the leading roles in pioneering and promoting agriculture and industrial pursuits.

When Elizabeth ascended the English throne, in

1558, new life was infused into her country. She revolutionized the thinking that ushered in the dawn of progress. The Elizabethan renaissance introduced a deeper insight into literature and art—the age of old romance had to depart from the stage of life. In 1578 England suddenly became interested in the Western Hemisphere especially the region lying north of the equator. Spain's inroads into North America were regarded with an intense disfavor by England. A "cut-throat" competition between the two great powers was the inevitable outcome!

Queen Elizabeth's acute foresight clearly discerned the potentialities of the New World; hence the commission consigned to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the "privileges" of discovery and colonization. The ill-fated expedition in which his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, had invested \$10,000, did little to enhance our knowledge of our continent, but, nevertheless, it was a timely attempt to disperse the dusky clouds of mystery that hovered over the North Atlantic. The death of Sir Gilbert in his storm-wrecked frigate, the "Squirrel," although disheartening, gave but a temporary rebuff to discovery.

In 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh sent out a fleet to explore Virginia—North America was at that time known under the general names of North and South Virginia, divided by the parallel 40 degrees. Their first landfall was South Virginia—Florida was a Spanish-held territory. No attempt was made to colonize the country; but next year, 1585, another expedition, consisting of one hundred and eight men, under Sir Richard Grenville and Ralph Lane, was sent to Roanoke Island—this island lies off the coast of North Carolina. Unbearable hardships broke up this colony in 1586; its remnants were brought back to England by Sir Francis Drake. It is more or less worthy of note to state that, shortly before his coming

to the rescue of the Roanoke Island colonists, his fleet of twenty-one ships, laden with Spanish treasure, had paid an unexpected visit to St. Augustine, Florida—that Spanish city was burned to the ground!

In 1587, seemingly not dispirited by his previous failure, Sir Walter Raleigh made his second attempt to colonize Roanoke Island; this time under Capt. John White. This company of colonists consisted of one hundred and fifty souls; seventeen of which were women. It was here that Capt. White's granddaughter, Virginia Dare, was born—on Aug. 15, 1587. The first English child to be born in North America. But what became of the colony? When the place was visited in 1790, not one colonist remained. They must have been either killed or captured by the Indians.

Bartholomew Gosnold's attempt to establish a settlement on the island of Cuttyhunk, in Buzzard's Bay, on the 25th of May, 1602, came to grief less than two months after landing. A disagreement amongst the members of his expedition is said to have been the cause of this short-lived venture. Four years later, largely due to Gosnold's efforts, a group of enterprising men obtained a charter from King James I to colonize Virginia. This charter was granted to the London Company—patent dated, April 10, 1606. The land concerned embraced the territory lying between the thirty-fourth and thirty-eighth degrees of latitude; approximately, between Cape Fear, North Carolina, and Chincoteague Island, Virginia. This first permanent English settlement in America was made on the 13th day of May 1607, by a company of one hundred men under the leadership of Capt. Christopher Newport. The place chosen was situated on a peninsula, on the north bank of James River, about thirty-five miles from Cape Henry and Cape Charles. They named their settlement "Jamestown," in honor of the reigning king, James I.

The Jamestown colonists were, however, too ill-organized to make any effective use of their opportunely acquired possession. Two political parties made a united stand impossible—the conservatives and the progressives were always at loggerheads; constantly jockeying for favorable positions. Moreover, they failed from the very outset to exercise proper tact in their dealings with the aborigines. And the misfortunes that befell the colonists were naturally of their own making. Nine-tenths of the settlers died during the winter of 1609-1610; principally from starvation and a lack of hygiene—typhoid took a heavy toll. Among those who fell victims to this visitation was Capt. Bartholomew Gosnold. Only the timely arrival, in 1610, of Lord De la Warr—he had just been appointed governor and captain-general of Virginia, saved the colony from becoming extinct.

Capt. John Smith, president of the Jamestown Colony in 1608, is one of the best known of our historical figures. His rescue by the Indian princess, Pocahontas (Matoaka); the daughter of Chief Powhatan (Wahunsonacook), is proverbial, but the true story about his sending a ship-load of “fool’s gold” (pyrite, or disulfide of iron) to England, taking it to be the precious metal, is less known. In short, when the almost worthless cargo reached its destination, somebody discovered the real nature of the mineral, thereby justified in giving the captain the horselaugh. Thus, for many a year, discredit was thrown on all further prospecting and mining operations in Virginia. We’ll again have the occasion to meet this jolly good fellow, Capt. John Smith.

In 1612, that evil genius, Capt. Samuel Argall, came into the news as the kidnapper of Pocahontas during an Indian revolt, and holding her as hostage, thus to intimidate her father, Chief Powhatan. Capt. Argall’s attack upon the French colony on Mount Desert Island,

in 1613,, is related elsewhere in this work. He was appointed deputy governor of Virginia in 1617, serving in this capacity until 1619, when he made plans to join an expedition against Algiers.

In 1618, Powhatan, the chief of the "Powhatan Confederacy of Virginia," died, and was succeeded by his brother, Opechancanough. The year 1619 saw the introduction of slavery into the colony! This Indian confederation played a vital part in instigating the massacre that depopulated the colony in 1622—a "retribution for the white man's treachery and robberies," according to Chief Opechancanough. The belated valuation of a confederacy was thus surreptitiously brought to the attention of the whites. Such an alliance, however, did not materialize until 1643, and then first in New England.

"Bacon's Rebellion" expressed the sentiment of the common people. This popular flare-up, in 1676, following King Phillip's War, among the Virginians, under Nathaniel Bacon, was, ostensibly, directed against the Indians, but, factually, in opposition to the current administration—the people disliked the idea of being dictated to by England. They considered themselves sufficiently mature for self-government! Jamestown's decline began with this uprising.

During the course of Jamestown's rise and decline, several other colonies were engendered and cradled along the Atlantic seaboard; first among these being the Popham Colony. The organization that financed and sponsored this colonization-project was known as the Plymouth Company; claiming, by right of royal grant—James I made this grant (Patent dated, April 10, 1606), the jurisdiction of the territory lying within the forty-first and forty-fifth degrees of latitude (between New York City and the Penobscot River, Me.). George Popham and Ralph Gilbert were the leaders of this colonization scheme. On August 19, 1607, two

ships with about 120 men landed at the mouth of the Kennebec—at Popham Beach, where, on August 29, (N.S.), 1607, the colony was established. George Popham was elected its president. His untimely death in the spring of 1608 broke up the colony. The want of a resolute leader, and not the severity of the winter, was the real cause of the colony's abandonment.

A brief digression at this stage is quite relevant inasmuch as it tends to facilitate our comprehension of subsequent events. The North Atlantic seaboard between Florida and the St. Lawrence River had, in 1606, become a much-mooted subject among the European kings and their underlings. The problem concerned involved *territorial rights* of three nations; namely, the aborigines, who were the rightful owners; the French and the English, the usurpers! The controversial question concerned itself with the hypothetical priority of discovery—the aborigines having of course, no say in the matter. The two European nations—the Indian nations were but groups of savage tribes—contemptuously ignored the other's so-called "patents of land grants." These disputes grew in intensity as the years advanced, developing into conditions portentous of fatal consequences. Observe how the following French Grants overlapped those of the English, and, vice versa: The territory lying between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of latitude—between Philadelphia and Montreal, was granted to Sieur de Monts by King Henry of Navarre (Patent dated, Nov. 8, 1603.). In 1607, Madame de Girreheville purchased the De Monts' claim. And in 1610, the boy king, Louis XIII—surnamed, "The Just," granted her all the land between Florida and the St. Lawrence River. Thus the year, 1606, marked the beginning of their struggles for supremacy; destined not to cease till the fall of Quebec, on Sept. 13, 1759—treaty signed in 1763.

The best known, and, probably, the most successful

colony to be established in North America—in spite of English and Dutch interferences, was the Plymouth Colony; founded by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth (Patuxet), Massachusetts, on Dec. 11th, Old Style; Dec. 21st, New Style, in 1620. The *first* landing on the New England coast had been made on Cape Cod, near Provincetown, on the 11th of November, 1620. The “Mayflower”—the ship that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to the New World, sailed from Dartmouth, England, on Sept. 6 (O.S.), or, on Sept. 16 (N.S.), 1620, with 102 passengers, fifty of whom died within four months after landing. Typhus or “ship fever” was given as the cause of the high mortality. That the remaining “miserables” survived the ordeal must be attributed to the compassion of the aborigines. Let us meet the man who played the leading part in saving the colony from extinction. His name was Squanto. He could look back upon a colorful career. His childhood and early youth were spent at Patuxet, on Cape Cod Bay. When Capt. Thomas Hunt, one of Capt. John Smith’s subordinates, entered this peaceful inlet of the sea, in 1614, fear and consternation smote the aborigines, for the captain’s visit was a hostile one—he came here to play the role of a slaver. Having kidnapped twenty Patuxet Indians and seven Nausets, Capt. Hunt promptly sailed out of the bay, to rejoin Capt. Smith’s small fleet of sailing vessels; ten to fifty ton shallops and sloops, bound for Jamestown. Capt. Hunt brought his victims to Malaga; a province in the south of Spain, where he sold them as slaves. Fortunately, some local friars came to their rescue. Squanto, the Indian, who was destined to save Plymouth Colony, was one of those rescued from slavery. He eventually found his way to England, where he became the servant of John Slanie, a London merchant. A few years later, upon his return to his native land, he found himself the only survivor of the

Patuxet tribe—it had been destroyed by the “Great Pestilence” of 1616-1617. His meeting with the colonists of Plymouth, on March 19, 1621, is a well-authenticated event. Squanto became the colony’s chief interpreter, and, furthermore, a dependable guide; revealing the natural resources of the country, thus averting the colony’s doom. Squanto died at Chatam, on Cape Cod, in 1622.

The first Indian to meet the colonists on friendly terms was, however, not Squanto, but Samoset, a sachem of the Wawenocks of Monhegan Island. He met them on March the 16th; introducing the famous Squanto three days later.

Few details about the colony’s every-day life are available; weather conditions, and other vitally important natural phenomena, being conspicuously absent. But a perusal of the various “Journals” issued by the colony’s chief executives boldly presents the following facts. Four insidious factors inimical to the colony’s well-being were vividly clear; namely, *internal dissension, foreign interference, religious intolerance, and Indian hostility*. A century and a half of such conflicts lay before the colony!

The winter of 1620-1621 was the most difficult thing to contend with. With hardly anything more to cling to than the tenuous thread of hope, the colonists continued their struggles for existence. Indian granaries, hidden beneath the snowdrifts, were ferreted out and their contents unceremoniously confiscated—the natives were “reimbursed” years later! Spring introduced a brighter outlook. But the aching memories of loved ones lost—they were sleeping in the burying ground on Cole’s Hill, somewhat restrained their renewed interests in life.

John Carver, leader of the “Mayflower Company,” and the first governor of Plymouth Colony, had died in the early part of April, 1621; shortly after his having

successfully negotiated a treaty (April 1, 1621) with Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoag tribe. Following Carver's death, William Bradford (1590-1657)—the first American historian, was chosen governor of the colony.

The disappearing snow awakened the hereditary impulse in the bosom of the diligent to seek nutriment from old Mother Earth—cultivating the soil became the chief concern. The Indians, as usual, came to their assistance by supplying the necessary grain; moreover, teaching them how to enrich the soil, and to take care of the developing plants. When Autumn arrived, their indefatigable efforts were repaid with a bountiful harvest; in virtue of which, Governor Bradford instituted a day for thanksgiving. Thus, in 1621, arose the first American "Thanksgiving Day!"

Winter—the season most to be dreaded by the improvident, was now advancing upon the colony. The fortitudinous colonists were, however, fairly well prepared to withstand any reasonable amount of chiding from this inexorable master. Fortified with health, strength, food, fuel, and shelter, what was there to fear? There was, unfortunately, an anxiety existent amongst the officials concerning several Patents involving the territory occupied by Plymouth Colony. The problem was finally submitted to the Council of New England for deliberation. In short, the Council's decision, favorable to the colony, was reached on March 25, 1623. Thus, at the colony's very beginning, *land* had become a "bone of contention!"

Having solicitously watched over Plymouth Colony while under the earliest attacks of its "growing pains," and finding it well on the way to recovery, let us go elsewhere; returning to New England later.

The Dutch West India Company, formed in 1621, began to colonize the Hudson Valley in 1624. Ten years previously, however, several Dutchmen had settled at

the mouth of the Hudson or North River. A metal plaque at Bowling Green, at the foot of Broadway, on the island of Manhattan, marks the spot. These first Dutchmen were, of course, *squatters*. They were living on land owned by the Reckgawawane tribe whose nearest village was Sappokanican—the present Greenwich Village occupies the site. A few miles away, on Spuyten Duyvel Creek, the romantically situated village of Skorakapkok—now the Inwood Hill Park, serenely nestled. Legend has it that it was here, beneath the shade of an ancient tree, Henry Hudson and his men had lunch with the village braves, in 1609. The Dutch obtained possession of Manhattan on May 6, 1626, through “purchase;” the negotiator being Peter Minuit, governor of New Netherland—the present state of New York. He had been appointed to that office in 1626. What price Manhattan? Buttons, beads, and other “trash,” equivalent to sixty guilders—about twenty-four dollars!

In this way New Amsterdam (New York City) came into being, with Minuit as its Director-General. The village was planned in accordance with Dutch ideas; straight streets and artificially made canals. Who dug the canals and drained the swamps—who laid the foundation to the greatest city on earth? Negro slaves!

Peter Minuit was *the man* to guide the progress of the community during its formative period. As the chief magistrate of New Amsterdam, he was brought in close contact with the “crowned heads” of Europe. Of great historic significance was his meeting with Count Oxenstjerna, Chancellor of Sweden, in 1637. A colonization-project was the topic of this meeting. In 1638 the scheme was put into achievement. A Swedish colony was established on the Delaware River, near the present city of Wilmington. Here “Fort Christiana” was erected, and under its protection “New Sweden” was cradled. But, unfortunately, due to mismanage-

ment under John Printz and John Risingh, its vicegerents, the colony never reached maturity—the Dutch annexed it in 1655. Queen Christina's advice to her vicegerents in New Sweden had been to respect the rights of the Indians—the Cherokee and Lenni-Lenape or Delaware tribes. Her attitude toward the American aborigines could have been profitably adopted by the rulers of other sovereign states!

Upon our return to New England, in 1630, we notice that several important changes had occurred during our absence; new faces midst new environments. The potentially rich country was gradually surrendering itself to utilization. Trade rivalry had already set in. Social unrest was brewing.

The Pilgrim Fathers were the "Puritans;" originally known as "Brownists," or, "Separatists," who had seceded from the Established Church of England, and voluntarily exiled themselves from her domination; first to the Netherlands, finally to New England, where they established their asylums. Among these "Non-conformists" there was one analytical mind that stubbornly refused to abide with any arbitrary rule. He was Rev. William Blackstone, a scholar of excellent repute. He could find no solace for his soul amongst his straight-laced brethren at Plymouth, so he sought solitude at the mouth of Shawmut's stream. And *sweet* indeed was his seven-years' sojourn midst the harmony of Mother Nature!

Disquieting news reached Shawmut in 1630. Blackstone's retreat on Beacon Hill, lying within shouting distance of the site of Karlsevne's *Hop*, was in danger of being engulfed by the Puritans. Within six months he would be compelled to relinquish its quietude and rustic charm. On the twenty-third day of June, 1630, we find Rev. Blackstone at Biddeford, Maine, acting as one of the three attorneys of the Council for the delivery of possession of a Patent to John Oldham and

Richard Vines. On or just before September 17, 1630, the invasion of the colonists under John Winthrop began. "Tri-mountain," as Shawmut hitherto had been called by the colonists, would henceforth be known as Boston—it was named after Boston of Lincolnshire, England. In 1634, Rev. Blackstone sold his 800-acre tract, and retired to the wilds of Aquidneck (Rhode Island). Like Daniel Boone, he wanted "elbow room!"

John Winthrop's company put new life into the fishing and trading industries of New England—these industries had previously been conducted by the Dorchester Company, founded in 1623 by Rev. John White, incorporated in 1629 as the "Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay." It functioned under this royal charter until 1684. Massachusetts enacted slavery in 1641, therefore, the term *slavery* was embodied in the word "trading"—England entered the slave trade in 1553, under the pirate, Sir John Hawkins!

The year 1631 marks another period of trouble for the clergymen of Boston. Roger Williams, a friend of the underdog, had arrived. He had been taught to think deeply and to act energetically under Oliver Cromwell's severe discipline. Both men were austere Puritans. As for Roger Williams, he had early weaned himself from the customary practice of forcing religious views upon liberty-loving people; anticipating a reciprocal respect from his own countrymen, but, alas, bigotry and intolerance met him everywhere. Social friction drove him from Boston to Salem—the latter a hot-bed of witchcraft, thence to Plymouth, where he remained until 1635. At Plymouth his time was devoted to the study of Indian dialects. But here, as elsewhere, any one who believed in "free speech" was eventually ostracized. He was forced to leave Plymouth in midwinter. Directing his steps westward, he finally came to the Indian village of Moshassuck—

its site the present Providence, R. I. At last he found himself amongst true friends. Like his estimable countryman, William Penn, who founded the colony of Pennsylvania (1682), Roger Williams employed common sense in all his dealings with the Indians. He pitched his camp at a spring, close to the confluence of the Moshassuck and the Woonasquatucket, and he christened the place "Providence"—"from the freedom and vacancy of the place and many other providences of the most holy and only wise."

Witchcraft! The mere mention of this term makes us bow our heads in shame. New England plunged into witchery in 1634. Anne Hutchinson, a "high spirited" lady, who had come from Alford, England, was directly blamed for this mishap. We know, or ought to know, that Anne's coming to the American colony was prompted by an uncontrollable desire to unbosom her revelations. The clergy, however, regarded her "disclosures" as spurious—she was in collusion with evil spirits! This sage opinion was held by such "authorities" as John Winthrop, John Endicott, John Cotton, and Thomas Dudley. *Witch hunting* became a popular pastime, nay, a national obsession. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was the battle cry! Persecution ran rampant, and Anne Hutchinson was unrelentingly pursued. Her final retreat was at Pelham, New York, where she and her family of fifteen persons were captured by the Siwanoy Indians. All, but one, a daughter, were massacred. The hounding of the supposed "devotees of the Black Art" reached its peak in 1692; the year Sir William Phipps was appointed governor of Massachusetts. He established a special court for the trial of suspects, but suspended its sittings later, when the mania had completed its cycle.

The year 1636 introduced many historical events. In Boston, for instance, the "Case of the Sow," or, "Sow Lawsuit"—Sherman vs. Keayne, amused the populace.

Its reading reminds one of the preliminary words to a fairy tale: "There was a stray sow in Boston" What seriously moved the good citizens of Boston was the report of the Pequot tribe's "misbehavior" toward Endicott's fishing fleet in Block Island Sound. In August, 1636, John Endicott sent a punitive force to the Pequot stronghold on Munisses (Block Island). This high-handed use of power precipitated the "Pequot War." The Pequots were members of a sub-tribe of Mohegans or Mohicans living in the western part of Connecticut. The Mohegans lived to the east and north of the Pequots. The Pequots had never been friendly toward the whites. In this short-lived struggle, the Narragansetts sided with the colonists. The last person to speak the Pequot dialect is reported to have been Mrs. Fidelia Fielding. She died at Norwich, Conn., in 1909.

In the early summer of 1638, as reported by Roger Williams, "that late dreadful voice and hand of the Most High; that audible and sensible voice, the earthquake," shook New England. The Indians themselves could hardly have improved upon his metaphorical description of these tremors of the earth. Quite similar reports came from the other New England colonies. There were no seismologists in those days. Had there been any, they would have had to keep quiet about their findings, unless persecution appealed to them more than the suppression of scientific facts. The earthquake had, however, a temporarily salutary effect on many a backslider. Church-attendance increased; tithing men became more vigilant; sermons increased in length; contributions swelled the coffers; partly finished edifices of worship quickly rose to completion. The Church stood triumphant!

On January 14, 1639, a document appeared in New England that was destined to exert a profound influence on contemporary thought. It was called the

“Fundamental Orders of Connecticut;” inspired by Thomas Hooker of Hartford. Thenceforth this city has been known as the “birthplace of American democracy.” Thomas Hooker made another contribution toward acquiring independence when he promoted the “New England Confederation”—also called the “United Colonies of New England,” formed in 1643, dissolved in 1684. Five colonies were now in existence in New England. All, except one, joined the confederation. Rhode Island was excluded because of its independent stand on religious tolerance. The fostering of stagnant ideologies was the cause of the inevitable collapse of the confederacy. To survive, a state must expand its viewpoints in conformance with progressive thoughts.

The tragic death of Miantonomo, head chief of the Narragansetts, in 1643, calls for a belated, basically sound explanation. A fierce rivalry between Uncas—made famous by James Fenimore Cooper in his “Last of the Mohicans,” and Chief Miantonomo; dating from Pequot War, led to the treacherous killing. Chief Miantonomo was a man of sterling sense, yet, notwithstanding his impeccable character, Uncas had been encouraged to perpetrate the dastardly deed by “land-hungry” colonists!

In 1645, Massachusetts troops, under Major Edward Gibbons, were sent against the Narragansetts—allies seven years previously! Why? Only because this tribe was resisting colonial aggressions. The Narragansetts wanted to preserve their existence, if not their independence—they had, as yet, not been brought under the influence of the Iroquois, the great confederation of Indian tribes, hence their speedy defeat by the colonial troops.

Although unremittingly occupied with exploiting the Indians, the colonists did not neglect the treasures stored in the earth’s crust. Indian traditions and

legends of valuable ore deposits often inveigled the enthusiast. Valuable finds were occasionally made, but these discoveries were the outcome of diligent prospecting, and not even distantly ascribable to any apocryphal story or hearsay. The ingenious John Endicott strongly supported any project that held high hopes of an immediate recompense. Copper was discovered in Massachusetts in 1648; forthwith Endicott imported Swedish workmen from the six-century-old copper mines of Falun, Sweden. Iron ore had been found at Saugus (Hammersmith) in 1628, but was not worked until 1643. The Dutch discovered lead (galena) as early as 1629, along the Hudson River, and, prior to 1664, pure copper at Minisink, N.Y. Copper was mined at Simsbury, Conn., in 1709; silver-lead (argentiferous galena) was worked in Worcester County, Mass., in 1654; at Southhampton, in 1765. Coal was mined in Rhode Island, in 1768; thus, *ad infinitum*.

The Dutch, who, in 1633, had bought land from the Pequots, were, in 1654, expelled from their cherished "House of Hope" on the Connecticut River by the invading English colonists. Ten years later (1664), the Dutch were "compelled" to forsake all their other North American possessions.

The death of Massasoit in 1660 augured serious trouble for the thirteen American colonies. His two sons, Metacomet (Philip) and Wamsuta (Alexander), had not inherited their father's conciliatory nature. They were going to live up to the standards set by their forefathers—to fight for the rights of *their country*! The New England Confederation faced a crucial test in 1675-76 against the confederated tribes of the Eastern Algonquins.

The most colorful figure among the Indian chiefs of early colonial times was, undoubtedly, Passaconaway, ("Child of the Bear"), chief of the Pennacooks. He was the greatest "Bashaba"—a wizard pre-eminently

wise. He is reported to have reached the age of one hundred and twenty years! In his farewell speech to his people, delivered at Pawtucket Falls, now the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, in the year, 1660, Chief Passaconaway lamented the passing of time, and accurately presaged his country's destiny. An excerpt from his peroration follows:

"I am an old oak that has withstood the storms of more than a hundred winters. My eyes are dim; my limbs totter; I soon must fall. But when young and sturdy, when no young man of the Pennacooks could bend my bow, when my arrows could pierce a deer at a hundred yards, when I could bury my hatchet in a sapling to the eye, no lodge pole had so many scalps as Passaconaway's. Then I delighted in war. The English came and seized our lands. I made war on them; I tried sorcery against them—I who have communion with the Great Spirit, dreaming and awake, am powerless against the Pale Faces. I have communed with the Great Spirit. He whispers to me now: 'Tell your people, Peace, Peace is the only hope of your race. I have given fire and thunder to the Pale Faces. I have made them plentier than the leaves of the forest, and still they shall increase. Peace, Peace with the white man.' This is the command of the Great Spirit, and the wish, the last wish of Passaconaway!"

Had the admonishing voice of the Great Spirit, through the instrumentality of Chief Passaconaway, been heeded, it would have averted years of suffering and sorrow!

With the foregoing chain of events to sustain further creative thinking, I respectfully suggest that my attentive fellow-citizens turn their steps toward the state of Maine whose Coat of Arms bears the motto, *Dirigo*, "I direct!"

2

ALMUCHICOITT

“Land of the Little Dog”

The territory lying between the Saco River and the Piscataqua River, Salmon Falls River, Pine River (Nechewanick), and the Ossipee Mountains were, according to the legends and traditions of the Eastern Algonquins, the most anciently inhabited part of New England. This particular region was known to the aborigines as *Almuchicoitt*—“Land of the Little Dog.” The great French explorer, Samuel de Champlain, gave us the first authoritative account of the natives of this storied land. He informs us that they were the *Almouchiquois*. They were an agricultural people, cultivating the Indian corn, kidney bean, purslane, pumpkin, squash, and tobacco. Their sea-side village, enclosed by a palisade, stood on an island in the Saco River—the natives called this stream *Chouacoet*, and to this stronghold they would retire whenever endangered by hostile, coastal tribes; such as the Etchemins, Wawenocks, and, especially, the Tarentins or Tarrantines of Nova Scotia.

In physical appearance, the Almouchiquois were quite similar to the other New England tribes; being well built, with an erect carriage; skin usually of a cinnamon tint, but occasionally light brown; hair varying from lustrous black to dark brown, and ordinarily worn long except the front part which was closely shaved. Their noses, unlike those of the Sioux (Dakota), were Greco-Roman—Inca and Semitic noses

were, however, not uncommon, yet, the former type was predominant among the tribes of the Eastern Woodlands, indicating a probable Norse hereditary strain.

When Champlain's ship made port a few rods below the lower falls of the Saco on July 9, 1605, the natives received him friendly, notwithstanding the fact that they had been abused by white men only two years previously. The incident alluded to concerns Capt. Martin Pring, of sassafras-fame, and his crew who visited Almuchicoitt in 1603. Capt. Pring was not only one of the first English merchant-adventurers to visit the state of Maine, but probably also one of the first among his countrymen to experience the humiliation of having been found guilty of stealing a canoe from the Indians, and, then chased into Saco Bay by a pack of hungry dogs! Accounts are mute respecting the actual currency used in his trading transactions, but beads and rum were, undoubtedly, the principal mediums of exchange. Special mention is given the fact that his two ships, the "Speedwell" and "Discovery," anchored just below the lower falls, were groaning beneath the weight of furs and sassafras. This profitable commerce had been founded by Capt. Pring in 1602, on the lower Penobscot; and in the following year (July, 1603), he is reported to have established his headquarters on Sebascodegan Island, in Aucocisco (Casco) Bay. His trip to the Land of the Little Dog was undertaken shortly thereafter. Capt. Pring's return to England in the autumn of 1603 from the Saco, with cargoes of furs and sassafras, had a very favorable reaction on his fellow-merchants, especially on Sir Ferdinando Gorges. New England was described as an "Eldorado." Furs could be obtained in any amount for a handful of beads and a few quaffs of liquor. Sassafras (*Sassafras officinale*), the spicy aromatic bark of which was regarded as a

specific for gout, flourished everywhere along the Atlantic coast of North America.

The coffers of the House of Stuart were by now quite empty—naturally, they had to be replenished by the colonists—why not establish permanent trading-posts? Sir Ferdinando's enthusiasm prevailed, and he forthwith formulated plans toward that particular objective. A merchant-adventurer by the name of Richard Vines was appointed to carry out that project. And so Vines, with a group of sixteen "gentlemen of fortune" set sail for New England. In fact, three voyages were made—1609, 1614, 1616—the winter of 1616-17 was spent in Indian lodges, at the estuary of the Saco, in comparative comfort. Thus this place received the name of "Winter Harbor"—now Biddeford Pool.

The years 1616 and 1617, remember, were the years of the "Great Pestilence." What connection, if any, was there between the two white settlements of Jamestown and Winter Harbor and this plague? Roger Williams' assertion sounds reasonable:

"God being displeased with the English for lying, stealing, idleness and uncleanness smote many thousands of us."

Williams here refers to the less virulent epidemic of 1634; but applicable with equal force to the previous scourge. Sir Richard Hawkens, president of the Plymouth Company, reports that he saw, in 1618, unburied human skeletons lying in deserted wigwams on every hand. Was the white man really responsible for this heart-breaking scene? If so, truly an indelible stigma on his banner of conquest!

In 1620 the Plymouth Company territorialized its American colonial possessions, simply by nullifying all the French Grants, thus, inevitably, increasing its powers and enlarging its limits of jurisdiction. This

responsibility of control, however, the Plymouth Company relinquished in 1621, transferring it from the Crown to the Council of New England. The earliest grant of the Council was made in 1622, to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason, of the region lying between the Merrimac and the Kennebec Rivers, naming this territory "Laconia"—it was changed to "New Somersetshire" in 1636; the latter name giving way to "Yorkshire" in 1716; this to plain "York" in 1735—embracing the ancient domains of the Canabis, Pejepscots, Anasagunticooks (Androscoggins), Almouchiquois (Sokokis), and the Pennacooks. Later, in 1629, separate patents were issued involving this same grant; Mason receiving that portion between the Piscataqua and the Merrimac—the country of the Pennacooks, which he called New Hampshire; Gorges retaining the eastern part of Laconia. The Patent granted on January 13, 1629-30; confirming the "Kennebec Purchase" of 1628, to William Bradford, his heirs, associates, and assigns, was an infringement of the Gorges' Patent-rights. Violations of this nature became increasingly numerous, giving rise to countless involved litigations instituted by injured claimants. One such land-grant; its territory occupying the lower portion of the Saco Valley, was known as the "Plough Patent," issued by the Plymouth Company to John Dys and others, (1630); the limits of which were as follows: Thirty miles on the coast, between Cape Porpoise and Cape Elizabeth, and forty miles inland. This was overlapped by, at least, six other grants; namely, Oldham-Vines (1630); Lewis-Bonython (1630); Sanders-Bush-Turbat (1660); Phillips (1661-1664); Small (1668). Note—the year of legal issuance is given within parentheses. Thus it can readily be perceived that the Plough Patent helped to complicate the executive, legislative, and judicial proceedings of the courts for many a year!

As previously pointed out, the initial step toward a permanent settlement was to establish a trading-post; often garrisoned in anticipation of Indian uprisings. Such a post, then, was the nucleus of a new settlement. These trading-posts were established at strategic points on the coast and in the country's interior, usually close to navigable rivers. As fur-bearing animals contributed largely to a colony's revenue, the status of a hunter was a prominent one in the rising community. Comparatively few of the colonists, however, adopted the calling of the chase; this vocation was more to the liking of the native sons of the forest, a life that gave free scope to their restless spirits!

As the settlements grew and developed, additional sources of income had to be discovered and their outputs vigorously promoted. The steadily increasing demands made upon the colonies by their Mother Country for higher revenue, made this particular move the more imperative. To meet these exigencies, the fishing industry was spurred into higher speed; lumbering invaded the primeval forests, mining brought forth riches from the earth's crust.

The first permanent settlement on the east bank of the Saco River was made in 1623; on the opposite side, in 1630—now the two settlements are known as the cities of Saco and Biddeford respectively. Few other places have had to struggle so hard for a name. Both Biddeford and Saco were known as Winter Harbor until 1653, the year Massachusetts assumed control of the government of Maine, when it (Winter Harbor) became Saco; a name the two settlements jointly retained until 1719, when it was changed to Biddeford; the name the west settlement still carries with honor. The east settlement, however, wanted a separate name, which it obtained in 1762—"Pepperellborough"

it was called; still not satisfied, the year 1805 named it Saco, its present name!

Almuchicoitt, as indicated by its natural boundaries—streams, lakes, and mountain ranges, embraces almost all of York county, a small portion of Oxford, and a large section of Carroll County, N. H. The first formal government initiated its jurisdiction over New England when Court convened at Saco, on March 25, 1636, at the home of Capt. Richard Bonython. Thenceforward the country presented a more unified front. New Somersetshire, as York County then was called, could boast of several prosperous, well-governed municipalities; namely, Kittery, York, Wells, Kennebunk, Winter Harbor. The fishing industry, for instance, was highly successful. The good citizens of Kittery and Winter Harbor had their own little fleets. Three centuries ago, as it is in our day, the coastal waters of Maine was the fisherman's paradise. A brisk trade between Maine ports and Caribbean isles had just been established. Fish and lumber were the principal exports; Jamaican rum one of the outstanding imports! For a detailed exposition on Maine's shipbuilding and seafaring, consult Mr. William Hutchinson Rowe's "The Maritime History of Maine" (Pub. 1948).

Although all industries have their trials and tribulations, each and every one possesses some characteristic that has a certain thrilling appeal to the romantically inclined—and who is not? Take fishing for an example. From man's point of view, this employment is as old as the human race. Whether engaged in it as a pastime or as a vocation, to pit one's wit against the denizens of the deeps and shallows of the sea or inland waters is an exhilarant exercise for both muscle and mind!

What adventures—what romance we find in the life of a fish! In the latter part of April the salmon and the shad descended the streams to the sea and were caught

in great numbers; they were also caught in the autumn when they ascended the streams on their way to the spawning-grounds at the headwaters of the various streams. The sturgeon were also caught at this time. But why speak of these particular species of fish in the past tense? Simply this: The habit of these fish to periodically ascend rivers and smaller streams to their spawning grounds have been greatly curtailed by dams obstructing their ancient waterways. Why not build fish-ways at our dams? Fish in salt waters have been more fortunate. Cod still visit the New England coast from May to the middle of September; later, until October, the eel seek their spawning-beds in fresh water just beyond the reach of tidewater, where they are captured. The dogfish or tomcod are dispatched in December while spawning beneath the ice. January brings seals to the islands off the coast—in summer schools of porpoises pursue shoals of herring or mackerel toward shallow water. In March the mating instinct of the smelt urge them to the spawning-beds in fresh water. These, and many other species, are caught in our fresh and salt waters.

One of the oldest thoroughfares in New England is the "Pequawket Trail." It has resounded to the tread of human feet for centuries—its origin is lost in antiquity. It could have come into existence closely upon the heels of the receding Labrador Ice Sheet, some twenty-five thousand years ago! That this statement is not a figment of the imagination is evidenced by the finding of the remains of glacial man in North America. This skeletal find was made in 1931, near Pelican Rapids, Minnesota. This discovery dates man's arrival in our country at least eighteen thousand years before the Christian era! As pointed out elsewhere, the earliest recorded inhabitants of Maine were the Red Paint People. Their burying-grounds are found in many parts of the state—several such cemeteries

are located in the Saco Valley. It is, therefore, a foregone conclusion that these people frequently made use of the Pequawket Trail. When it comes to our ascertaining the *reason* for man's constructing this foot-path we need no longer indulge in conjecture. Some ingenious aboriginal mind conceived the idea that the shortest way between two points was the straightest one, consequently also the quickest, provided there were no obstacles to progress. The Pequawket Trail met all these requirements. It represented the main artery of travel between the Indian village of Pequawket and the sea, a distance of some sixty miles; whereas the meandering Saco, with its numerous falls and rapids, necessitating many portages, was not an ideal thoroughfare—the distance by water being about ninety miles!

Again, permit a pertinent surmise. The Norsemen were, undoubtedly, the first of the white race to tread the Pequawket Trail, seeing that it was the most practical way to reach the "Mountains of the Snowy Foreheads," and the inland seas—Lake Champlain and the Great Lakes. John Rut and his crew—he was the commander of the ship "Mary of Guilford," which, in 1567, skirted the New England coast, could easily have made use of the Pequawket Trail, as he frequently landed with parties of his men to explore the country. David Ingram crossed the trail on his journey eastward, in 1569, from Sir John Hawkins' shipwrecked vessel in the Gulf of Mexico. Capt. Pring's expedition, in 1603, probably found the trail useful while gathering the sassafras in Almuchicoitt.

Up till 1642, few white men—these being hunters and trappers, had penetrated far into what the colonists termed the "pathless wilderness," as there evidently had been no special reason for their doing so. A dauntless Irishman, however, saw the need for such an initiative. His name was Darby Field, a native of Portsmouth (Pascataquack), N. H. — some say he

hailed from Exeter, N.H. He is, without doubt, the first white man to go down in history as having actually traveled the Pequawket Trail. Winthrop's Journal gives an animated account of Darby's journey to the "Crystal Hills," and his ascent of Agiochook (Mount Washington). Darby made two trips to the White Mountains of New Hampshire; the first time in June with two Indian guides, accomplished in eighteen days. His second journey, accompanied by six fellow-adventurers, was undertaken in July, and took a shorter period of time. The spell-binding tale that Darby poured into the ears of his listeners—awe-inspiring views and incalculable mineral resources, so impressed Richard Vines and Thomas Gorges—the latter being Deputy Governor of Winter Harbor, that they forthwith set off for the White Mountains. They chose the land and water route—up and down the Saco by canoe, and the Waubick (White Rock) Trail between Pequawket and Agiochook. Alas, their arduous trip brought them only blighted hopes, blistered hands and feet—why had they listened to Darby's blarney!

What Darby saw, or thought he saw, from the summit of Agiochook baffles the mind of the most imaginative. Clouds appeared to him as inland seas; tiny flakes of mica evolved before his eyes into "pieces forty feet long and seven or eight broad." His vision at lower elevations seems to have been quite normal. Despite his penchant for exaggeration, Darby possessed one sterling attribute; the *spirit of adventure*!

John Josselyn, traveler and writer, made a journey to the White Mountains some time between 1667 and 1671. In his "New England Rarities Discovered," he presents some illuminating deductions, gleaned from his observations acquired along the Pequawket Trail. Concerning the Black Flies (*Simulium molestum*), he has the following information to impart:

“The black flies are so numerous that a man cannot draw in his breath but he will suck them in.”

And here is a new and novel note in geology:

“Some suppose the White Mountains were first raised by earthquakes. They are hollow, as may be guessed by the resounding of the rain upon the level on the top.”

No other momentous events occurred during the period 1642-1675, unless the following be interpreted as such: Richard Vines' departing from Winter Harbor in 1645 for the tropical island of Barbados—the most easterly of the West Indian Islands, and his death there, at Bridgetown, in 1651, were keenly felt by the colonists of New England; especially great was the loss to the little colony on the Saco River which he had founded and watched over for twenty-nine years. Chief Fluellen seems to have been the ruler of the Almouchiquois for some time during the aforementioned period of years. This tribe was henceforward known as the “Sokoki” by the whites. The “Great Pestilence” of 1616-17, which destroyed nine-tenths of the Eastern Algonquins, is supposed to have delivered the “death blow” to the Almouchiquoian tribe—its remnant abandoned the island stronghold in the early half of the seventeenth century, and retired into the interior. This island was first known as “Indian Island;” consecutively as “Bonython Island,” “Cutts' Island,” and “Factory Island.”

The Almouchiquois were, at the time of Champlain's visit, peaceable, industrious, thrifty; yet soon after the white man's introduction of “fire-water,” and other products of a European culture, their high morals and superb physique quickly underwent deterioration.

The year 1675 is the most outstanding one in the

annals of the early period of New England. It marked the beginning of a series of extensive Indian hostilities throughout the colonies, the germ of which it had taken Pometacom or Metacomet (King Philip), sachem of the Wampanoag tribe, fifteen years to incubate. An incident that occurred on the Saco River—an incident analogous to a match applied to a touchhole, thus igniting the powder, gave vent to a long suppressed righteous wrath in the bosoms of the aborigines who were fast sinking into a state of inglorious subjection. The great Chief Squando of the Sokoki, Chief Fluelen's successor, was at this time—in the month of September, 1675, sojourning with his family near the Saco—the chief seat of the tribe being at Pequawket. One day, Nibena, Squando's wife, and their small child, Wajoc, were canoeing on the Saco just below the lower falls. Three loitering sailors nearby, prompted by devilry, conceived the idea of playing a practical joke on the two occupants of the canoe by capsizing the frail craft. The child, unable to swim in the swift current, was promptly rescued by his mother, but owing to some injury sustained he sickened and died a few days later. Thus Squando's hope of seeing his own son some day become the chief of an Algonquian tribe perished. Squando's course of action was to return evil for evil, and, according to the teachings of Wabasha, the great Santee Sioux: "Crime is trespass against the laws of the tribe, and may be punished by the tribe." Thus the second major Indian uprising was precipitated. This revolt was, however, more than a tribal affair; several Indian nations became involved.

In the state of Maine, the Major Phillips' Garrison—this stockaded fort stood a few rods below the falls, or, where the nationally known Pepperell Mills now stand, played an important role during King Philip's War, sustaining a dreadful siege by the Sokokis under

their chief assailer, Sachem Mogg Heigon—a character made famous by the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Every unprotected settlement throughout New England suffered greatly from Indian attacks. But there's no need of one's dwelling upon the frightful carnage that characterized each assault; to do so would serve no other purpose than to remind us of numerous other atrocities, of a quite similar nature, perpetrated in the course of the ages by that great enigma, *Man*!

A temporary discontinuance of massacres followed the death of King Philip, at Mount Hope, Rhode Island, on August 12, 1676. Sad to say, his widow and their children were sold into slavery! Most of the "enemy" Indian survivors; except those taken prisoners and enslaved, joined the Pennacooks and the neighboring tribes in Maine. What remained of the Sokokis that had lived, previously to King Philip's War, near the white coastal settlements, fled into the interior by way of the Pennacook and the Pequawket Trails to their fortified positions on the Ossipee Lake, in New Hampshire, and on the Great Ossipee River near its confluence with the Saco, in Maine; hotly pursued by several companies of English soldiers under the command of Capt. Hawthorne and Capt. Sill. The chief objective of this punitive expedition was to capture the occupants of these stockaded forts, but due to the vigilance of the Indian scouts, the attacking party found the forts deserted. Having fired the Great Ossipee fort and the adjacent Indian village on the Pequawket Trail, the soldiers marched up the Ossipee Trail to Ossipee Lake, N.H., where the Indian fort and village were similarly demolished. Fortunately, no scalps were acquired. Highly dejected, one should be pleased to say, the colonial soldiery trudged homeward; arriving at the settlement on the Saco after an absence of two months!

From their lofty, cliff-shelter retreat on Picket Hill,

in the town of Hiram, the harassed survivors of King Philip's War could look down upon the smouldering ruins of their habitations. Disheartened, but not crushed, they retired to Pequawket; returning some time later to the ashes of their former homes to resume their struggles for existence. The Ossipee Lake Indians retreated to the friendly embrace of the Ossipee Mountains before the advancing troops; coming back to the charred remains of their lodges when the evil-doers had departed.

Chief Squando, tall and dignified, was a competent ruler; and like his famous contemporary, Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, he believed in, and worked for, intertribal cooperation. Its realization would have changed the course of history. Its failure determined the decline and fall of the North American Indian. What dissension failed to accomplish, liquor, disease, and immorality succeeded in doing!

During Sir Edmund Andros's rule over the consolidated provinces (1685-89), he sent an expedition of some 700 or 800 men against the Indians of eastern Maine; the forces under the command of Baron de St. Castine of Bagaduce (Castine), on the Penobscot. Naturally, nothing good came out of this war!

In 1688, when James II was deposed, and his successor, William III, acceded to the throne of England, a more exerted campaign against the Indians was instituted. The first punitive expedition was sent against the Abnakis in 1689, under Gov. Thomas Hinkley; the second, in 1690, under Sir William Phips; the third, in 1692, under Gov. William Phips; the fourth, in 1696, under William Stoughton. In 1698 the Second Indian War (King William's War) broke out—the so-called "Pequot War" was, properly, nothing but a series of skirmishes, not a "war," hence King Philip's War takes the precedence of being the *first* major engagement between the Indians and the whites. This

second war involved French and English territorial rights, with the Indians thrown in as mere foot-soldiers to further selfish interests on both sides. An important figure now steps into the course of events; in fact, his influence on Church and State affairs of two continents—during a period of twenty-six years (1698-1724), had such far-reaching effects that to exclude him would leave a conspicuous blank in early American history. See "Father Rasle of Narantsouak." This second war brought no bloodshed into the Land of the Little Dog, but the people were apprehensive. It was generally believed that the French missions, especially the one at Norridgewock (Narantsouak), were colluding with the Indians of Pequawket. It seems that any act of violence occurring in Almuchi-coitt, however remote its source, was attributed to the Sokokis of Pequawket. A few definitions of Indian terms are pertinent at this point of the story. As previously mentioned, the original name of the Saco River was "Chouacoet," which, rendered into English, probably means, "The River of the Burnt Pine." The Indian tribe-name, "Sokoki" (formerly, "Almouchiquoi"), is also derived from "Chouacoet"—a corruption of that name. The Sokokis were, as observed elsewhere, of the Eastern Algonquins; a group once comprising forty or more separate languages. This name is also spelled Algomquins, Algonkins, Algomeguis, Algoumequins, and Algomequins—they were members of the Tortoise or Turtle Clan; closely related to the Lenni-Lanapes (Delawares) of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The famous "Lenape-Stone" (Walam Olum), discovered near Doyleston, Pa., in 1872, describes in its pictograph their ancient lineage. The Rev. David Zeisberger's grammar of the Lenni-Lenape language (translated from German into English by Pierre DuPonceau, in 1827) is of interest to the philologist. Capt. Francis, a famous brave of the

Penobscot tribe—a friend of Gen. Peleg Wadsworth of Hiram, once made the remark: “The Saco tribe (i.e. the Sokoki of the Saco Valley) is the parent of all the eastern families.” The name “Pequawket” was variously translated by the French and the English—the word is spelled in *thirty* different ways, but it probably meant either the “Sandy Land,” or “The Cleared Place.” The term “Crockemago” was applied to this particular place in the earliest known record, signifying “The Hoeing Place.”

Upon the death of William III, in 1702, Anne, the second daughter of James II, became the ruler of England; and in that same year she began to exercise her “royal prerogative” by plunging her country into another war—the so-called Queen Anne’s War (Third Indian War), and by doing so the American colonies were swept into the maelstrom of racial and religious persecution. Gov. Joseph Dudley sent an expedition up the New England coast (1703-4) as far as to Port Royal, N.S., with Col. Benjamin Church in command, with orders to destroy everything!

At a treaty held at Casco, Me., in June, 1703, delegates from the Pequawkets and the Ossipees were present—the Ossipees were the Sokokis who lived in the Ossipee Valley. Among the Indian leaders, we note Adeawando, chief of the Sokokis, and Heagon, chieftain of the Ossipees. A *lasting peace* was the topic. But in less than two months—on the 10th of August, Reds and Whites were clutching at one another’s throats. In the month of September, Gov. Dudley sent three hundred and sixty men, led by Major March, up the Pequawket Trail to the Indian village of Pequawket. They found it deserted. A few weeks later another attempt was made—in the interim March had been promoted to the rank of colonel; now at the head of three hundred men, and this time the Pequawkets were caught off their guard. The result was a “success”—six

Indians killed; six captives brought down to the white settlement on the Saco.

From 1703 to 1713 terror and death reigned throughout New England. Homes were desolated; men, women, and children either slain or taken prisoners. What motive prompted these atrocities? The common answer was *brotherly love*! A certain 17th century document, couched in big-sounding phrases, makes a pathetically heroic gesture towards camouflaging this innate incongruity of mankind. This particular document speaks about a royal license, *divinely* instituted, permitting its holder to invade and conquer any country, whether *unmanured*, uninhabited, or occupied by savages having no divine worship. The European nation who so solicitously exercised its prerogative to subjugate the recalcitrant American natives by force, was equally concerned about camouflaging any such overt act with an ingeniously conceived pious hypocrisy!

Chief Assacumbit, Squando's successor of the Sokoki tribe, was now fighting under the banner of Hertel de Rouville, leader of the French and Indian forces—the military engagements that played such havoc with the villages of Deerfield and Haverhill. The accounts of these various Indian depredations are innumerable and deeply shocking. Washington Irving, however, with his usual good sense, submits a philosophic thought. He says that most writers are addicted to prejudice and a colossal passion for exaggeration whenever bent upon discussing the *savagery* of the American Indian. Years of study and research respecting the character of the American aborigine have changed man's attitude toward him — acrimonious invectives are no longer indulged in by sensible writers. To be both honestly and energetically progressive one must remain open-minded; to such a person profound secrets naturally reveal themselves! But to return to the braggadocio,

Assacumbit, who was knighted by Louis XIV at Versailles in 1705. His Highness cooed with delight when Assacumbit bragged: "This hand hath slain one hundred and forty of your Majesty's enemies in New England." Assacumbit's conceitedness finally alienated him from his own people, and, having been thrown into discard, was superseded by Paugus (The Oak) as head chief of the Sokoki tribe.

May 8, 1725 marks a bloody conflict at Pequawket—historically known as "Lovewell's Fight." This engagement was waged by a company of Massachusetts Rangers, consisting of 34 men, led by Capt. John Lovewell of Dunstable. The fighting strength of the Pequawkets has been variously estimated, from 41 to 80 warriors. The contest lasted from early morning until after sunset. The Rangers' casualties were, 12 killed on the field of battle, 12 wounded; 3 so seriously that they died on the homeward march. Capt. Lovewell met his death on the field, where he and his eleven compatriots were found and buried by Col. Tyng. The Pequawkets lost about 40; Chief Paugus being among the slain. Number of wounded never ascertained. To commemorate this fight—an event generally recognized today as a nefarious one, a monument with a bronze plaque was erected on June 17, 1904, on the site of the battle, by the Society of Colonial Wars. Most of the Pequawkets who survived the "Fight" and the pillaging of the Indian village—the latter situated about two miles from the battle-field,—retired to St. Francis, Canada, under the leadership of Wawa (Wild Goose), Paugus's sub-chief. They returned to their native haunts (Pequawket) some time prior to 1741. During their absence, a Pequawket brave by the name of Chocorua had been proclaimed the chief of Almuchi-coitt. Chief Chocorua had been chosen leader by a band of resolute Sokokis who retired into the mountain fastnesses of the White Mountains following Lovewell's

Fight. This region of refuge was bounded by the Swift, Sawyer, and Saco Rivers. The events that lead up to the tragic death of this dauntless chief are found recorded in the town records of Tamworth, N.H. The accidental death of the chief's son by poisoning caused Chocorua to seek revenge on the supposed perpetrators, several of whom were slain by the crazed chief. The enraged inhabitants were prompt in retaliation. They pursued Chocorua to the very summit of the mountain that now bears his name. Here, shortly before his succumbing to the bullet-wound inflicted by one of his pursuers, he uttered his famous curse:

“A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son and ye killed him while the sky was bright. Lightning blast your crops! Winds and fire destroy your dwellings! The evil spirit breathe upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war-path of the Indians. Panthers howl and wolves fatten upon your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit. His curse stays with the white man!”

Upon the death of Chocorua, Adeawando succeeded him as chief of the Sokokis. Chief Adeawando was a man of great intelligence, and an orator of surpassing excellence. The following is an extract from his speech delivered at a conference held at St. Francis, Canada, in 1752; addressing the husbandmen or planters of the coastal settlements:

“We acknowledge no other lands as yours but your settlements wherever you have built; and we will not, under any pretext, consent that you pass beyond them. The lands we call our own have been given us by the Great Master of Life; we hold only from Him.”

Thus Chief Adeawando and his people cried for a

reinstatement of their rights which meant the restoration of their lands, and the elimination of all the subservient mandates foisted upon them by what the Indians generally regarded as a "supercilious civilization." A race accustomed to centuries of freedom as the American aborigines had been, does not readily concur to coercion. To arbitrate was useless, since both parties here concerned entertained points of view that were not only diametrically different, but evidently irreconcilable as well. By now, no Indian had any confidence in a white man's promise. It was to them but a mockery! The sophisticated transactions of the whites were too subtle for the unschooled minds of the aborigines. Subjugation through brutal force was the most expedient solution—we still embrace this neolithic doctrine: "Might is right!"

Two Indian wars occurred on the North American continent during the thirty-three years' reign of George the II of England. The so-called Fifth Indian War (1745-48), and, the Sixth Indian War (1754-60); both could rightly be designated as "King George's Wars." The most noteworthy engagement of the former was the "Siege of Louisburg," at Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, in 1745. The "Treaty of Falmouth," in 1749, at which the Sokokis were represented, was merely an interlude. The sixth act in the French and English drama of conquest on the North American continent was about to be enacted. The Sokokis had by now almost been depleted of manpower; about which Dr. William Douglass, the versatile genius, wrote in 1750: "The Pequawket Indians live in two towns and have only about a dozen fighting men."

Finally we come to the "last" Indian war. During the course of these heinous war-years (1754-60), one pogrom after the other was instituted toward annihilating the Indians and driving the French out of

North America. Two atrocities are outstanding: The expatriation of the Acadians from Nova Scotia (1735), under the direction of John Winslow of Boston—Longfellow's "Evangeline" is a fairly accurate description of this historic event. Gen. Joseph Frye of Fryeburg, Maine, was assigned the disagreeable task of driving out the Acadians. The other martial occurrence of outstanding note in this war was the Rogers' Rangers' "massacre" of Indians at St. Francis (1759), in which a number of Pequawkets participated. The Rogers' Rangers, by the way, were an organized body of men renowned for their physical fitness, courage, fidelity, and marksmanship. Major Robert Rogers, a native of Dunbarton, N.H., was its leader. Our distinguished author, Kenneth L. Roberts, has immortalized these Rangers in his "Rabble in Arms." Several members of this organization, a few years after it had disbanded, settled in the Land of the Little Dog.

"Final" peace with the Indians of Maine (Abnakis) was made in 1758. Notwithstanding this "olive branch", several Indian hostilities occurred within the state; the so-called "Bethel Massacre" (1781) being the most noteworthy. Bethel on the Androscoggin River was at that time known as Sudbury-Canada. A number of Pequawkets, who at that time lived at St. Francis, Canada, took an active part in this bloodshed. Lest we forget: Reprisals are still (1948) fanatically practiced by so-called civilized societies throughout the world!

From 1759 to 1762 Pequawket was a "no-man's-land." The massacre at St. Francis was wholly responsible for this condition, since the "butchery" involved many, if not most, of the Pequawkets who had previously retired to that Canadian village; consequently those who survived were naturally deterred from facing the ireful palefaces. Not until 1764 did

the Indians dare to return to Pequawket, which place, during their absence, had become the property (grant) of Gen. Joseph Frye.

We now come to the *last* chief of the Sokokis; namely, Capt. Philip, familiarly called "Old Philip," of Pequawket. He had served in the Sixth Indian War, especially around the town of Walpole, N.H., and he had also seen service in the American War of Independence (1775-83). In 1796 he is reported to have signed a deed—this contrary to the ancient law of his race, conveying northern New Hampshire and a part of Maine to one Thomas Eames and others. Capt. Philip went to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" toward the close of the eighteenth century. Since his passing, the few remaining Sokokis who live in their ancestral Land of the Little Dog have managed to survive without a leader.

In 1820, when Maine was admitted to the Union as a part of the Missouri Compromise, Massachusetts relinquished her maternal guidance. *Ense Petit Placidam sub Libertate Quietem* (With the Sword She Seeks Quiet Repose Under Liberty). How well Massachusetts had lived up to its motto!

To reiterate: When the Pequawket Trail—the trail leading to the "Hoeing Place" or Pequawket (Fryeburg) at the foot of the White Mountains, was in flower—now neglected and almost forgotten, it was the main thoroughfare between the coast and the ramparts of the White Mountains; a distance easily negotiated in one day by a fast Indian runner; several days by an average white man. It took the present writer *several years* to accomplish it!

For the sake of becoming better acquainted with the Pequawket Trail that in its prime so proudly meandered through the Saco Valley—to come in closer contact with the past and present occupants of this delightful domain, let us follow the ancient



Fletcher Neck, Biddeford Pool.
Site of Winter Harbor, Maine



Seascape View of Monhegan and Manana, Maine

footpath, or, more properly, try to discern its course, which, in most places, has been obliterated by Father Time. It must be remembered that what has already been said about the people along the entire Atlantic seaboard has an important bearing on practically everything we have to say about Almuchicoitt. To reach our destination, Fryeburg (Pequawket), we have to traverse nine townships—a township is commonly called a “town” in New England. There are six towns to be crossed in York County; namely, Biddeford, Dayton, Lyman, Waterboro, Limerick, Cornish. In the county of Oxford, three towns have to be crossed; they are, Hiram, Brownfield, Fryeburg. The coastal *terminus* of the Pequawket Trail was at the mouth of the Saco River, at Biddeford Pool. The “Pool Road” (State Highway No. 208) lying between Fort Hill and Biddeford, is the original route of the lower portion of the Pequawket Trail. The actual site of Richard Vines’ trading post is at Fort Hill, on Fletcher Neck, Biddeford Pool. While tarrying at Fort Hill, let us indulge in a bit of retrospection. If we had stood on the summit of this elevation, on a certain day in the early spring of 1608, looking seaward, we would have descried in the offing a small vessel of a thirty tons’ burden—the “Virginia,” bound for Jamestown. She carried the survivors of the “Popham Colony.” This craft holds the distinction of being the first vessel to be built by the English in America. Six years later (1614)—from this same lookout, we would have discerned a small fleet of sailing vessels heading for Jamestown, via Cape Cod Bay. As referred to previously, this flotilla was under the command of Capt. John Smith. Seven of these vessels had been built on Monhegan Island. Capt. Smith makes special mention of the numerous porpoises congregating on the sea-coast rocks to the west of Fletcher Neck. Cape Porpoise received its name from Capt. Smith. Looking eastward

across Saco Bay, several small islands attract our attention; the most distant one being Eagle Island, about two miles away, and Ram Island in the middle distance. In the Saco River estuary, less than a mile from the nearest shore, we have Basket Island, Stage Island, Negro Island, and Wood Island; the latter being the largest of the group—the friendly beams from the Wood Island Light are a welcome sight to the mariner!

It is on a sunny spring day, let us say, that we—you and I, dear reader, commence our spirited pilgrimage, traveling along the Pequawket Trail that leads us into the heart of Almuchicoitt. The nine miles between Biddeford Pool and the city of Biddeford are accomplished with comparative ease and comfort, gliding along the sinuous highway (route No. 208) in an automobile. The day is an ideal one, and our spirits are high! Occasionally we catch a glimpse of the Saco with its heterogenous types of craft. Vessels drawing ten feet of water can come to the foot of the *lower falls*—these falls are 32 feet in height; one-eighth of a mile farther up we have the *upper falls* which have a descent of 8 feet. To get the best view of the river with its falls and rapids one should travel either by row-boat or canoe. The lodges of the Sokoki village, *Chouacoet*—the name of both river and village, clustered around these falls of the Saco. As the population of the whites increased, that of the Indians decreased; the latter were, by slow degrees, driven to the interior by a form of “social ostracism.” Presently we find ourselves cautiously directing our course through the bustling traffic of Biddeford (Pop. 21000, 1940 census). on U. S. Highway No. 1.

Let us pause and rest a while beside this most famous highway in the United States, and reflect upon the evolution of a thoroughfare. Most of the early roads “built” by the first settlers were merely slight

improvements on the then existing Indian footpaths; this modification was effected by a widening of the paths, thus permitting the use of wheeled vehicles—the wheel was unknown to the American aborigines. Along these primitive thoroughfares the early settlers built their cabins. The crossing of a stream was, and still is, a problem for the engineer. Modern man, with his progressive ideas, is not satisfied with wading-places and ferries. When he comes to a stream he wants to cross it hurriedly, hence the bridge. The first ferry-service across the Saco was established in 1653, by Henry Woddock, and it became known as the “Lower Ferry,” since it was situated below the lower falls. This ferry was operated some years later by Thomas Haley, until the year 1679, when Humphery Scamman acquired the ferry, continuing the service till his death in 1727. The year 1757 saw the building of the first bridge over the Saco; constructed by Col. John Tyng. It was called the “Lottery Bridge.” It spanned the main channel of the river, between the village of Saco and Factory Island. The “Cutts’ Bridge,” built in 1767 by Col. Thomas Cutts, Deacon Amos Chase, Thomas Gillpatrick, Jr., and Benjamin Mason, spanning the west branch of the Saco, between Biddeford and Factory Island, completed the link between the two settlements. The “Western Spring Island Bridge” was built by Capt. Seth Spring, about the year 1795—Capt. Spring later became a settler in the town of Hiram. The lumberman’s invasion of the forest naturally necessitated the building of roads, roads leading to and from saw mills, settlements, and shipyards. The first saw mill in New England was built near York in 1623—some say, the first in the United States. Several saw mills were erected on the Great Works River in South Berwick, in 1631, by Danish carpenters, imported from Denmark by Capt. John Mason. The first saw mill on the Saco—the

principal stream of Almuchicoitt, was built in 1654 by Roger Spencer—he and Thomas Clark became joint-owners of Arrowsick (Arrowseag) Island, in the Kennebec, prior to 1675. (See “Father Rasle of Narantsouak” for an account of the historic meeting on this island in 1717). This saw mill stood at one of the falls below Biddeford. The second one, erected in 1654-55, by John Davis of York, was also located below the settlement. Numerous other saw mills followed in close succession, until almost all the available power of the Saco, as well as that of other streams, had been harnessed.

The foremost exponent of lumbering in Almuchi-coitt in early colonial times was Major William Phillips. He came to the western settlement (Biddeford) in 1660, and immediately became engaged in land transactions, involving land owned by the Sokoki tribe, from which, through its leader, Chief Fluellen, and the sagamores, Hobinowell, Mogg Higgone or Heagon, and Capt. Sandy (Sunday), he acquired extensive tracts viz., grants of 1661, 1664, etc. Major Phillips retired to Boston just before the outbreak of King Philip’s War (1675), where he died in 1683. Another lumber merchant, equally industrious, was the Kittery-born Col. Thomas Cutts, who, in 1758, moved to Saco, where he became largely engaged in ship-building. His shipyards were located on tidewater, below the lower falls of the Saco. His Saco-made ships carried on a lucrative lumber trade with the West Indies for many years. When he died, in 1821, his business passed to his successor, Capt. Thomas Cutts.

Several days could be profitably spent in the twin cities of Biddeford and Saco. Of great historic interest to every wide-awake citizen is the Old York Museum at 375 Main Street, Saco. Here one may enjoy studying the valuable collection of Maine minerals, Indian relics,

Colonial costumes and furniture, oil portraits of local pioneers, statuary, etc. But the countryside is calling!

Once beyond the precincts of the city, where the quietude of the country permits logical retrospections, we naturally lapse into our customary state of pensiveness. As everybody knows, transportation among the natives before the advent of the Europeans involved no complexities. The dugout and the birch-bark canoe were the craft in general use. For overland journeys, it was either afoot, or by *travois* or drag—this vehicle was drawn either by a dog or a squaw, or by both. The coming of the whites gradually changed these primitive methods of travel. What brought about this revolutionary change? Man's passion for speed and less physical exertions—motor boats and vehicles propelled by motors were the outcome! To the robust out-of-door person, however, the ancient ways of travel hold a strong appeal, yet the motor-car is not to be ignored if and when circumstances call for swift action. Incidentally, the writer's favorite means of travel are walking, bicycling, and canoeing. Whether we walk, ride, or float, two things are imperative; take your time, and, watch your step.

To fully understand the inequalities of the land that lie before us we have to refer to glacial geology. We travel on transported soil; the residue of the weathering of basic rocks brought from the mountains of Canada and northern Maine by pre-historic glacial action, forming the so-called "peneplain of Maine;" a region of faint relief, extending from the foothills of the White Mountains to the sea. We do not only observe, but really marvel at, the numerous strange deposits of gravels, sands, and clays that give the landscape its singular beauty—deposits formed during the late stages of ice recession. The familiar "horse-backs" or "whale-backs," technically called *eskers*, are frequently being met with. These narrow elongated ridge

or mound formations were deposited by subglacial streams. *Kames*, cone-shaped hummocks of stratified drift, supposedly formed at the estuaries of subglacial streams, are of a similarly wide occurrence. *Kettles* or "kettle-holes" are kettle-shaped hollows in a glacial drift. Every pond encountered along the way is a "kettle-pond," since all the ponds in this glaciated part of Maine were formed by detached blocks of ice melting in place. It may be remarked in passing that the terms "pond" and "lake" are used indiscriminately in New England—Saco Lake, for instance; the source of Saco River, is a tarn about the size of a mill-pond; whereas Lovewell's Pond, near Fryeburg, Me., is a body of water over one mile in length!

Upon our arriving at the juncture of the old "Hollis Road" and the "River Road," near Little Falls, we instinctively pause for a few minutes. Being "peripatetic philosophers" we naturally exercise our "prerogative," expressing our views unreservedly at all times, and, furthermore, permit our restless feet to roam at large whenever our versatile minds so dictate!

A soft breeze from the east brings the murmuring of the rapids of Little Falls to our ears—a voice from the mighty river, reminiscent of timelessness, yet man's restless urge toward some definite goal! The Maine Turnpike—the super highway between Portland and Kittery, crosses the Saco at this point. Here's an interesting study: The river, one of the most ancient thoroughfares; the road, the most modern!

Although the "River Road" diverges obliquely away from the Pequawket Trail, we promptly yield to its allurements, seeing that it represents the ancient Indian trail that formerly meandered along the western bank of the Saco—we shall return to the Pequawket Trail later. Our immediate destination is Salmon Falls gorge. While walking upstream, let our thoughts dwell on pleasant retrospections and reveries. Since history is

chiefly biography, we have to record the doings of man; quite freely interspersed with "notes on Nature." The circumscribed compass of this work naturally permits the mention of only the outstanding highlights, and that sketchily. Practically all the settlements of New England, and many from the South, contributed largely in man-power toward the winning of the wilderness of Almuchicoitt. We have already met a few of these sturdy pioneers: and we'll be meeting many of their descendants along our line of march—men and women from all walks of life. A sprinkling of all nationalities are represented. The first settlers of the seventeenth century were mostly English. Scotch emigrants from northern Ireland came pouring into Almuchicoitt in 1718. Scandinavians did not settle in New England in great number until toward the middle of the nineteenth century; then establishing themselves in Aroostook county, Maine. Their ancestors, the Norsemen, had, of course been here centuries before "wrong-way Columbus" landed on Cat Island, in the West Indies! The present scribe unblushingly asserts that he can trace his descent, through ancestral memory, from the early years of Vinland; some five hundred years ago, to the union of a raven-tressed belle of the Eastern Woodlands with a blond Viking from the Land of the Midnight Sun!

We now find ourselves skirting the town of Dayton or "Day's town"—it was named after one Thomas Day. Dayton was a part of the town of Hollis till 1854, when it became a distinct municipal body, embracing a section of the tract purchased, in 1664, by Major Phillips, from Mogg Higgone or Heagon. In 1728 a combined fort and trading post was established on the Saco—it stood 80 rods below the present hydroelectric plant at Union Falls, but was abandoned in 1759, the year following the final treaty of peace with the Indians of Maine. The first settlement of this town

was made in 1753, by John and Andrew Gordon of Biddeford. Except for a skirmish with the Indians, their lives were "uneventful"—to wrest a livelihood from the soil, was not this in itself a series of "skirmishes?" Today one of Dayton's most interesting industries is the making of charcoal. Mr. Frank Ross' charcoal kiln richly repays a visit—one of the last in the state of Maine.

To all approaching Salmon Falls gorge by our route the name of Cook's Brook commands attention. This boisterous brook has its rise in the uplands of the town of Waterboro, crosses the northern tip of Lyman, then heads for the distant Saco, serving as the natural boundary between the towns of Dayton and Hollis. It is not only an excellent trout stream, but also possesses great potential water power. Several mills formerly stood on its lower course, above its juncture with the Saco. The rustic charm of Cook's Brook is fully appreciated upon our crossing it just above where it joins the river. Before us lies "Woodman's Reservation." This tract of land, encompassing the gorge at Salmon Falls, was reserved for the enjoyment of the public by Cyrus Woodman, grandson of the Rev. Dr. Paul Coffin of Buxton, Maine. We enter this sanctuary with all our senses highly alert, reverently contemplating the stateliness of its great stand of pine and spruce and the cathedral-like solemnness breathing through their vaulted aisles!

The gorge itself is, of course, the chief attraction. This defile is about 200 rods in length, through which the Saco makes its headlong descent, furnishing a perfect setting for one of Nature's most spectacular displays. How serenely the waters flow above the gorge! A moment later, like a tiger suddenly released from a lengthy confinement, the awakening Saco lunges forward; leaping into space, plunging into depths; snarling at every obstacle lying in its path;



Salmon Falls Gorge, Buxton-Hollis, Maine



Indian Hearth, Alfred, Maine

hissing defiance through its ivory teeth! What a magnificent exhibition of power, grace, and beauty!

When did the Saco begin the task of gnawing its way through the mica-schist barrier at Salmon Falls? Hundreds of years ago! The ceaseless onslaught of water, sand and frost against the comparatively soft rock gradually wore it down. This disintegrating process is still at work, following the line of least resistance—the foliated structure lying at an angle of about 45 degrees. The flood of 1937 produced a grand performance at Salmon Falls; a scenic display of rampant waters—90,000 cubic feet per second surging through this narrow gap of the earth's crust, filling the hearts of every fortunate onlooker with profound awe!

Many a fabric of facts and fancies has been woven at this tryst of legends and traditions during the course of the centuries. Here we subconsciously perceive the rhythmic beat of events that timed the destiny of the prehistoric savage. Here, also, through historic accounts, we, mentally, both see and hear the fitful parts men have played en route through life. The so-called "Indian Cellar" that has been of such great local interest is only a deep cleft in the Hollis-side bank of the gorge. That some early settlers had been ambushed here by the Indians is but one of the many legends of this place.

The sea salmon (*Salmo salar*) is responsible for the naming of Salmon Falls. From time immemorial up to modern times, the sea salmon was the uncrowned king of the Saco amongst the piscatory tribe frequenting its waters. Unscalable dams of the lower Saco made further semi-annual trips to and from the spawning beds impossible.

That the falls of the Saco at Salmon Falls are viewed and admired by thousands annually indicates their universal popularity. The literary works of Kate

Douglas Wiggin (1857-1923), author and educator, whose home, "Quillcote," situated a few hundred feet above the gorge in the village of Hollis, have largely contributed to the fame of these falls. During her lifetime she strongly opposed every attempt made to transform this wonderful gorge into a reservoir. Her love for the Saco was so great that not even death could part them—her wish to have her ashes mingled with the waters of her beloved river was religiously complied with!

The carries or portages on both banks of the gorge have been of service to numerous voyagers carrying boats and stores around the rapids. Darby Field and his companions, for instance, made use of these carries in 1642, on their trip to and from Pequawket by canoe. The Indians constructed these carries, and they employed them for centuries before the coming of the whites—explorers, adventurers, pioneers; these, in turn, adopting the ancient routes. Today they are used almost exclusively by canoe-vacationists. Intrepid men and women who have not lost the primordial love for adventure!

Before we tear ourselves away from the captivating charm of this idyllic spot, let us snatch one more interesting glimpse out of the past: Above the precipitous cliffs of the gorge—at the village of Salmon Falls, the noted sculptor, Benjamin Akers Allen, spent his boyhood days; revisiting the scenes of his childhood years later, accompanied by his wife, Elizabeth Akers Allen. Mrs. Allen outshone her husband in fame, however. Few poems, if any, excel her "Rock me to Sleep, Mother, Rock me to Sleep" in point of sublime sentiment, touching, as it does, upon one of life's most endearing themes, *Mother!*

Resuming our stroll upstream; heedless of passing time, we study Nature through tranquilized senses, senses lulled by the serene atmosphere of Spring. We

frequently cast an appreciative glance upon the Saco—the river of many moods. Saco River, be it remembered is a mighty stream; 170 miles in length, has a descent of 1891 feet, and arises from Saco Lake, at the head of Crawford Notch, N. H. Here's a list of the principal falls and rapids of the Saco between Biddeford Pool and Fryeburg:

Lower Falls (32 ft.)
Upper Falls (8 ft.)
Little Falls (51½ ft.)
Union Rapids (c. 8 ft.)
Union Falls (c. 15 ft.)
Salmon Falls (62 ft.)
Bar Mills Falls (18 ft.)
Moderation Falls (14 ft.)
Bonny Eagle Falls (48½ ft.)
Limington Falls (65 ft.)
Union Falls (26 ft.)
Steep Falls (40 ft.)
Great Falls of the Saco (72 ft.)
Walker's Rapids (c. 5 ft.)
Swan's Falls (? ft.)

To locate these falls and rapids—of interest to canoeists, rivermen, and industrialists, refer to the accompanying map.

At West Buxton, on the brink of the table-land, high above the Saco, our side excursion comes to a halt. We have come here to pay our respect to the memory of Gideon T. Ridlon (1841-1928), an American clergyman, author, and soldier. A unique and remarkable character. His contributions to the perpetuation of our local history surpass any hitherto advanced. In his monumental work, "Saco Valley Settlements and Families," he often takes his reader to the cold and deserted hearthstones of the early settlers where, upon the loom of his brilliant intellect, he forthwith

begins to weave a fabric of scintillant words. Whether beside the cradle, before the blazing hearth, along the lovers' lane, or at the tomb, he is equal to the task confronting him, which is to intellectually regale us with his penetrating insight, ready wit, poignant humor, and sentimental dreams. He possessed the singular power of peering into every cranny, scrutinizing every face, lending his ear to every voice, and tasting of the cream as well as of the whey of this world's variegated society; embodying the information thus acquired in tales highly fascinating! On a marble marker, at his "windowless palace of rest," we read the simple epitaph:

"Gideon W. T. Ridlon
Co. C., 27 Me. Inf."

Looking southward—from our place of observation at West Buxton, in the town of Hollis, across the Saco, into the town of Buxton (formerly "Narragansett No. 1"—settled in 1748), our gaze surveys the ancient domain of the Anasagunticook tribe. The Anasagunticooks governed the territory lying between the Saco and the Androscoggin Rivers. But to return to the Pequawket Trail.

Leaving Dayton, we enter Lyman—it is equal in charm to the former town. Being densely forested and sparsely populated, it represents quietude. It is an ideal retreat for city-jaded nerves. Above all, a place that beckons the nature-lover! This tract came into the possession of John Sanders, John Bush, and Peter Turbat, in 1660; their having purchased it from Chief Fluellen. It was settled in 1767; incorporated in 1780 under the name of Coxhall; changed to its present name in 1803, honoring a certain Theodore Lyman, Esq., of Boston, Mass. Lyman has several beautiful ponds; Bunganut, Kennebunk, Swan, and Barker being the most outstanding; on the shores of which many a

cosy cottage stands to entice the vacationists. Of paramount importance is the Massabesic Experimental Forest of some 4000 acres, lying in the towns of Lyman, Alfred, Hollis, and Waterboro; established by the United States Department of Forestry, for the study and control of fungi and insect pests. The great forest-fire of 1947 destroyed a large area of this forest-reserve. Alas! we can no longer speak about the "primeval" forest. The denudations wrought by storms, forest-fires, lumbering, lightning, and parasitic epidemics have been truly devastating. The conifers were the greatest sufferers. Fortunately, a few isolated areas survived the general havoc, and it is from the merchantable stands of timber in these unscathed forests that much of the nation's future supplies of building material must come. The state of Maine has 16,750,000 acres of forest land!

Upon our entering the town of Lyman, we observe, a short distance to the right of the trail, the thriving and beautifully situated community of Goodwins Mills, quietly nestling on the banks of Swan Pond Brook. Thence the trail desultorily wends its way across a highly diversified glaciated terrain; a region of great interest to anyone versed in glacial geology. Remember, *glacial erosion*, to a great extent, accounts for the production of the unconsolidated materials that partly constitute our soil strata supporting vegetation which is the basis of life—the mainstay of all industries!

"Do you know anything about the Pequawket Trail?" This question was addressed to numerous persons whom the writer met along the course of the trail. In most cases it brought only negative replies. Evidently, the *will to know* was lacking! Faced with this disheartening fact, the writer's only alternative was to find out what he wanted to know through his own efforts; namely, to acquire a knowledge of Indian lore, to study the physical features of the country

traversed, and to search for encampment and village sites along the supposed course of the trail. The result proved most gratifying—the gist of which follows: Those who surveyed the route of the Pequawket Trail were, evidently, no civil engineers, yet, their knowledge of constructing foot-paths was, assuredly, of no mean order. Their ingenious use of the *curve*, for instance, in hilly or mountainous country, in effecting any desirable gradient, is truly amazing. Excavations and embankments, considered so necessary in modern road-building, were entirely dispensed with. Vertical and horizontal distances were, undoubtedly, determined without actual measurement. Low-lying ground, subject to frequent inundations, was scrupulously avoided. Rivers and smaller streams were generally crossed by foot-bridges. The American Indian was adept in constructing fording-places; their remains along the Pequawket Trail can quite easily be detected by any alert observer. These Indian foot-bridges essentially consisted of a number of boulders of varying sizes placed in a zigzag arrangement across the shallow beds of water courses. Deep, narrow streams were usually crossed by means of one or several logs spanning their channels. One can readily notice that the Pequawket Trail shows a decided preference for the well-drained slopes of water-sheds. An Indian and a cat have one thing in common; they both dislike getting their feet wet. What has been said about the Pequawket Trail goes with all other Indian trails.

At East Waterboro, the Pequawket Trail—it is superimposed by the road-bed of route No. 5 at irregular intervals as far as to the Limerick-Cornish boundary, enters an extensive post-glacial basin bordered by kame terraces. The floor of this large depression consists of gravel and sand deposits which take the forms of kames and eskers, interspersed with several kettle ponds; the loveliest of these being Little

Ossipee Pond. While skirting its western shore, let's study the sylvan beauty of its situation. Whenever a gentle breeze ruffles its sun-flecked, azure-blue waters, the aesthetic eye regards the pond as a veritable "diadem of star-sapphires." The pond's setting is hardly less picturesque—a silvery strand fringed with evergreens; summer cottages ensconced beneath umbrageous trees looking out upon the regal gem!

When fatigued by the toil and stress of a busy week at factory, home, or office, how eagerly one seeks the balm of relaxation beside these quiet waters—"Nature's eyes," H. D. Thoreau metaphorically called them. The relaxation and rest we're seeking are not those of inaction, but a change from the constraint of daily routine to a wholesome freedom of action; this desire being aptly embodied in such diversions as canoeing, boating, swimming, and fishing.

A short distance to the west of Little Ossipee Pond, rising to a height of 1050 feet—always attentive, stands the lordly Mt. Ossipee or Ossipee Hill, the titularly guardian of Little Ossipee Pond. From the summit of this lofty place one commands a comprehensive view of the coastal region of Almuchicoitt—Mt. Agamenticus (el. 692 ft.) looming above the southern skyline. From these observatories Indian scouts transmitted smoke-signals. The part this signal system played in the course of the numerous insurrections and intertribal warfares of the long ago cannot be overestimated. It both incurred and averted death and destruction!

The town of Waterboro, forming a part of Phillips' purchase of 1661, was, previous to 1768, a "wilderness" to the whites; but that very year (1768) a hardy man by the name of John Smith challenged the spirit of the unknown by settling near Waterboro Old Corners. He was the forerunner of immigrants into the town, then known as the "Massabesic Plantation." A widening of

the Pequawket Trail in 1764, making it suitable for a logging road, promptly made lumbering the chief industry. The opening of Fryeburg to settlers in 1763 also had something to do with this particular road-improvement as it gave the tide of immigration a direct route from the old settlements along the coast of York county. Before we proceed any farther up the Pequawket Trail, let us take a jaunt to the neighboring town of Alfred, returning to Waterboro later, greatly refreshed both in body and spirit.

We enter the town of Alfred just after having crossed the stream lying between Bunganut Pond and Shaker Pond; the latter situated to the west and below the heights occupied by Shaker Village. The year 1764 saw the beginning of the first settlement in the town by Simeon Coffin—the town was named after Alfred “The Great” (849-901), King of the West Saxons. It was formerly known as “North Parish of Sanford.” The village of Alfred is the one place in New England nobody can afford to pass by; its Court House being the cynosure of all visitors. This structure not only holds the oldest continuous court records in the United States, dating back to 1635, but also the “Georgeana Charter;” the original document, bearing the signature of King Charles the Second of England, chartering “Georgeana” (York), in 1641—the first English village to be chartered in North America. Old maps, featuring many sections of Almuchicoitt, are also preserved here. These maps, remember, are of interest not only to the cartographer, but to any serious student of geography and history. The “Whipping Tree” of Alfred is well known throughout the country. Generations ago, those sentenced to flogging were secured to this tree—these “offenders” included malicious gossipers, sabbath-breakers, sots, etc. We wonder if this form of punishment could not be re-

instated to mete out justice to our *real* offenders of peace!

Alfred has produced many distinguished men and women. In the field of contemporary literature, Mary Carpenter Kelly occupies a prominent place. Her writings are generally regarded as outstanding contributions. Of special interest to readers of "Almuchicoitt" are her interesting and instructive articles featuring many of the numerous points of historic value found within the Saco Valley. The Indian Hearth discovered, in 1948, near the East Branch of Mousam River, in the town of Alfred, first became known through an article of hers appearing in the Portland Sunday Telegram. The photographic reproduction of the Indian foot-bridge, "stepping-stones," on the East Branch of Mousam River, Alfred, was obtained largely through Mrs. Kelly's guidance.

Seeing that we are now only about four miles from the city of Sanford, let us take a hasty trip to that place. The town of Sanford was originally known as "Phillipstown;" devised in 1696, by a certain Mrs. Phillips, to Peleg Sanford, after whom the town received its present name. It was settled about 1740. The city of Sanford (pop. 10500), on the beautiful Mousam River, is a thriving community, sustaining numerous industries. While sauntering along its busy thoroughfares, we occasionally come upon some lonely figure "decorating" a bench or stoop, and feel strongly tempted to exclaim, "Why this idleness?" but, opportunely, Victor Hugo's classic phrase comes to our rescue:

"Folded arms work, closed hands perform;
A gaze fixed upon heaven is a toil!"

Before somebody's residence we may pause to listen to the thought-evoking sounds of music. Music caters to man's every mood. Man enters into existence under

the tempo of some lively tune. Throughout life he dances to some form of music—playing, working, dreaming to the captivating spell of its rhythm. Man finds mirth in jazz; forgetfulness in the waltz; grandiosity in the minuet and the march; pensiveness in the requiem. Music solemnizes man's religious ceremony, his wedding, and his funeral! Diverting from this digression, we direct our steps northward; back to Waterboro and the Pequawket Trail.

Again we are on the ancient trail, proceeding northward and upward, and for the second time admire the smiling waters of Little Ossipee Pond. We must not forget to mention the fact that two thriving communities nestle on the shore of this pond; the villages of Waterboro Center and North Waterboro. Any village located on a lake or pond can look forward toward a more prosperous future, provided, of course, it utilizes the advantage of its enviable situation through real estate developments. The North Waterboro Lunch Ground; a "C.C.C." enterprise, commands attention. The shelter, fireplace, spring; all within a grove of towering pines, cannot fail to gladden the heart of the passer-by!

At Ossipee Mills—about two and a half miles to the north of North Waterboro, we come to the crossing of the Little Ossipee River. The rapids just below the abutments of the discarded bridge mark the site of the ancient Pequawket Trail foot-bridge. This beautiful stream exerts a profound and permanent impression on all who admire outstanding creations in God's great out-of-doors. Little Ossipee River has its rise in Balch Pond, a post-glacial lake lying on the Maine-New Hampshire boundary. More about this stream anon.

Having crossed Little Ossipee River on its modern, concrete bridge, we realize that we have entered the town of Limerick; one of the "five Ossipee towns" made famous through Francis Small's purchase. The

deed to this historic business deal was executed at Kittery, on November 28, 1668, involving a tract of land twenty miles square, embraced by the following natural boundaries: Great Ossipee River, Little Ossipee River, Saco River, and Pine (Nechewanick) River. This land was conveyed by Capt. Sandy or Sunday, a sagamore of Berwick, to Francis Small, a trader of Kittery, for "two large English blankets, two gallons of rum, two pounds of powder, four pounds of musket balls, and twenty strings of Indian beads." This transaction proved to be a spurious one, one that eventually gave rise to numerous, complicated litigations. Here's an interesting side-light on Francis Small and two of his associates: Small's ill-fated purchase of the "five Ossipee towns" was his third trade in Indian lands. The famous Sebascodegan Island, in Casco Bay, had been acquired by Francis Small and Nicholas Shapleigh some time previous to the other deal—Thomas Purchase, the first permanent settler on Casco Bay, had been its former owner, his having bought it from the Indians. What about the price? "A horn of powder and a bottle of rum!" Incidentally, Francis Small came to New England in 1632; the first Small of that family in America.

The town of Limerick owes its existence to Hon. James Sullivan and thirteen of his compatriots, almost all of whom came from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The names of these sturdy pioneers follow:

Allen, E.
Bradbury, E.
Cole, J.
Cole, W.
Emery, O.
Gilpatrick, J.
Gilpatrick, T.

Morrill, J.
Nason, B.
Staples, B.
Staples, J.
Stimson, J.
Wingate, J.

These fourteen landholders had had their proprietorship recorded on May 15, 1772, but the actual settlement does not seem to have taken place until the autumn of 1775, although several, if not all, busied themselves at every available opportunity for several years prior to the period of occupancy in claiming their lands from the primeval forest. The town was named after Sullivan's father's birthplace in Ireland. It was while practicing his profession as attorney in Biddeford, during the period 1769-78, that James Sullivan made himself acquainted with Limerick. The Pequawket Trail was at that time a very busy thoroughfare. The first settlement was made at Felch Corner.

The town of Limerick may with propriety be divided into two distinct parts; namely, the "highlands" and the "lowlands," both once densely wooded. These tracts are now mostly meadows, pastures, and cultivated fields. In fact, agriculture has held an outstanding position in this town for almost a century. The course of the Pequawket Trail, at the time the Indians used it, lay just above the 500-foot level after leaving what is now Felch Corner, thus avoiding the high hill at the present village of Limerick. From the brow of this elevation we fondly rest our eyes upon the Limerick lowlands. This low country, hemmed by high hills or mountains, is to everybody, except the farmer and the geologist, *terra incognita*. To the latter it is an arm of the sea, dating from pre-glacial times, as evidenced from the finding of brackish varve silt in a brook excavation, a short distance to the northeast of

Holland Pond (Sokokis Lake) and Pickeral Pond. This same geologic find also seems to indicate the probable limit of marine erosion. In post-glacial times this whole area became mantled with glacial deposits or drift, such as eskers, crevasse fillings, and kame fields. Among Limerick's industries, the Limerick Mills at Hollandville deserve special mention. The famous "Holland Blanket" of the past century came from these mills. The textile industry is of such a vital importance to man's well-being that we cannot afford to remain ignorant about it. Louise Lamprey's "The Story of Weaving" (pub. in 1939) should be read by all who wish to have their textile questions answered factually and entertainingly. This distinguished writer, the author of children's books, lives at Limerick. Some of her outstanding works, besides the book on weaving, include the following: "Days of the Colonists," "Days of the Pioneers," "The Tomahawk Trail." The village of Limerick, nestling amongst stately elms and maples, and overlooking the lowlands, can justly be proud of its lofty location. Here is situated the well known Limerick Academy, chartered in 1808.

We now temporarily leave the Pequawket Trail for the village of Newfield which lies four miles to the southwest. Up to within a dozen years ago, the town of Newfield was little known to the tourists traveling through York county. Improved roads, particularly State Highway No. II, indirectly brought the town publicity. Its many admirable qualities justify national renown. Newfield is picturesquely glaciated. The most striking appendage of the landscape being a kame, the next largest cone-shaped hummock of stratified drift in the state of Maine—the largest kame in the state was discovered by the present writer, in 1948, on Ten Mile River, in Oxford County, as mentioned later. The Newfield kame is situated on Chellis Brook, a few hundred yards from where this stream joins Little Ossipee

River. Locally this kame is known as the "Pin-ball"—it has been identified by this designation from the time the town was surveyed and settled in 1778.

Again Little Ossipee comes to the fore. To the early pioneers who were interested in developing the natural resources of the country, this stream played an important role. Mills representing several branches of industry have been, and still are, actuated by its copious water power. To the angler it has been an "Eldorado"—of late, however, it has been depleted of trout by too ambitious disciples of Izaak Walton. In its heyday, but a few decades ago, numerous trout, salmon and shad teemed its waters. We eagerly anticipate such a recurrence! The canoeist gets the greatest "kick" out of Little Ossipee River—it is so full of life. The same holds true about numerous other waterways in this land of enchantment! During the dry season little water flows in these mountain streams; too little, one is inclined to think, to float even a canoe, but, as Henry David Thoreau informs us, "Wherever there is a channel for water, there is a road for the canoe." A summer vacation spent in exploring the country by canoe is one of life's greatest pleasures! Notwithstanding this fact, the idea of confining himself entirely to watercourses is not the only ambition of the average traveler. His versatile mind seeks variable environments. The meandering footpath leading to extensive lookouts strongly appeals to the nimble-footed. And as we are now in the foothills of the White Mountains the heights are calling us!

Picket Mountain is Newfield's most notable eminence. Although its elevation is only about 840 feet—some 336 feet lower than Province Mountain (el. 1176 ft.), the highest point in the town, it excels the latter in point of historic interest. Picket Mountain is well named. A picket or guard was stationed on its summit at various times; during the American Revolution;

War of 1812, and, probably, the Civil War. Helio-graphic signals were sent between Picket Mountain and Sawyer Mountain (el. c. 1219 ft.), the latter situated in the town of Limington. Incidentally, the reader will note—in these pages, especially, that the figures indicating elevations are given as approximate (“circa” or “about”). These discrepancies in recorded elevations have often been due to inaccurate instruments, sometimes, as years ago, to faulty calculations and poor apparatus, or, plain guesswork!

The lure music exercises on susceptible natures has been alluded to elsewhere, and that more or less in the abstract; now, however, we will present this subject concretely. Newfield's Cadet Band is affectionately remembered by numerous lovers of music who were born a few years prior to 1916. This company was organized in November, 1909, in the kitchen of an old farmhouse situated at the foot of Lord's Hill. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Smith of Newfield were the initiators of the organization, composed of eighteen talented members. During its seven years of existence, the Newfield Cadet Band administered cheerfulness to the “shut-ins”—to amusement-seeking crowds at country fairs the band was always a welcome visitor!

Three important streams originate within a radius of two miles, centering on the Maine-New Hampshire boundary where the towns of Newfield, Acton, and Wakefield (N. H.) meet; namely, Salmon Falls River, which arises from Great East Lake (el. 574 ft.); Little Ossipee River, from Balch Pond (el. 557 ft.); Pine River, from Pine River Pond (el. 584 ft.)—these streams being important to us, as previously pointed out, because they form the major part of the western boundary of Almuchicoitt.

It is immaterial which way we choose to lead us back to the Pequawket Trail, so long as our senses are constantly kept keenly watchful; for the intervening

country to be traversed, now proudly bearing the cheerfully green tints of spring, stands ready to reveal to us the ever-changing charm and beauty of its forests, fields, and streams!

From the village of Limerick we blithely march down the east slope of Philpot Mountain, expressing many a complimentary remark about the beautiful avenue-like trail that winds its way through the charming countryside. The Pequawket Trail enters the town of Cornish a few rods to the north of the old "Fulson Place," where it abandons route No. 5, to skirt the west bank of Brown Brook for a few hundred feet, thus traversing the southeast corner of the "Gore," crossing the stream just below the caved-in cellar of a certain Brown, after whom the brook got its name. A small burying-ground, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," lies on our left. A dirt road, crossing Brown Brook by a rustic stone bridge, leads to route No. 160. In this secluded nook there is silence, a silence broken only by the melodious voice of the brook, a voice haunted by the past, a voice seeking repose amongst the moss and lichen-covered ruins of the two mill dams. Brown Brook has been, and still is, an important watercourse; arising from three distinct sources, Haley Ponds—formerly "Shute Pond," and "Hosac Pond"—West Pond (Mudgett Pond), and Long Pond. The two latter ponds located in the town of Parsonfield. Brown Brook flows through Holland Pond, and, after having tarried in low meadows for a while, joins the Little Ossipee River about two miles below Ossipee Mills. More than half a dozen mills have been motivated by its waters. The saw mill that once stood below the ruined dams, mentioned a while ago, was built, in 1796, by Asahel Cole and John Durgin, both of South Cornish. This section of the Pequawket Trail—in fact, several miles of it in Cornish, is more "wild" today than it was, say, in 1642, when Darby Field and

his Indian guides walked it. And we can, if our minds are so inclined, get almost the same thrill out of it as Darby did, yes, *almost*, except we need evince no fear of any lurking savage, presaging either a daylight ambush or a night assault, for the last Indian with hostile intent departed for the "Happy Hunting Grounds" long, long ago!

Having crossed route No. 5, the trail goes past a tiny little graveyard, ascending the gently rising western slope of Cole's Mountain to what was formerly known as "Cole's Corner," thence sharply to the left, over weathered granite ledges, and by the obscure remains of habitations once tenanted by the Coles. This section of the trail was known as the "Wells Road" to the early settlers of Cornish. From a projecting ridge close to the trail we obtain a grand view of Bald Head Mountain (el. 1030 ft.), a prominent landmark amongst the Indians seeking the Almouchiquois of Hosac village; this prior to the beginning of the seventeenth century, just before the coming of the whites to this region. An Indian trail formerly connected Hosac village with a village on Long Pond—this particular foot-path followed the course of Brown Brook between Long Pond and Bald Head Mountain. Resuming our walk, we presently come to moist ground where the trail becomes almost impassable; made so by a matted undergrowth of alder. This obstruction to our progress appears insignificant when viewed in the light of good sportsmanship. We ought to get a fair amount of enjoyment out of any such wrestling with the encroaching wildness of Nature!

Emerging from the thicket on Cole's Mountain, we step onto the open, mountain-rimmed table-land. From the southernmost extremity of this plateau, a path anciently connected Hosac village with an outlook on Dunn Mountain (el. c. 860 ft.). The summit of this height has, evidently, for ages been a vantage point

for taking observations, seeing that its naked ledges permit unobstructed views. Today, as we stand upon this vantage-lookout, viewing the landscape o'er, Hosac Pond is the object that occupies the most conspicuous position for the instant. The first known name of this body of water was Hosac Pond; then, in 1776, it became known as "Shute Pond," named after one John Shute, first pioneer to settle near the pond. Cornish was first surveyed in 1772. Following its resurvey, in 1795, the topographic map of that period designated the pond as "Haley Pond," taking the name of the second settler who built his log cabin on its northern shore. When the southern section of Cornish was surveyed in 1933, 1941, 1942, the topographer saw it fit to call this pond "Haley Ponds"—note the plural. Yes, there is actually two ponds today; originally there was but one—fate decreed it to become a bog, hence, now approximately two thirds of its original area of 80 acres consist of partially decomposed plants, especially sphagnum moss. A "floating" strip of land forms the separate bodies of open water. In this present work, Hosac Pond, its original appellation, is used. Incidentally, the name "Hosac"—it is also spelled, Hoosac, Hoosic, Hoosick, is a Mohawk designation, often met with along the Mohawk Trail, lying between the Connecticut River and the Hudson—opposite the mouth of the Mohawk River.

Hosac Pond is a typical kettle-pond, formed by the melting of a block of stagnant glacial ice buried in gravels and sand during the early part of post-glacial times. As previously mentioned, Hosac Pond lies on a plateau; a plateau built up against the ice-filled Central Valley, judging by its irregular ice-contact slopes.

Hosac Pond is especially noted for its deposit of *diatoms*, commonly called "diatomaceous earth"—a diatom is an alga, the most primitive of green plants,

possessing the ability to extract silica from the water. A deposit of this nature consists of innumerable diatom skeletons. From 40 to 60 million of such skeletons make one cubic inch! One cubic foot weighs about eight pounds. This "earth" resists temperatures up to 1600 degrees Fahrenheit. It is one of the best insulators of heat, cold, and sound. Hitherto its most common use has been as an abrasive, but, as experiments have amply demonstrated, it may be employed in numerous other ways.

The aborigines evaluated Hosac Pond in terms of wild life, and in this particular respect ranked high among inland waters, since its rich flora of edible plants, berries, and cereal grasses, including wild rice, became the favorite feeding ground to numerous wild fowl. And wherever food was found, especially in such abundance as here, both man and beast inevitably assembled. According to local records, dating back to 1776, fur-bearing animals frequenting Hosac Pond and its vicinity were listed as follows: Moose, woodland caribou, deer, beaver, sable or pine marten, otter, mink, skunk, weasel, muskrat, fox, racoon, wolf, bear, lynx, and other animals now extinct in this region. To capture them, employing principally the bow and arrow, snares and pitfalls as instruments of the chase, called for a considerable knowledge of woodcraft, physical strength, courage, and endurance; attributes possessed by most of the early white settlers, and, of course, by every native son of the forest. This region was a paradise to hunters and trappers long before the coming of the whites. A natural pitfall for capturing wild animals is found in the wedge-shaped corner of the town of Limerick, at a point almost equidistance between Sawyer Mountain and Hosac Mountain. This particular pit measures approximately as follows: 16 feet in length, 6 feet deep, and 4 feet wide; evidently first used by the aborigines, later by the whites. When

the present writer accidentally fell into this pit, in 1946, he landed on the skeleton of a large animal, evidently a domestic ox!

That an Indian settlement once occupied the shore of Hosac Pond is borne out by unearthed artifacts and other tangible factors that generally determine any village site, such as *accessibility*, and the *source of a sufficient food supply*. Dr. Thomas Lincoln, a prominent physician and lawyer of Cornish of the past century, who had access to "Trafton's Manuscript," wrote prior to 1872:

"Many Indian implements have been found in the vicinity of the fort, (The Indian fortification below the village of Cornish, in the town of Hiram, is here referred to.) and near Hosac Pond in the south, indicating that the places were frequently, if not permanently occupied for many years."

With these facts established, let us visualize the Almouchiquoian village of Hosac Pond in the year, say, 1600 A. D. It depicts an idyllic scene. Several lodges—these consisting of dome-shaped structures covered with dressed hides and slabs of bark, with their doors facing the sunrise, constitute the salient feature of the view. Several birch bark canoes noiselessly paddled over the tranquil surface of the pond serve to enhance the picturesqueness of the prospect. Upon the tip of a projecting point of land, with Hosac Mountain (el. c. 1309 ft.—the next highest point in York county) for a background, there stands a lonely figure facing the first faint light of dawn; the medicine man of Hosac. In physical appearance, how stately! He is fairly tall, well proportioned, muscular, with light brownish skin, straight black hair, prominent cheek bones, and a classic Grecian nose. A body made beautiful by intensive training. A body that is neither diseased nor unclean. And this solitary station is the medicine

man's own Holy Place, where he chants his morning orison; where he comes face to face with the Great Spirit!

The writer has it on good authority that the waters of the Hosac Pond possess medicinal properties, and that the aborigines, as well as the early settlers, took advantage of these curative properties, administering them both to man and beast in the form of water-compresses, mud-poultices, and other curative agents embodying the healing virtue of Hosac.

Resuming our stroll up the Pequawket Trail, we presently come upon the stream that flows out of Hosac Pond; namely, Brown Brook—"Hosac Pond Brook," would, perhaps, be a more appropriate name. Be this as it may, what really matters here is that we again stay our steps to indulge in another pleasant retrospection. The first grist mill in the town of Cornish, built by Asahel Cole, in 1777, stood on this stream. Now only the broken embankment of the mill dam remind the chance passer-by of the part it played in pioneer days. These rustic remains are located—by actual measurement, one hundred and sixty-five paces from the trail that lies below. A mill race extending for some distance down the brook conveyed the water to the overshot wheel. The mill stones were hauled up the trail from Saco by Cole himself. Before leaving this ancient "watering place," let us become better acquainted with this outstanding figure. Asahel Cole was a man of initiative and business acumen. He was born in Biddeford, moved to Kittery, and came to Cornish or the plantation of "Francisboro," as the town was then called, in 1775. Upon his coming into the town, he quickly rose into favor, becoming the leader in the community—his descent could, probably, be traced to the "Old King Cole" of Colechester, England! We do know that Samuel Cole, an ancestor of his, built the "Cole Mill" at the Lower Fall of the

Saco in 1720 or 1721. For a number of years, all the public meetings of Francisboro were held at Asahel Cole's house which stood near his mill at Hosac Pond.

When, and by whom, was Cornish settled? There is no precise date available, as almost all the town records were lost in the fire of 1865, but there is a strong reason for believing that a permanent settlement was made prior to 1774; perhaps as early as 1769. However this may be, the former year (1774) dates the coming of John Durgin, James Holmes, and Joseph Thompson into Francisboro—Francisboro is commemorative of Francis Small's purchase. The town was given the name of "Cornish" at the time of its incorporation in 1794; so called because several, if not most, of the settlers' forebears had come from the country of Cornwall, England. The first officers of the newly incorporated town were: Selectmen: Elder Andrew Sherburne, Ebenezer Barker, and William Chadbourne. Clerk: Benjamin Clark, Jr. Treasurer: Benjamin Clark. Constable and Collector: Thomas Barker. The "Sherburne Manuscript," dealing with the religious life of the community, was written by Elder Andrew Sherburne. It is preserved at the Maine Historical Society. Others, besides Asahel Cole, who came into the town in 1775-76, include: Henry Pendexter, Charles Trafton, Robert Cole, Aldrich Cole, John Shute, James Wormwood, John Gilpatrick, and John Hogdon or Hodgden. Many of their descendants dwell not far from the fields their forefathers wrested from the forest primeval.

Proceeding northeastward, the trail flanked on both sides by stone-fences, rows of stately elms, maples, and lindens, we regretfully notice the many caved-in cellars, covered wells, abandoned fields and apple orchards. Before going down the steep decline toward Central Valley, our gaze again encounters a breathless view of Mount Washington. A few hundred feet

farther, on our right, the idyllically situated residence of Dr. Haley draws our attention. From this place several generations of Haleys have been thrilled by the splendor of the evening sun disappearing beyond the serrated peaks of the Presidential Range! The old Haley Homestead, mentioned previously, was situated about a quarter of a mile farther south, and close to the pond—on the site of the Indian village. The famous “Haley rye,” of more than half a century ago, grew on this farm.

At the foot of the descending slope we come to where the old trail forded Little River; now spanned by a rustic stone-bridge. Little River has its rise on the northern slope of Hosac Mountain, rushing precipitately downward toward the base of Clark Mountain, (el. c. 1320 ft., highest point in York county), thence continuing its headlong flight till it reaches the calm bosom of Central Valley, through which it leisurely flows, taking its last, wild leap at Cornish village, just before joining the Great Ossipee River. But to return to the Pequawket Trail-crossing of Little River. Here, where Mr. Laud now lives, Alpheus Trafton, a blacksmith by trade, and the author of “Trafton’s Manuscript,” spent his declining years. This manuscript, now lost, dealt with the early history of Cornish, its geographical boundaries, Indian history, first settlers, etc. The outline of the course of the Pequawket Trail through the town of Cornish comes from “Trafton’s Manuscript.” The little stone bridge, by the way, has its own dramatic tale. In a snapshot picture of the bridge, taken a few years ago, by Mr. Arthur E. Morrell of Cornish, a true bust-likeness of an American Indian is seen depicted on the stone abutment; otherwise not discernible. From this bridge the trail makes a gradual ascent, winding gracefully around the western and northern slopes of Pease Mountain (el. c. 1140 ft.), formerly called

“Trafton’s Mountain.” The road we’re now traveling; abandoned years ago as a regular thoroughfare, follows the very same route occupied by the Pequawket Trail. As we mount the sharp ridge on the eastern slope of Pease Mountain, a grand view of tousled heights presents itself, extending eastward as far as the eye can reach. This place is the highest point on the Pequawket Trail—820 feet above sea level. The elevation of the mountain terminus of the trail at Fryeburg is 429 feet.

No extensive outlook comparable to the one we now enjoy from this particular ridge could have been obtained before the clearing of the land had been effected. How unsparingly our stately forests have been contributing their quota towards man’s comfort and happiness! From the rudely constructed cabin of the backwoodsman to the palatial mansion of the merchant we feelingly trace the initial handiwork of the woodman performed in the depth of the forest; his wielding his instruments of steel against the hearts of the forest monarchs! Furthermore, years of laborious industry made this open country into productive farms. By whom was all this work accomplished? By men, women, and children; worthy descendants of the early settlers. Remember, males of the human species alone should not receive all the credit, as some seem inclined to contend. It must be borne in mind that women played equally important parts in pioneering, about which, alas, not enough has been written. Another thing, the cooperative spirit among the early settlers was strong; a matter of necessity! So long as everybody was equally poor, nobody could afford to stand aloof of his neighbor. In later years, however, when wealth and power came the way of the most industrious, less cooperation and organized team-work held sway. Notwithstanding this human failing, the “Golden Rule” was at that time more than a proverb—

its golden worth was often put into practice! The every-day lives of the early pioneers were simplicity itself. Their homes were cotes, the walls of which were chinked logs; the roofs were rafters covered with bark, moss, and mud; the floors were the naked earth—these humble abodes were “castles” to the first settlers. With the coming of the saw mill, frame structures superseded the hand-hewn timber dwellings, and existence entered a higher state of culture. Before the open fireplace the pioneers—men, women, children—spent much of their time; eating, sleeping, working, playing, sorrowing, dreaming, and hoping. Although *land*—“Land is one of the gods of New England,” as Roger Williams expressed it, was necessarily a subject-matter of common interest, it did not entirely engross the attention of the settlers. The *soul*, and not the body, was the basis of the social structure; assiduously sustained by prayers and self-denials. Fluctuations of mind and body, and their interdependency, were little understood, if at all!

Few subjects have received more attention than *dancing*. That “life is a dance,” as Henry Havelock Ellis reminds us, nobody dares to deny. Everything in nature expresses rhythm. Why, then, denounce dancing? Cicero cried:

“No man who is sober dances, unless he is out of his mind, either when alone, or in any decent society, for dancing is the companion of wanton conviviality, dissoluteness, and luxury.”

Poor, poor Cicero!

Concerning the minerals in this neighborhood, it may be stated that granites intercrossed by vertical dikes of traprock, commonly permeated with oxides of iron, are most abundant. All other rocks, except *erratics*, that is, detached blocks of basic rocks (boulders) transported from their original sites by

natural agencies, are similarly impregnated with iron. Among the less known minerals of this region, the following are worthy of note: Brown Labradorite—it is found on the western slope of Pease Mountain, just below its summit. Opalescent feldspar occurs in glacial boulders. Calcite and Pyroxene are found at the head of Central Valley, on route No. 5, near the base of Day Hill (formerly Wescott Hill, or, Wescott Mountain). Radioactive minerals disseminated in Pegmatite occur just above the village of Cornish.

The well known “Balancing Rock” on the northern slope of Small’s Hill (el. 920 ft.) is of a historic importance. This erratic was known as the “Big Rock” to the early settlers of Cornish. In their surveys, they used it as a “benchmark,” from which distances, in rods and miles, to various parts of the town were measured.

The village of Cornish formerly occupied the flat area lying one mile to the south of its present location. The road leading down to the village, on the Great Ossipee River, from the ancient village site, is known to the people of the town as the “High Road.” Although an appropriate name, this highway is to us still the Pequawket Trail.

Francis Small’s trading-post, previously referred to, stood at the juncture of the Ossipee Trail and the Pequawket Trail—the “Clifford Mansion” now occupies this particular spot. This post had been established here some time previous to 1668, probably as early as 1665, or even earlier. Fur-trading was everywhere a lucrative employment in the early years of our country—to the traders, especially. Furs were brought to this trading-post from all parts of the Ossipee and Saco Valleys. That some shrewd bargaining had occurred at Small’s post, justifying the Indians’ burning the structure to the ground, in 1668, appears quite certain. Tradition relates that Francis

Small had been forewarned by Capt. Sandy himself about the coming event, thus probably saving Small's life. Small is reported to have watched the destruction of his post from a nearby grove of pines, but made a timely retreat down the Pequawket Trail to Kittery, where the crafty sagamore soon joined him. Here the famous document was formulated and signed; Sandy transferring the territory known to the Sokokis as the "Osibe" to Francis Small; ostensibly to recompense the latter for his recent loss, a deed perpetrated by Sandy's own people!

The village of Cornish is situated on a delta-like deposit formed during the late stages of ice recession, by the drainage of Central Valley against the ice-filled Ossipee Valley at this point. This ancient body of water could well be called "Glacial Lake Cornish." It offers an interesting study to the glacial geologist. The almost perpendicular outcrops of siliceous and granitic rock formations back of the village, against which the terraced "delta" rests, drop to a depth as yet undetermined, but is known to be several hundred feet. Down this terrace the trail made its sinuous way to the river, crossing it just below the site of the old covered bridge by means of an Indian-made foot-bridge dating from prehistoric times. Only a few submerged rocks remain to indicate its position; rivermen having destroyed it many years ago in order to facilitate the floating of timber. Two fording places—one a "wading-place," were in extensive use prior to the building of the first bridge. A brisk traffic was in progress between Phillipstown (Sanford) and the Seven Lots (Fryeburg) by 1764, which encouraged the establishing of a ferry-boat service across the Great Ossipee by Col. David Page and Timothy Walker, both residents of Fryeburg. It is safe to make the conjecture that many permanent settlements, made by squatters, took place at various points along the Pe-

quawket Trail at this particular period without attracting the attention of the authorities.

Before resuming our walk up the Pequawket Trail into the town of Hiram, let's hearken to the call of the Ossipee Trail; the ancient, Indian footpath of the Ossipee Valley. The earliest known reference we have to this trail, as mentioned elsewhere, is to be found in the report concerning the punitive expedition of November-December, 1676, consisting of several companies of English soldiers that were sent against the two fortified Indian villages in the Ossipee Valley. To reach the fortification on Ossipee Lake, N. H., after having fired the fort in Hiram, the soldiers' only choice was to follow the Ossipee Trail to the great falls of the Ossipee—where Kezar Falls now stands, on route No. 25, thence, along the north bank of the Great Ossipee River—via the village of Freedom—to the Ossipee Lake village. We shall visit the Ossipee Lake stronghold later, but first, a few relevant facts pertaining to the environment adjacent to the great falls of the Great Ossipee River.

In early post-glacial times, the present gorge, falls, and rapids did not exist. A somewhat gentle stream skirted the plain for some distance along its southern border—a small brook now occupies this ancient river-bed. Centuries later, a giant "freshet" gouged out the glacial drift from the gorge, permitting the river to resume its original course. Several such changes must have occurred during the glacial periods.

An Indian village once stood at the great falls. Artifacts unearthed at this point indicate that the place was a favorite "stamping-ground" of the red men. Why? There need be no hesitancy about answering this question. The river, and the adjacent fields and forests supplied the necessities of life. There could have been several other reasons why the Almouchiquois chose this place for their permanent habitation.

First, it was a strategic position—a contracted passage of the Ossipee Valley, easy to defend by a small force stationed here against a comparatively large attacking party; second, the place undoubtedly held a strong fascination for the Indians—they idolized the elements, especially their fury. This natural amphitheatre commands the unleashed mightiness of the material world!

The history of Kezar Falls begins with the town of Parsonsfield, named in honor of Col. Thomas Parsons, the original proprietor and settler. The town's centennial was observed in 1882. The village was named after the famous hunter and trapper, George Kezar, who, about the year 1772, built his cabin at or near the great falls. His hunting and trapping expeditions covered an extensive area, often extending northward as far as to the Pequawket country. His favorite ground, however, was amongst the hills of Parsonsfield. Several hills, ponds, and lakes in the countries of Oxford and York bear his name.

The scenic beauty of Kezar Falls is proverbial. And its chief industry is the Woolen Mill—its fame is beautifully interwoven in Lilian True Bryant's poem, "The Mills of Maine."

Parsonsfield is a land of rugged hills, Cedar Mountain (el. 1229 ft., locally known as Stagpole Mountain) is the highest, as well as the most noteworthy, of the town's numerous elevations. Its fame reaches back to the year 1779. Numerous legends, supposedly based on facts, have it that a fabulously rich lead deposit—a vein of metallic lead ore (galena), existed somewhere in southwestern Maine, that is; in Almuchicoitt. Cedar Mountain is indelibly associated with such a narrative. Every year for a number of years an Indian was known to visit Cedar Mountain. Nobody seemed to know where he came from, but he always entered Parsonsfield from Newfield—afoot and alone, returning by the same route a few days later, with his pack

basket—supported by a thump line, filled with metallic lead. This particular legend has been religiously investigated by the present writer. And in 1947 he discovered a narrow vein of galena on the summit of Cedar Mountain!

About the year 1782 or 1783, a Capt. Ebner Dow, alias "Abram Day," settled in the town of Parsonsfield—at "Ramsell City," on Wedgewood Brook, where he promptly began smelting bog-iron ore in his *bloomery*. See "The Blacksmith of Ramsell City." One of Abram Day's intimate friends was Thomas Randall, Esq., the "Eaton Poet," a native of the town of Eaton, N. H. He settled in Parsonsfield in the early part of the nineteenth century. Not only did Randall possess the rhythmic, metrical quality that designates the versifier, but also a keen observation. Besides these two essential attributes, he had good, common sense, and, what was even more important, *initiative*. Fortified with these prerequisites, he set out to disclose the mineral resources of Porter and Parsonsfield. In the year 1829 his efforts as a prospector were crowned with success. The town of Parsonsfield unbosomed, somewhat reluctantly, her secret wealth to Randall's diligent scrutiny, revealing a deposit of lead-silver ore of considerable richness. Technically: The ore bodies of galena (lead sulphide) in cubic crystals; argentite (silver sulphide), sphalerite (sulphide of zinc), and pyrite (iron disulphid), were disseminated in a vein occurring in quartzite. Anglesite (lead sulphate) and cerussite (lead carbonate) were also present in small quantities. Randall and his son Gideon M. were part owners in this mine. Fryeburg men worked it a few years, then, in 1847, the mine was sold to an Ira Colby of Eaton. Colby seems to have sunk the main shaft which followed a rich vein of ore. Why mining operations were finally suspended is not known.

A silver vein on the southern slope of Randall

Mountain was also worked a few decades ago, but it soon petered out. We will have more to say about abandoned mines later—when we have crossed the Great Ossipee into the town of Porter, but, just now, something further about Parsonsfield and its people.

When motoring, bicycling, or walking along the highways and byways of Parsonsfield one is constantly being reminded of the Scottish Highlands—the unexcelled view obtained from route No. 160, about one mile to the northwest of East Parsonsfield, for instance, is one that will always remain fresh in one's memory—the writer has known persons who have come great distances to this very vantage point just for the express purpose of beholding this glorious landscape view! Another thing, the stately mansions crowning the hills of Parsonsfield evoke fond memories of yesteryear. To the natives of Parsonsfield who are far from their homeland, how often have not the nostalgic memories of childhood and youth gripped their hearts! And the people who built these lovely homes, what about them? The answer to this question may be found in Thomas Moulton's "History of Parsonsfield" (pub. in 1888).

The "American Declaration of Independence" that had been enshrined in most American hearts in 1776, was again put to the test in 1812 amongst the people of these templed hills—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness . . ."

At this period an important figure stepped into the limelight: Hon. Rufus McIntyre. He had studied jurisprudence in the law offices of Judge Holmes of Alfred. During the War of 1812-14, he, as a recruiting

officer, combed this district for men that were willing and able to fight for freedom, and many a young man answered the call. McIntyre was land agent under Gov. Fairfield at the time of the "Madawaska War." He died in Parsonsfield, April 28, 1866.

For the best definition of the term "yankee," we have to go to Parsonsfield. This eminent honor goes to Mr. Charles T. Fox, American poet, lawyer, and journalist—he founded the "Lewiston Daily Sun:"

"The *yankee* was a wild, good-natured fellow, proud of his achievement of liberty and his conquest of a continent, sanguine and diligent in the pursuit of happiness, and fearless in his ventures. Poverty made him ingenious and inventive, and his shrewdness in devising means by which to obviate every embarrassment became the prominent feature of his character."

To get the intrinsic beauty of the following, unpublished, poem, composed by our beloved poet, Mr. Fox, prior to 1893, one should recite it while standing on the summit of one of the many lofty heights of Parsonsfield, looking southward, where the sky seems to meet the sea—

"A lone watcher stands on the ocean strand,
'Mid wrecks by cruel waves cast on the sand.
Ever gazing with unwearying eye
Through the rising mist that waters the sky,
To where meet the blue and the blue.
He heeds not the merciless roar
Of the surges that break on the shore;
Nor the flow of a sweet-carolled song
From the throats of a gay-feathered throng.
In faith he sees beyond the misty veil,
Coming nearer and nearer, a drifting sail—
To where meet the blue and the blue.

Now o'er the sea a gathering cloud
Has settled like a burial shroud;
The crested waves from the swelling deep,
In anger dash at the watcher's feet,
And dreary winds, with moaning sound
Wearily pass the haven's bound
To where meet the blue and the blue.
Now the sun's bright halo of light
Is drowned in the darkness of night;
And the aerial castle of Hope
The shattered idol of fate's cruel stroke
On the watcher's heart lies stranded in doubt.
For anxiously watching, he sees not out
To where meet the blue and the blue.
Yet, O Watcher! the darkest day,
As e'en before will pass away;
And the morrow shall brighter be,
To find in peace the furrowed sea.
White winged and fair through portals wide,
To where meet the blue and the blue."

Mr. Fox's brilliant career terminated at the age of twenty-seven. His death was due to pneumonia that had developed from measles.

In our crossing the Great Ossipee River, to reach the town of Porter, we pause on the bridge to look down into the depth, where the foaming waters rush onward toward the sea. On our left, Garner's Island basks in the sunshine and blue waters and commands the gateway to the upper Ossipee Valley.

In the spring of 1884 a periodical reporting current events came into being at Kezar Falls; the "Oxford County Record." Robert Fulton Wormwood, or, *R. Fult: Wormwood*—the way he himself wrote it, being its editor and publisher. This publication must have been a most welcomed visitor to the homes of the community; each and every issue crammed with humor

and wit in prose and poesy. The most outstanding contributions came from Charles T. Fox, Gideon T. Ridlon, Llewellyn A. Wadsworth, Lauriston W. Small, Nathaniel Pease, and others.

Incidentally, Kezar Falls lies in two counties, York and Oxford; and in three towns, Parsonsfield, Porter, and Hiram. The progressive spirit of the village will some day place it among the leading industrial centers of New England!

The town of Porter—it was formerly called “Porterfield Plantation,” was, according to Moulton’s “History of Porter” (pub. in 1879), settled in 1781. Mesbach Libby was the first settler; a native of Pittsfield, N. H. This tract (Porter) was given the name of Porterfield Plantation at the same time of its organization in 1802—it was named after Dr. Aaron Porter of Biddeford, Me. Five years later, in 1807, when the tract was incorporated as a town, it was christened Porter.

Before continuing our journey up the Ossipee Trail, let’s take an excursion into the hills of Porter. Upon crossing Ridlon Brook into the town of Hiram at South Hiram, you instinctively turn your eyes, first to the beautiful mill pond on your left, then to the right—far below in a small, secluded valley is a mill that manufactures bobbins; the Glen Bobbin Mill, an important manufactory of the textile industry. Clark’s Lumber Mill is also located here, just below the mill dam. At the corner of Main Street and Brownfield Road, you turn north; your gaze affectionately sweeping the meandering course of the narrow valley till it meets the sky-line of serrated hills—a fitting frame to such an enchanting landscape! What lies beyond that mountain barrier? Our curiosity solicits an answer; this is best acquired through personal experience. Two routes are available, both highly scenic. First, via Brownfield Road (route No. 160), up the valley formed

by Ridlon Brook, to Stanley Pond, thence past many a shore cottage, Camp Hiawatha, toward Rattlesnake Mountain. The other, less traveled, highway lies farther to the west, via the Spectacle Ponds. Why this noble height received such an awe-inspiring name is problematical—about seventy-five years ago it was known as Eagle Mountain. At that time, the “Eagle Mountain Bottling Works” were in full swing. The only thing that remains of this establishment now is the spring itself; crystal-clear, ice-cold water gushing forth from a fissure in the gray granite ledge. If our trip into these mountain fastnesses be by vehicle, we would be obliged to alight at the foot of Devil’s Den (el. 1183 ft.). What “Old Scratch” had to do with this mountain is a mystery. The “den” is a large, almost vertical cavity, formed when a huge ledge detached itself from an escarpment. This cavern is situated on the precipitous side of the mountain—all precipices in this glaciated area face the south. The view one obtains from the summit of Devil’s Den is most impressive. For hours at a time one can stand here doing nothing else than “absorbing” the colors and the moods of the landscape. Within the scope of our vision we have, first of all, Colcord Pond, resting so calmly beneath the beetling brow of Bald Ledge. Centuries ago an Indian village stood on the northern shore of this pond. Relics unearthed on the site graphically speak of the trials and triumphs of a vanished race. The active spring, known to every cottager, is a living memento of those bygone days. Lifting our eyes unto the distant hills, wanderlust beckons us away from Devil’s Den!

Up to within thirty years ago, a “short cut” by vehicle from Devil’s Den to the southern and western parts of Porter could have been made; now the two routes are closed to the public. The motorist must stick to the beaten path, returning to route No. 25, by way

of the main or alternate road, previously mentioned. Another object of more than a local interest may justify a brief attention here—the “gold mine” on the Round Place, at Porterfield. The mineral in which gold is said to occur, is known as pyrite, an iron disulfide. If metallic gold be present it must be microscopically small. What interests the visitor to this desultorily worked mine is not so much its hypothetical gold, but the potentially rich mineralization of this area. The sands in some of the streams nearby indicate that many of the ledges are infused with mineral substances, such as magnetite and ilmenite—represented as “black sand;” garnet and zircon (“white sand”); monazite (“yellow sand”)—these minerals are associated with the gold in placers. From the summit of the rocky ride—an extension of Pine Hill—above the mine shaft of the “gold mine” the full grandeur of the Burnt Meadow Mountains holds the visitor’s interest. We shall have more to say about these mountains later.

He who goes in search of minerals, following some “lead” or “clue,” is destined to become a victim to many a wild goose chase—here are two such “adventures.” The first one concerns Chalk Pond, a shallow, kettle pond near the Maine-New Hampshire border. This pond was described to the present writer by a visionary as possessing the following attributes: A crystal-clear gem of sky-blue waters reposing within a setting of glisteningly white chalk—the storied Cliffs of Dover, in comparison, paled into insignificance! To reach this “gem” one must assume the role of an explorer and a conqueror. Neither roads nor hiking trails will take us to Chalk Pond, but since it has got two outlets, either stream can be followed from Bickford Pond. When we finally arrive at the pond, in a more or less exhausted state, with disheveled clothes, and befogged eyes, we first perceive the hoax. Being good “sports,” we calmly survey the desolate scene,

chuckling up our sleeves. Seen under broad daylight with sober eyes, Chalk Pond presents the following characteristics: The pond is but a few acres in extent, and the normal depth of water is about twelve inches, beneath which lie a few inches of rich, black mud; the latter, in turn, resting on limestone slabs—*chalk* is conspicuously absent! A tiny brook and a large spring contribute to make this pond a natural reservoir. Decades ago a kiln was established here, and the limestone calcined, yielding quicklime.

A vein of graphite—"a foot in width, and a mile in length," was reported from Whale's Back, near "New Boston," some years ago. If true it would have been a "bonanza!" P. T. Barnum was right—the man who reports this spent several days prospecting the terrain, and he discovered that the vein (?) had "evaporated!"

Trips to Mine Mountain brought better luck. A galena-bearing vein in this mountain was worked during the third or fourth decade of the past century by a party known as "Proust & Son." The mine shaft opening is located on the precipitous face of the mountain that rises 380 feet above Mine Pond. Specimens of ore from the tailings indicate that the vein was fairly rich. Several reasons for their abandoning the mine have been advanced. Sabotage has been given as the main cause. Striking a water-vein, thus flooding the mine, could, probably, also be blamed for the closing.

The caved-in shaft, leading to a silver-lead mine, that one sees close to the Old Porter Meeting-house Road—about two miles from route No. 25, has been traced to the early nineteenth century, and to Proust & Son.

We're now ready to resume our traveling up the Ossipee Trail (route No. 25). Two miles above Kezar Falls we come to the village of Porter, picturesquely situated on Mill Brook. Mill Brook was well named, for

several mills have stood on the stream. Furthermore, it has been, and still is, a good stream for trout. It flows into the Great Ossipee River just below the old covered bridge. This ancient structure, so charmingly described by Mary Carpenter Kelly in her article published a few years ago, dates to the early part of the past century. A landmark worthy of preservation.

At Indian Glen, the view up the Ossipee Valley is one that elicits enthusiastic remarks. We are entering one of the most beautiful regions of the Land of the Little Dog; an ancient stronghold of the Almouchiquois. The topography of a certain area east of the Ossipee Lake is one of low relief—low meadows, swamps, bogs, and ponds being quite numerous; a terrain frequented by Indian hunters and trappers for centuries, since it abounded with fur-bearing animals and edible wild fowl. This particular region also invites the naturalist. It is midst weeds and tangled grasses that we enter upon the habitat of many forms of wild life—there is no “closed season” to the person who hunts with a camera!

If we were to scan this section of Almouchicoitt from the summit of Green Mountain (el. 1907 ft.)—the writer has done it twice, we would obtain a most comprehensive outlook—with the aid of a field-glass few objects could escape our scrutiny. Before us lies a composite picture formed from legend and history. From our vantage-ground we observe that the comparatively flat surface, encircled by mountains, lying before us, appears like a vast basin that evidently once contained an inland sea. Loon Lake, Ossipee Lake, White Lake, and Silver Lake—to mention only the most outstanding bodies of water, occupy this depression. The student of glacial geology cannot fail to notice the hummocky surface of this highly glaciated area. All the ponds within range of our vision, with probably only one exception; namely, Dan Hole Pond,



River View of Kezar Falls, Maine



Porter-Parsonfield Covered Bridge, Maine

which lies outside this basin, are kettle ponds that evolved during post-glacial times. Dan Hole Pond (el. 827 ft.) is unmistakably of volcanic origin.

The Ossipee region is, in one particular respect, an unique one in New England—it is the *epicenter* of numerous earthquakes—the Ossipee Mountains are situated vertically above the focus or point of origin of these earthquakes. The first reported earth tremor to shake New England occurred in 1638, as alluded to elsewhere. In 1663—on February 5th, to be exact, another violent earthquake visited northern New England and New France, as reported by Jesuit priests—they also chronicled the earthquakes of 1685, 1727, and 1755. All were caused by the shifting of a fault, presumably the one beneath the Ossipee Mountains. First on December 20, 1940, did men of science come forward with their belated recognition of the preeminence of the Ossipee country. On that memorable day the seismographs of the wise men told them that some “agonizing” force tore at the vitals of the Ossipee Mountains. Many strange, yet true, happenings bear evidence to the uncanniness of these manifestations arising from the earth’s interior. Chimneys and tombstones gyrated. Human beings, and their domesticated animals, staggered as they tried to keep in step with the oscillations of the earth, much in the manner of one under the influence of hard cider! Five years elapse. On December 28, 1945, another quake disturbed the quietude of this region. This visitation, like the previous one, put things topsyturvy, but, fortunately, order was again resumed shortly after the spell cast by the “agony” of the Ossipee Mountains had subsided.

Freedom, on the Ossipee Trail, is a village that any town could be justly proud of. It reminds one of the “Three Freedoms.” The village is situated on Cold Brook, a beautiful stream that arises from Cragged

Mountain (el. c. 1820 ft.), and flows into Loon Lake. There is a good supply of water power along its course, especially at the village. A few hundred feet beyond Lovering Brook we come to the juncture of the Ossipee and the Pennacook Trails—the two trails following the same route, via Effingham Falls, for a distance of about six miles, and then separate at a certain point to the west of the Vagabond House at Pine River. Here the Ossipee Trail heads for Ossipee Lake, whereas the Pennacook Trail climbs the slope toward Center Ossipee. We will have more to say about the Pennacook Trail later.

Motorists who drive at breakneck speed see little of the country they traverse. The moment this fact dawns upon their intellect they will reduce their haste to a snail's pace! Of special interest to us just now is the Ossipee region—a region replete with historic interest and scenic beauty. Millions in quest of the esthetic have toured the Ossipee country without their knowing that they were “whizzing” by one of America's most inspiring prospects; a mile-long, broad, sandy beach on the south shore of Ossipee Lake. This beach is the frontage of a thousand-acre tract recently made accessible to the lover of nature by White & Sawyer, where an exclusive all-year colony is now under development. Neither a photograph nor a word-picture—we present an example of both, could properly delineate the beauty of the view. You must be there in person, and see the land-water scape with your own eyes! With history and legend as guides, the scene before us pulsates with life: Several Indian villages have stood at the foot of the Ossipee Mountains. The white man's knowledge of these Ossipee Lake villages must have been acquired some years prior to 1650, presumably by hunters, since a fort was erected about that time by English carpenters from Biddeford, Maine. This fortification was situated on the west



Site of Ossipee Lake Fort, Ossipee, N. H.



Site of Great Ossipee River Fort, Hiram, Maine

shore of Ossipee Lake. Incidentally, all frontier forts were built at the water's edge of a lake or stream, as fire was a deadly weapon in an Indian warfare. The site of the Ossipee Lake fort is, therefore, close to the beach. The nearby spring designates the site of the Indian village—"The savages will not willingly drink but at a spring," writes Roger Williams. This Ossipee Lake fort was destroyed by English soldiers in 1676, as previously mentioned. It was rebuilt by a company of Massachusetts rangers in 1725 (under Capt. John Lovewell), just before their march upon Pequawket.

In Belknap's History of New Hampshire, a mention is made of the discovery of an Indian mound situated a short distance to the west of the fort—on the Indian Mound Farm (settled in 1720). Reports are conflicting, but this grave-mound yielded numerous skeletons, evidently Indian, and a great many artifacts. This was undoubtedly an ossuary or communal burying-ground, indicating a once numerous population.

Few diversions could be more pleasurable than to paddle a canoe over the mirrored surface of a lake or pond; few less exciting than to go plunging through rapids! Moreover, the mere sight of sky-tinted waters at any hour of the day or night suffices to kindle a mind susceptible of a lively imagination in visualizing the past as well as the future—we see ourselves as apt disciples of Izaak Walton, busily engaged in abducting members of the finny tribe from the watery element. Incidentally, an angler stands unsurpassed as a teller of tall tales. His leisure spent dozing in a row or motor-boat, or in reclining upon the mossy bank of some brook, gives him full scope for exercising his fertile ingenuity. Stories conceived under such brilliant circumstances fairly bristle with excitement, and are, sad to say, usually swallowed with gusto by his credulous audience!

All our itineraries, although somewhat sketchy, aim

at comprehensibility. And like free-lances in the literary world, love to roam afield, unconstrainedly expressing our views.

One of life's most encouraging thoughts is that somewhere somebody has an entire confidence in you; as commonly expressed among the good people of the countryside: "Come again. You'll always find the latch-string outside." This phrase implies that one can confidently look forward to another pleasant reception; hospitably entertained with a long, spirited conversation, frequently interspersed with peals of hearty laughter!

He who domiciles himself in the town of Ossipee has a good reason for doing so. His decision is based on the fact that the town's climate and scenery are conducive factors toward acquiring and maintaining health and happiness!

As previously pointed out, Pine (Nechewanick) River formed a part of the natural boundary of Almuchicoitt. The place where the Ossipee Trail crosses Pine River is one of historic interest. At this trail-river crossing there now stands a unique landmark, the justly famous "Vagabond House." We'll visit this studio presently, but first a few additional facts about Pine River: Pine River is navigable to boats between its mouth in Ossipee Lake and a point some distance above the Pine River Bridge. The terrain traversed by Pine River, and that along its entire course, is naturally one of an unusual interest to glacial geologists. Post-glacial deposits, such as eskers, kames, and crevasse fillings hold one's interest. Most of this drift lies within the town of Ossipee. The sub-glacial stream that formed these winding eskers evidently flowed northward. Several kettle ponds were also formed along its course during the last glacial period. One of the prettiest and most idyllic spots in this land of enchantment is where the crystal clear



Vagabond House, Ossipee, New Hampshire



Boating on Pine River, Ossipee, N. H.

waters of Pine River flows into Ossipee Lake. The voyager who goes down this stream will experience an unforgettable thrill the moment his craft has made the last bend, revealing to his gaze the magnificent view of the lake with its neighboring mountains silhouetted against the sky. Cottages dot the distant coves and head-lands; earth and sky mirrored upon the placid bosom of the Ossipee—this is paradise!

To the person who is in quest of originality, the Vagabond House has, naturally, a strong attraction. The first impression its exterior gives the visitor is that the place is a "house of mystery." But immediately upon his having crossed the threshold, the effect is reversed—the warmth of hospitality greets the visitor. A cursory glance about the spacious apartment suffices to designate it as a place devoted to art. Since the writer writes with a spirit of historical detachment, he must be absolved from the charge of taking undue liberties by mentioning a few noteworthy personal facts. Art, like music, is universal, and is not effected by race, creed, or political party. An artist ought to be regarded as a "benefactor" since his greatest ambition in life is to transform commonplaceness into grace and beauty! Any kiln-dried lumber brought to Mr. Amos J. Shorey of Vagabond House can quickly be constructed into any desired article. Furthermore, antiques that no longer serve their original purposes Mr. Shorey's craftsmanship readily transform into objects that again become useful as well as ornamental. Should an article call for some pictorial embellishment—a scene or a design, Mrs. Ruth L. Shorey's skill with the brush and palette will be put into requisition. The dress, customs, etc., of the people of any particular country and period are faithfully reproduced. The friendly atmosphere of Vagabond House holds us spellbound, a spell we reluctantly break when the time for departing arrives, but with

the assurance of an early revisit!

The Nechewanick Trail — an ancient Indian foot-path, recently restored by Mr. Shorey, that follows the ridge of the esker or “horseback,” paralleling the west bank of Pine River, is, undoubtedly, a part of the Ossipee Trail leading down to the Indian Village on Ossipee Lake.

The beautifully situated village of Center Ossipee, on routes No. 16 and No. 25, deserves special mention. The outlook from Mountain View Station is truly grand! Center Ossipee stands on the old Pennacook Trail (route No. 16). This foot-path of the Pennacooks, first mentioned in history by the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap (1744-1798), in his “History of New Hampshire”—published in 1812-13, lay between Salmon Falls (on Salmon Falls River) and the village of the Pequawkets (Fryeburg). Almost half of this trail was located within the territory of the Almuchiquois; that is, “Almuchicoitt.” Before leaving the Ossipee Region, let us present an appreciative note to its “standard bearer,” the Carroll County Independent. The brilliant editorials, and the wit and humor of the philosopher who calls himself “Hank,” are features that supply food for thought. This weekly supplies the reading-matter that Benjamin Franklin himself would have approved. Here our sentiment coincides with John Milton’s eloquent appeal:

“Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, above all liberties.”

As we leisurely jog along on our return trip to the Pequawket Trail, we consider it relevant to mention a few more points of interest on the Ossipee Trail. Heath Pond, for instance, is not only of interest to the naturalist, but to the industrialist as well, since it contains marketable peat. Red Brook suggests hematite, an oxide of iron—hematite is the most

common industrial iron ore. If, instead of following the Ossipee Trail via Freedom, we make use of route No. 153 at Effingham Falls, we soon come to the juncture of the newly constructed roadway of route No. 25 at the crossing of the Great Ossipee River. The route back to the Ossipee Trail at East Freedom is optional, No. 153 being the most scenic. But first we must tarry for a while at the camp-site, within a grove of stately evergreens—a place the town of Effingham has contributed to the tourist's comfort. Two miles due north of the village of Porter, two historic places beckon the traveler; namely, the Porter Meeting House, and the adjacent town pound, both being more than a century old. Once a year the Parsonsfield-Porter Historical Society meets at the ancient house of worship, with a large attendance. As everybody knows, the Porter town pound is a small space of ground enclosed by a high fence of stone, where stray cattle were formerly impounded. The Parsonsfield Seminary at North Parsonsfield, on route No. 160, should also be included in the itinerary of a tourist who is interested in educational institutions. On our right, across the Ossipee, a spiral of smoke ascending from the tall chimney of the Sokokis Mill serves as a landmark to designate the proximity of Kezar Falls.

At the foot of Towls Hill we get our first view of Cornish. Here's what Lilian True Bryant wrote about Cornish a few years before her death in 1943—the poem is reproduced here through the courtesy of the author:

Cornish

Proud and sweet lies Cornish
Under an azure sky
With a tangle of rivers at her feet,
Reluctant, loth to pass her by.
Smiling and gracious, the Cornish hills

Guard flower-flecked intervale
And the winding vista of cozy homes
Dotting the Ossipee Trail.
Down the road comes a barefoot boy
With his pole and a string of fish.
A load of hay and the ceaseless tide
Of autos and folks from away.
New England homes thrive at their best
While just where the river road leaps west
Past weather worn bridge and beaver's nest,
Lies the sweet white Acre of Rest.
Sunset glow brings a bird's clear call,
Spirit of God seems to bend over all
The clear, pure stones and patient care,
With their story of hearts laid bare
For the careless, the selfish, the greedy to see.
Close to the throb of homes most fair,
Comes the call of Eternity
Counseling you and me.

A blacksmith is an interesting person to know. He is always well informed about current events. A man of wit and humor. You may now experience the pleasure of meeting such a person at work in his smithy on Maple Street—Mr. Daniel G. Chaplin, at his trade for over a half a century; honored by his townsfolk; loved by the rising generation!

We will now return to the Pequawket Trail. Across the alluvial intervale lying below Cornish, in the town of Hiram, the trail resumes its devious course. The luxurious vegetation flourishing on this lowland presents a picture of peace and plenty! The Pequawket Trail between Cornish and Hiram Bridge is locally known as the "Hiram Road"—it is also called the "River Road." The height directly ahead of us is Picket Hill; so called because of the fact that a picket was stationed on its summit during the War of 1812-

14. Two Indian rock dwellings, mentioned earlier in this sketch, are located on the east side of this hill, just below its summit. A short distance to the south-east of Picket Hill a rough road diverges from the trail, heading for the site of the Indian fort on the east bank of the Great Ossipee. This road, originally an Indian trail leading to and from the Indian village, was built by early white settlers in 1796, connecting their settlements with the saw and grist mill on the river—the mill was destroyed by a freshet in 1797.

The precise position of the Great Ossipee fort was established in 1940. This was accomplished chiefly through the finding of charred posts just above the cove-shaped depression in the abandoned river bed, at the foot of a crevasse filling obstructing the ancient channel—this place being located about one-quarter of a mile from the confluence of the Great Ossipee and the Saco, and near the remains of the mill. The history of this fortification is rather vague, but sufficient data is available to indicate that it was constructed between 1650 and 1660 by English carpenters from Biddeford, and was intended to be used by the Ossipees as a defence against a threatened Mohawk attack. This tribe, an old enemy of the Almouchiquois, directed its attacks from Oneida, chief village of the Mohawks. Incidentally, the old Mohawk village of Oneida occupied the site of the present Oneida, N. Y. It is not known whether this fort ever served its original purpose, but was to be used against the whites—a pretence maintained by the English, and the cause for its destruction by the English troops in 1676, as previously mentioned. It was never rebuilt, hence it was not toward this particular fort the survivors of Lovewell's Fight retreated, as some writers have contended. It must have been the rebuilt fort on the Ossipee Lake, N. H. Both fortifications were built of strong timber, having stockaded walls

fourteen feet in height, and furnished at the corners with "flankers"—box-like structures pierced with loopholes so that each face of the stockade could be swept by a flank fire.

The plateau-like area at the juncture of the Ossipee and the Saco marks the site of the Great Ossipee village that vanished from history at about the middle of the eighteenth century. Fire-pits and artifacts embedded in the kitchen middens are the village's last remaining traces, traces bespeaking their pristine associations. These finds place the exact location of the village a few hundred yards to the east of the fort, close to the source of a mountain brook. Joseph Harding, an old hunter, who lived less than a mile from the village at the time of his death, had often come in touch with the villagers on his hunting expeditions while still a youth—his early years were spent on the coast. The following account probably came from Joseph Harding; a revised version of one early report:

"An Indian hunter, a member of the Ossipee tribe, while wandering through the Saco Valley, one day came upon the trail of a party of marauding Mohawks, returning from one of their raids upon Indian villages and white settlements in New England, bound for Canada. Among their captives was a young girl whose parents had been killed at the time of her capture. Although she was closely guarded, the amorous heart of the Indian brave was not intimidated by any lurking danger—to rescue her he could and would, so he bided his opportunity. It came when the sable robe of night had descended upon the Mohawks' bivouac, and a high wind howled through the forest. With accustomed stealth he approached the prisoner, cut the thongs that bound her, and with his fair burden in his arms, quickly disappeared into the encircling gloom. In short, the

girl was brought by her rescuer to the Indian encampment on the Great Ossipee River, where she was treated with great kindness. The girl remained, grew into womanhood, and in due time became the wife of her erstwhile rescuer. She never showed any desire to return to her own race, but was often seen by the whites in company with the Ossipees on their canoe trips on the Saco."

The above incident is not an isolated case—numerous, similar cases are on record. Strange as it may seem, many persons voluntarily left the white settlements during the Colonial Period to live with the Indians—to them the wild, adventurous life of the aborigines had a strong appeal!

"Ghost Hollow!" The very mention of this weird place sends waves of icy chills up and down one's spine. Ghost Hollow is a tiny kettle pond—a depression in the Pleistocene bed of the Great Ossipee, situated a few hundred feet to the west of the Indian village site. Here is how Ghost Hollow supposedly received its name: A certain man living in this neighborhood, many moons ago, one day decided to divorce his soul from all extraneous matter, including tattlers, politicians, and tax-collectors, by sounding the murky depth of this pond. Thus his corporeal being vanished, but his soul, for some reason or other, remained on the surface to plague passers-by; that is, those whose eyes are atuned to spectral views. The eery light sometimes seen lingering about the pond may be nothing else than the "friar's lantern" or the will-o'-the-wisp (*ignis fatuus*). The writer has no desire to deride the votaries of psychic forces, but he has made several futile attempts to get in rapport with the ghostly visitor. Respecting skeptics, the disembodied spirit is evidently shy, studiously avoiding their unhallowed presence!

This particular territory constituted a part of the Major Phillips' land acquisition of 1661. A "silver mine" is reported to have been worked amongst the "three hills of rock" situated somewhere below the Great Falls of the Saco. Several Bostonians were mining claim-owners. Some 1,500 acres of this land in Hiram were taxed to the heirs of Phillips in 1807; and it is on record that Mr. John Pierce, a prominent citizen of the town—he was a lineal descendant of the famous John Peirce (Pierce) of Plymouth Colony, owned a part of this property. A deed issued in 1835 made a reservation of the minerals on this land; since then many futile attempts have been made to discover these minerals. Hitherto only graphite and oxides of iron have revealed themselves to the inquisitive eye of the prospector.

But, again, to return to the Pequawket Trail; proceeding eastward, up the Saco Valley, hugging the till terraces of its northern wall, passing, en route, a neglected group of graves among which is that of James Fly, owner of the famous powder horn on which he had carved the inscriptions: "James Fly. His horn. We march today for Ticonderoga." Far more is known about Fly's Powder Horn than about the man Fly himself. To James Fly the horn had a sentimental value; so also to his many friends and acquaintances who lost no time in publicizing it. The horn quickly found its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts; from the Gulf of Mexico far into Canada—its latest known appearance was amongst our good neighbors to the north—this occurred over a century ago. This James Fly was the founder of the Fly family in Oxford county. He came into Hiram from Gorham, Maine, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. "Fly's Lane," formerly a narrow way abutting the Pequawket Trail just north of Mr. William Wadsworth's residence, designates the place where several generations of Flys

lived. James Fly's grave, marked by field stones, is situated a few hundred feet to the south of Mr. Myron Perry's home—the well known "John A. Warren House."

The legendary "Indian Rock," a large boulder of mica-schist containing flaky graphite, stands close to the trail on our left, at the foot of Jamesson's Mountain. Tradition states that the Indians got their graphite from this rock. They used the material for making black, war paint. They also employed the mineral for other purposes.

Reaching the bold cliffs of Partridge Mountain, the scenery becomes more and more picturesque, and may, with some propriety, be called the "gateway" to a legendary land. The roar of falling waters fills the air, proclaiming the august presence of the Great Falls of the Saco—how they remind the writer of the Falls of Minnehaha, of his native state Minnesota! Vertical cliffs—the "palisades of the Saco" stand in solemn dignity on our left, extending eastward to within a few feet of the water's edge. They serve as amplifiers of the roaring rapids! Just above the falls, the trail passes through a highly glaciated defile, with a typical *roche moutonnée* on our right. The terrane adjacent to the falls shows several important glacial transformations. Geologically, these falls are of a comparatively recent origin. The blocking of the original channel in post-glacial times diverted the stream to the north and west, producing a giant ox-bow, finally plunging the waters seventy-two feet over granite ledges and basalt dikes to reach the river's former bed.

Indian wigwams once stood in the little glade above the falls, opposite the tree-clad islet—

Oft do we hear their steps at night
When sighing winds are sounding low.

Oft do we wish when moon is shining bright
To sail upon that stream of long ago.

These falls were of great importance to the aborigines—to them they represented another *skow-hegan*, “a place to watch” for the migrating salmon bound to and from their spawning grounds at the headwaters of the Saco. The “sheep-back” (*roche moutonnée*) was, to an Indian scout, an excellent lookout—to the children it was an ideal playground. In the face of the granite escarpment nearby there is a cave, probably used by the natives as a dwelling, or as a hiding-place in emergencies. Capt. Sunday, the sagamore of Berwick, previously mentioned, is reported by a legend to have plunged to his death from one of the jagged cliffs skirting the falls, therefore, they became known as “Sunday’s Rocks.” These falls, and their immediate surroundings, are associated with several other legendary events; founded, no doubt, upon actual happenings.

In 1874 the Hiram side of the falls became the scene of great activity, marking the construction of Isaac Emery’s workshops. A quaint steamer plied the waters of the Saco between the falls and the Baston Hills of Denmark, transporting oak, and other material, for the mill. Venerable oaks still grow on the banks of the Saco near the mouth of Ten Mile River. About this steamboat, the late James D. Wilder wrote:

“According to information kindly furnished me by Mr. Willis Mabry of Belmont, Mass., this boat was to make her maiden voyage one Fourth of July morning to Lovewell Pond, but owing to extremely low water, became stranded at a point in the river between Royal Clark’s and Andrew Sloper’s. I recall that Johnnie Osgood was engineer, with Phineas Withan, Elliot Walker, and Joshua Ridlon as deck hands. This boat used to be moored at the mouth of

Barnes Brook, where Willoughby Lowell was drowned, but finally went over the falls in one of the spring freshets."

Unfortunate days, however, lay in wait for the thriving industry. Fire destroyed the large boarding house in 1880—this structure stood just below the cave, mentioned previously. Sixteen years later, in 1896, the great freshet of that year carried away many of the remaining structures. A large hydro-electric plant, on the Baldwin side of the river, now utilizes the water power of the falls.

But let us now move onward along the Pequawket Trail, skirting the very brink of the Saco for some distance; crossing Barnes Brook where it joins the river at the great bend. Here the trail climbs the steep slope of a crevasse filling, passing along its ridge for a distance of about half a mile—high above the road-bed of Hiram Road, thus avoiding the vast Cranberry Bog on our left, and on our right a kettle-pond, rejoining the Hiram Road directly south of Daniel Foster's Tomb. Let us approach this memorial marble, and read the words inscribed upon it:

"This stone was erected in 1875, by the Town of Hiram, in memory of Daniel Foster, who was born in Andover, Mass., Jan. 7, 1726, to Moses and Eliza B. Foster. He settled in Hiram in the Autumn of 1774, and died of Fever in the Spring of 1782. Being the second settler and the first person who died in the town."

Lieutenant Benjamin Ingalls, Daniel Foster's brother-in-law, was the first white man to settle in what was to become the town of Hiram. This event occurred on the 5th day of August, 1774. The 19,360-acre tract, known as the "Plantation of Great Ossipee" up to the time of its incorporation as a town in 1814,

was named after Hiram, King of Tyre. The town has been enlarged twice by annexations; these were contributed by the adjoining towns of Baldwin and Brownfield. As previously observed, all the townships of Almuchicoitt have had their boundaries modified—a township or town is supposed to be six miles square, but most of them are very irregularly shaped; Hiram presenting such an example, its northeastern boundary line being especially irregular. This particular Hiram-Baldwin boundary adjoins the location of the Prescott Grant, acquired prior to 1790 by Col. William Prescott (1726-1795) of Bunker Hill fame—the grandfather of the famous historian, William Hickling Prescott. The grant contains 800 acres. The section of Hiram lying east of the Saco is, however, not a part of the Land of the Little Dog. It anciently formed a part of the territory owned by the Anasagunticook tribe. But there is a small tract on the east bank of the Saco, just above Bryant Pond, that is of historic interest and deserves a special mention; namely, the “Hancock Lot.” Governor John Hancock (1737-1793), first Governor of Massachusetts, acquired the lot through purchase some time previous to 1793. A copy of the deed, presented by his heirs to the town, is, or once was, one of Hiram’s most cherished possessions.

The area lying between the Great Falls of the Saco and the village of Hiram, traversed by the Pequawket Trail, constitutes the easternmost portion of the Wadsworth Grant; a 7,800-acre tract, purchased by Brigadier-General Peleg Wadsworth (1748-1829) in 1790, costing him 12½ cents an acre. This whole region was inundated at the time of the freshet of 1936; the flood-waters rising to within six inches of Foster’s Tomb, by actual measurement. In fact, every freshet recorded previous to this one—that of 1785, 1843, 1868, 1870, 1895, 1896, have flooded the lowlands adjacent to the Saco, causing considerable damage to

life and property. Most of the old, covered bridges spanning the Saco were carried away by freshets. Lieut. Benjamin Ingalls, mentioned earlier, had his farm on the intervale just north of the great ox-bow, on the west bank of the Saco, opposite Ingalls' Pond. Here Ingalls and his family lived up to the time of the freshet of 1785, when his home was swept away; he then moved into Baldwin (see Teg's "Hiram")—this town was then known as "Flintstown," named after Eleazar Flint, the "father of the town." Incidentally, Lieut. Ingalls was an able surveyor, hence assiduously employed in surveying most of the land, including lots and grants, of Hiram and adjoining towns.

The famous Wadsworth Hall, built by General Wadsworth in 1800, and situated about one half mile to the west of the Pequawket Trail, at the end of Wadsworth Road, is still occupied by his lineal descendants. The General's "Study" has been set aside as a historic shrine, where numerous mementoes, including rare books and maps, intimately associated with the great man, are zealously preserved. A singular feature about this particular room is its unusually high ceiling. The late Col. John Stuart Barrows informed the writer that this extraordinary height was made to permit the drilling of the local militia during the inclement weather. Any person who has seen a musket—with bayonet attached to its muzzle, of the American Revolutionary War period, can readily understand the feasibility of that high ceiling. Many noteworthy events have taken place at Wadsworth Hall. Amongst these must inevitably be included the visits of famous men and women. Dr. Timothy Dwight (1752-1817), ninth President of Yale College, was, undoubtedly, one of the first distinguished guests. In his "Travels," Dr. Dwight relates the experiences of General Wadsworth's imprisonment at, and escape from, Fort St. George, near Thomaston, Maine, in 1781. Judge

Patterson in his "Redcoats of Castine" also gives an account of Gen. Wadsworth's stay at Fort St. George. Capt. Daniel Waters (1731-1816), the grantee of the Waters Grant in Hiram; one of the Malden "Minute Men" who were engaged with the British on April 12, 1775, was probably an early caller. Governor James Sullivan, American pioneer, author, statesman—a gentleman we have had the pleasure and honor to mention on several previous occasions, frequently enjoyed the hospitality of Wadsworth Hall. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the internationally known poet, was, of course, a frequent visitor—Gen. Wadsworth was the poet's maternal grandfather. That Wadsworth Hall and its environment were held in high esteem by the poet is self-evident. The poet had a room all to himself, which he frequently occupied in his youth. Alone, or accompanied by his beloved mother, Zilpha, the budding bard roamed the fields and forests—both mother and son were ardent lovers of music and poetry, the true language of Nature. Several highlights in Mr. Longfellow's poetry can be traced to his wanderings amongst the hills of Hiram.

June 13, 1900 marked the hundredth anniversary of Wadsworth Hall. This festive occasion was held in the famous mansion, under the auspices of the Maine Historical Society, the Portland Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, and the Wadsworth and Longfellow families. Among the famous guests were Miss Alice M. Longfellow, a daughter of the poet; and Llewellyn A. Wadsworth, a direct descendant of the general. The works of Llewellyn A. Wadsworth (1838-1921), being a lesser poet, are little known. Few of his poems have been published. His "Coming Home; Lines to My Mother" was written in 1864, in Connecticut, and appeared in "The Poets of Maine"—a volume of poems published in 1885. Most of his writings are in manuscript form, some of which are kept at the

Soldiers' Memorial Library, East Hiram; others may be found in private collections. With few exceptions, his poems are solemn and plaintive. The following specimen is typical—space is not available to print it in its entirety:

“Plant on my grave red roses
Where the sun will linger long,
And the zephyr's Eolian cadence
Will blend with the wild bird's song.”

James D. Wilder, another versifier of Hiram—mentioned before in connection with the Saco steamboat, whose rhyme mostly interprets the ludicrous in human nature, expressed himself in various ways. An example of one of his sentimental poems follows:

“Old Bridge, I love thee, so grim and gray,
Sadly reminiscent of youth passed away.
The days of 'old timers' nevermore to come,
Days of stage coaches, molasses, and rum.
Quaint wooden structure, how dear to the sight
Thy creaking old timbers by day or by night,
Whose darkest recesses for ages held dear
Fond secrets of heart, of lip, and of ear.”

Wilder here refers to the covered bridge that spanned the Saco at Hiram and East Hiram. The first bridge to be built across the Saco at this point took place about the year 1805. The flood of 1843 destroyed it, but was quickly replaced by another covered bridge—the bridge praised by Mr. Wilder. This second bridge was replaced by a modern, concrete structure about a decade ago, and which later became known as the “Bridge of Flowers.” Wilder's complete works were compiled and published in 1947, by Mr. Walter W. Poor.

The village of Hiram, or Hiram Bridge, as it is sometimes called, stands at the juncture of three

highly important lines of communication; the Pequawket Trail, the Maine Central Railway, and the Saco River. The narrow-gauge Bridgton and Saco Railroad, with its southern terminus at Bridgton Junction in the town of Hiram, was, in its heyday—about a generation ago, a busy thoroughfare. When the railroad was discontinued in 1941, it was bought by Mr. Ellis D. Atwood of South Carver, Mass. The railway is now the “Edaville Railroad,” and is used on Mr. Atwood’s cranberry plantation, near Sampson’s Pond, on Cape Cod.

To the ranchman, and the farmer raising livestock, as well as the general tourist, Mr. Warren A. Baily’s registered Herefords command great interest. His cattle range covers a vast territory of Hiram.

At the “Bridge of Flowers” we enter upon route No. 113; formerly the “Falmouth Road,” placed under construction in 1771, linking Fryeburg and Falmouth (Portland). The building of the Crawford Notch Road, in 1774, greatly increased the traffic inasmuch as it opened a new arterial highway between the coastal towns of Maine and the upper Connecticut Valley. The original “construction” was merely a widening, and in a few places, a straightening of the Pequawket Trail. From 1774 to 1805, where did this thoroughfare cross the Saco? Evidently at the ford or wading-place, near the site of Lieut. Ingalls’ farm buildings, about one mile below the village of Hiram. The last remaining trace of this crossing was destroyed by the spring freshet of 1936.

During the period 1767-1771, Saco River was a very busy thoroughfare; batteaux being used to transport freight, while smaller boats were the carriers of passengers. The year 1775, on the eve of the American Revolution, new interests were given to the communities lying along the Pequawket Trail. Taverns were erected at “strategic” points, catering to hungry, thirsty, and



View of Mt. Cutler, Hiram, Maine



Saco River Erosion, Hiram, Maine

tired transients. All these early inns have passed away. About the year 1800—probably years earlier, the famous Cutler House came into existence. It was built by Timothy Cutler, the first postmaster of Hiram, it still stands (restored) on its original foundation at the foot of the mountain that now bears his name—Mount Cutler (el. c. 1180 ft.). The Cutler Grant, containing about 3800 acres, was purchased by Timothy Cutler in 1778. Mr. Alfred Dow, who was over ninety at the time of his death in 1946, had for many years been the tavern keeper of Cutler House—its present proprietor is Mr. Alfred Ward.

Mount Cutler is indicative of more than a man's worthy endeavors. It carries on its weather-scarred surface a graduated scale that records the several ice ages and their intervening periods. One does not have to possess any superior learning to read and comprehend this recording "instrument." A clear eye and an open mind are the only requisites! Beneath the frowning brow of Mount Cutler lies the Merrill Botanical Garden; a fifteen-acre tract that encompasses one of the most rustic of woodland glades and glens. The park was assigned to the public, on September 15, 1940, as a commemorative of the flora of Hiram. The principal speakers at the dedication were Dr. A. H. Steinmetz, Professor of Botany at the University of Maine; Rev. Harold Merrill of the town of Denmark; and Mr. Henry Wilson Merrill (1859-1944) of East Hiram. The latter, in whose honor the park was named, was a blacksmith by trade, an expert botanist, and a brilliant public speaker. The dedication ceremony was held in a sylvan spot of the garden, embosomed at the very foot of the stately Mount Cutler. Here, beneath the umbrageous boughs of a venerable pine—beneath our beloved flag, the honored, patriarchal speaker on this memorable occasion forged his timely thoughts. His words of wit and wisdom were "sparks"

from his anvil of experience, tempered by time, and delivered with scintillating force. He spoke about the wonders of the botanical world; accessible to all in love with God's great out-of-doors. Along the meandering paths of this park, let us serenely go forward; become better acquainted with our friendly plants; win their confidence, thereby enriching our lives. Mr. Merrill made ferns his special study. A certain rare species of these flowerless plants—first found in Hiram, was named after him by a botanical society of Germany. To the present writer, Mr. Merrill once made the philosophic remark:

“Amongst plants I am neither alone nor lonesome.” Besides plants, this park has such attractions as potassic feldspar deposits, an abandoned gold mine, and several Indian rock shelters—the finding of fragments of the red men's instruments of war and the chase, just below their entrances, definitely identifies them as ancient haunts of the aborigines.

Glacial agencies contributed largely toward forming the beautiful scenery that lies spread before us—the serrated hills, the deep ravines, the gravelly ridges, the shallow ponds; all sculptured into their present shapes by the Labrador Ice Sheet—the last field of glacial ice to visit the region. The lateral erosion of the Saco in the flood-plain above Hiram village has produced two very interesting formations; namely “ox-bow ponds”—cut-offs developed from meanders. These are known to us as Bryant Pond, and, “Dead River.” Another such ox-bow pond is in the making where the big bend of the Saco threatens to destroy the highway and the bordering railroad. The rate of erosion is approximately one foot a year!

The role the wayside-inn played during the early years of our country was an important one—this fact has been mentioned before; it will be referred to again. All of these old-fashioned road-houses have disappear-

ed; the last one to go being "The Old Homestead" on the Pequawket Trail. This famous hostelry was, until 1945, not only one of the oldest inns in operation in Oxford county, but also one of its most ancient buildings; the original part of the structure having been erected in 1796, by Capt. Thomas Spring, an intrepid soldier of the American Revolution. Capt. Spring was one among the many who accompanied Gen. Benedict Arnold on his ill-fated march to Quebec in 1775. He fought in the Battle of White Plains (Oct. 28-29, 1776). He also participated in many other battles and skirmishes of that same war, a war that in retrospect appears "humane" as compared with modern warfare. The diamond-shaped sign that welcomed the weary wayfarer to the friendly fireside within for one hundred and fifty-five years, no longer beckons the passer-by!

Another illustrious name—closely associated with the Pequawket Trail, is John Clemens, a granduncle of Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain). The following sidelight may be of interest: It was Mark Twain's intention to write about the "northern branch" of his family, as mentioned in his "Autobiography," but the opportunity to do so never came. It begins at Danvers, Massachusetts, about the year 1763. The opening of the Pequawket country to white settlers had just begun. Among those who responded to this "call of the wild" were John Clemens, his wife Abigail—married in 1758, and John's brother, James Clements. (Note. The surname is variously spelled, Clemens, Clements, Clemons, etc.) The route taken to Pequawket could have been the Pennacook Trail, but, more likely, the Pequawket Trail — by way of Portsmouth, Kittery, Wells, Sanford; joining the trail at Waterboro. Arriving at Pequawket, the party from Danvers settled on a tract that later, in 1766, became the property of James Clements, and was known as

"Lot No. 5." Nothing more is known about James Clements. The story of John and Abigail Clemens' coming to the town of Hiram, in 1779, has often been told, but hitherto it has lost none of its savor in the retelling, so here it is: By 1779, the town of Fryeburg, with its few hundred inhabitants, had become too "crowded" for the Clemens household—the desire for more elbow-room had to be appeased. And the sparsely settled Plantation of Great Ossipee was chosen as the future home of the Clemenses.

It was on a pleasant day in the summer of 1779 that John and Abigail, with their family of six children, left Fryeburg, on foot, walking, down the Pequawket Trail to the home of Capt. John Lane, a distance of sixteen miles. Capt. Lane's house stood on the west bank of the Saco, opposite Watson's farm, above Bryant Pond. The cellar of his house was washed away by the freshet of October, 1868—its position today would be in the center of the river. Although Capt. Lane's visitors arrived unexpectedly, they were pleasantly received and hospitably entertained, as was the general custom among the early settlers. Any elaborate reception, however, was out of the question. Nor was food superabundant. This fare seems to have been restricted to only one dish, *bean porridge*. This was served to the children, not in bowls, but in a depression in the leather bottom of an old arm chair! Why this frugality? Well, Capt. Lane and his good spouse had been blest with twenty-one children. Something uncommon even in those days when a large family was the rule—not an exception, as it is today. Life to them must have been a somewhat heroic struggle for a livelihood. And who was Capt. Lane? An old warrior; a veteran of the Sixth Indian War, also of the American War of Independence. He had come to Hiram, from Buxton, in 1777.

One of the vital problems confronting John Clemens

upon his arrival in Hiram was to discover a place in the wilderness suitable for a farm. Such a find presented itself to him one day while hunting along the shores of two beautiful ponds—these ponds later became known as Clemons Pond, and Little Clemons Pond. And in October, 1780, we find the family domiciled on the intervale between the two ponds.

To the genealogist interested in this “northern branch” of the Clemens family, the following information is appended. Our first casual meeting with the six Clemens children was at the home of Capt. Lane; now to make a closer acquaintance. Their names are, Jonathan, John, Eli P., Eunice, Hannah, and Ruth. Jonathan married Hannah Lane, a daughter of Capt. Lane—their sixty years of connubial bliss was spent on their farm situated about one mile to the east of the old Clemens Homestead. The marble slab above Jonathan’s grave bears the poignant epigram:

“The land I cleared is now my grave.”

John married Mary McLellen of Gorham, and they had three children; and for twenty-seven years lived on the northern slope of Bill Merrill Mountain (el. 1850 ft., highest point in Hiram). In 1817 this family moved into the state of Ohio. Eli P. remained at the homestead—Col. Aldric Clemens (1815-1892) was his grandson—Col. Clemens’ daughter Ruth was the last direct descendant of John Clemens to live on the Clemens Homestead. John Clemens’ daughter Eunice became the wife of Elder James Fly, son of James Fly—the owner of the famous powder horn. Several children were born to this union. A cluster of graves, marked by flat field stones, occupy a knoll to the west of the homestead, and here, in all likelihood, the couple rest. Hannah Clemens married Lemuel Howard of Brownfield, and, in 1875, established their home on the northern slope of Mt. Misery (el. 1500 ft.). A

gravelly hillock (kame) on the north bank of Red Mill Brook holds the remains of many of their descendants. Ruth Clemens married Capt. Charles Lee Wadsworth—Gen. P. Wadsworth's eldest son, and they had eleven children. Ruth was Capt. Wadsworth's first wife; his second wife was Jane (née Ingalls), a daughter of Lieut. Benjamin Ingalls. The following copy of a letter addressed to Mr. James Edgecomb of Hiram is illuminating:

Hiram, Me.
Oct. 22, 1880.

Brother Edgecomb:

On Tuesday, Oct. 26th, Col. Aldric M. Clemons (Clemens) will welcome at his residence all of the Clemonses and Wadsworths, etc., who will meet to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the settlement of John Clemons (Clemens)—his grandfather—your wife's great grandfather, who was about the fifth settler of Hiram. As there are 150 relatives in Hiram, a general invitation is extended to all. I feared you might wait for a formal invitation. Upon me is laid the burden of a historical account of the old pioneer. I should be pleased to see you and your family there. Col. C. spoke of you to me yesterday.

Yours truly,
Llewellyn A. Wadsworth.

It was Mark Twain's fame that made the Clemens Homestead what it is, and has been—a famous landmark. And it was Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn who immortalized the name of their creator—Clemens!

The original farm dwelling of the homestead, erected by John Clemens, disappeared a long time ago. It stood about a hundred feet to the south of the modern, substantially built frame structure. The walls of that first cabin were chinked logs; the outbuildings were similarly constructed.

Clemens Brook, rushing down the steep declivity toward Ten Mile River, has changed but little since the time of old John Clemens. It is still a boistrous brook; a favorite haunt of the native trout. To the poet and the philosopher its value lies more in the realm of the sentimental. The geologist, being more realistically inclined, pays his attention to it chiefly because of its *natural levees*—embankments beside the stream formed from sand brought down from the hills. To the historian, however, the intervale, not the brook, is most appealing. It was here that Tom Heagon, the famous hunter and trapper, lived. His lodge stood on the summit of the esker known for over a century and a half as the "Indian Mound." Heagon did not live here alone—his dusky squaw shared the wigwam with him. Their former home had been at Pequawket, but following his honorable discharge from the army of the American Revolution, he yearned for this solitude. Heagon was one of the "fourteen warriors" for whom a petition, asking for guns, ammunition, and blankets, was sent to the General Court of Massachusetts shortly following the outbreak of the war. The Heagons were the only near neighbors to the Clemenses for a period of seven years. The two families were always friendly toward each other. Here was equality—democracy in full swing!

John Clemens died in 1790; his widow, Abigail, passed away in 1812, at the age of almost one hundred years. Their remains, together with those of their two young grandchildren, Jamar and Delilah, repose on the sandy, pine-clad ridge (esker), a few hundred feet to the west of the "Indian Mound." The Heagons also rest on this same ridge—it was their wish to be buried here. Field stones mark their graves. Incidentally, it is interesting to know that the outstanding characteristics of the Clemenses are longevity, humor, and wit. A striking resemblance, physiognomically, to the great

philosopher and humorist is found even today amongst many members of the Clemenses of Hiram and other places. Here the biologist finds strong support for his belief in heredity. But let's now rejoin the Pequawket Trail at its juncture with the Hiram Notch Road.

The Pierce Homestead, recognized by its columned facade, stood, until the great forest fire of October, 1947, on our right as we come to the brow of a gentle rise. John Pierce, mentioned a few pages back, settled here in 1794. The frame dwelling occupied a precarious position on the brink of the Saco; evidently another structure that eventually would have fallen before the relentless work of erosion!

Half a mile to the north of the Pierce place, we come to the site of another historic landmark; the homestead of Living Lane, a kinsman of Capt. John Lane. Living Lane had settled on a piece of land, on the northern slope of Hiram Hill, to the southwest of Capt. Thomas Spring's farm, in 1777, but removed to Brownfield a few years later. The Lane Mansion, dating probably from the middle of the past century—it was destroyed by fire in 1947, was situated on the western shore of Rattlesnake Pond, in the town of Brownfield. The original course of the Pequawket Trail crossed the brook a few hundred feet to the west of the present crossing—just above the old burying-ground of the Lanes, skirting the ancient shore-line of the pond. The story of how Rattlesnake Pond—properly known as Lane's Lake, found a new outlet may sound fantastic to many a "doubting Thomas," but the basic outline of the narrative is true, nevertheless—a thorough scientific research has established its authenticity.

Up to the time of the incident—at the close of the American Revolution, this beautiful body of water, bearing the misnomer "Rattlesnake Pond," discharged itself into Ten Mile River. But just then—it was on the glorious Fourth of July, it occurred to a group of

“patriots,” whose conviviality was running high, that the pond was in need of a new outlet. Why not make the water of the pond flow in the opposite direction—southward? This novel scheme was immediately put into execution. And with great labor and perseverance, worthy of a better cause, the men saw the completion of their herculean achievement—

Just as night was departing, and morn was
drawing nigh;

When the hills of Hiram kissed the blushing sky.

A few early risers in Hiram village were the first ones to notice the strange behavior of the Saco. No “cloudburst”—not even a shower, had been reported from the upper Saco Valley, yet here the river was rising at an alarming rate. Something was greatly amiss somewhere. Quick action was unquestionably required. And so the village Council promptly convened to consider the ways and means whereby this extraordinarily singular occurrence could be properly dealt with. In short, a body of resolute men, noted for their sobriety, were presently dispatched upstream to investigate. Balboa’s first glimpse of the Pacific from a peak in Darien could hardly have been more surprising than the astounding view that met the eyes of the “exploring party!” A newly formed torrent was eating its way through the sand plain lying between the Saco and Rattlesnake Pond. Furthermore, the pond itself had shrunk to half its former size. Its deeply terraced shore, together with an enormous glacial-boulder rearing its dragon-like head above the surface of the pond’s center, bore mute evidence of the “miracle” wrought. Were the culprits caught? Your guess is about as good as mine. We can be certain about one thing, however, and that is somewhere—probably in the immediate vicinity of the pond, a group of

hilarious men were quaffing many a toast to their recently accomplished task!

Toward the close of the last century, a stranger in a rowboat appeared on the Saco. What excited general attention was the singular way he maneuvered a square-bottomed box. The man was evidently searching for something below the surface of the water. Searching for what? When questioned about his work, he would simply point to some shellfish lying on the bottom of his boat. It later became known that the stranger was fishing for pearl-bearing mussels, and he soon had a large following. But poor results eventually cooled their ardor, and the pearler was left to his own devices. He was, evidently, regarded by the populace as a crackbrained imposter, or something worse! The fact is this: He who discovers a bed of precious pearls does not *broadcast* his find. This Saco River pearler displayed great shrewdness, thereby outwitting his would-be competitors. Here's a hint: Strawberry pearls have been found *somewhere* between Dragon Meadow Brook and Moose Pond Brook!

As we reach the summit of the turn in the trail on the terraced hillside above the northern extremity of Rattlesnake Pond, a striking outline of Mount Washington presents itself to the spectator. This view is most impressive in early autumn and during the last few days in spring, when robed in white, the mountain monarch lords it over the verdant landscape.

Along the banks of Ten Mile River, both above and below its crossing by the Pequawket Trail, the roving botanist as well as the glacial geologist will find numerous objects of study that are really worthy of perusal. Several abandoned roads lead the traveler to the banks of the Saco. It is off the beaten paths, far from highways and byways, that we come face to face with the unspoiled. There is something very fascinating about a deserted road. To take a jaunt along one

of these neglected ways is to invite adventure. If it be a corduroy road traversing a low meadow or a swamp, the experience greatly enhances one's enjoyment. Here is solitude, about which Cowper wrote:

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude."

When we go forth into the woods and fields to study Mother Earth's "finery," we find ourselves associating with the elite, arrayed in majestic raiment, superseding any yet devised by puny man. The true appraisal of a plant is, of course, best attained when met with in its wild state—the next best place is one's own rock garden. In the very heart of a wilderness wildings are at home! We are astonished to find how fastidious most plants are as to environment—animals, including man, show a like peculiarity. As a rule, plants growing in wet places thrive nowhere else; whereas those flourishing on the apparently barren hillsides promptly perish upon their having been transplanted to a moist situation. Some plants can be acclimatized, however. Right here is a golden opportunity to study a great number of plants in their native habitat. On kame and esker, in bog and kettle-pond, in fact, everywhere, friendly plants greet the observing eye—the closer we observe, the more able we are to discover. Plants embracing the following groups; algae, fungi, liverworts, mosses, ferns, and flowering plants—from the smallest forms visible to the naked eye, to the highest specialized organisms, all are here. Amongst these we discover many that were used as food by the aborigines; others that entered into the composition of the medicines concocted by the Indian medicine men. Teas were made from the leaves of the following: Spruce, Oswego Tea, Pipsissewa, Thoroughwort, Bergamot, Woundwort, St. John's Wort, Tea Berry or Wintergreen, Spearmint, Strawberry, etc. Other plants possessing different

medicinal properties include the Golden Rod, Yarrow Plantain, Burdock, Boneset, Calmus or Sweet Flag, Caraway, Catnip, Ginseng, Lobelia, Pennyroyal, Peppermint, Pokeweed, Seneca Snakeroot, Serpentaria, American Wormseed, Yellow-rooted Water Dock, Horsetail Grass, Sheep Sorrel, Turtle-Head, Wake Robin or Indian Balm, Wild Ginger or Canada Snakeroot, Violets, etc. The food plants include the Cat-tail (rootstalk), Arrowhead (rootstalk), Indian Cucumber (rootstalk and seeds), Indian Tomato or Clammy Ground Cherry, Partridge Berry, Groundnut, Milkweed, Nettle, Water Cress, Wood Sorrel, Wild Garlic, Butterwort, Angelica, Lamb's Quarters or Pigweed, Jerusalem Artichoke, Purslane, and mushrooms—yes, the early aborigines knew how to distinguish the edible from the poisonous varieties. All *toadstools*, remember, are poisonous. The most common of our edible mushrooms include the Edible Chanterelle (*Cantharellus cibarius*), Pale Yellow Clavaria or "Coral fungus" (*Clavaria flava*), Beefsteak Mushroom (*Fistulina hypatica*), Oyster Mushroom (*Pleurotus ostreatus*), Sapid Mushroom (*Pleurotus sapidus*), Elm Tree Pleurotus (*Pleurotus ulmarius*), Horse, or Field, Mushroom (*Agaricus arvensis*), Large Field or "common pasture" Puffball (*Cyathiforme cyathiformis*)—this species is edible while in its white state; when it begins to emit "smoke" or spores when squashed, it can serve no longer as a food, but may be used as punk; and our early settlers used it as tinder, also to stanch bleeding. Several species of the *Coprinus* genus, including the Common Ink-Cap, Shaggy Mane or Horse-Tail, and the Glistening Ink-Cap, are also edible. The only mushroom known to have been cultivated by the Indians is the Tuckahoe (*Achyma cocos*), an underground fungus, found in the southern United States. The first mushroom to make its appearance in northern New England, after the dis-



Tenmile River Kame, Brownfield, Maine



Weston's Covered Bridge, Fryeburg, Maine

appearance of the snow in the latter part of April, is the *Gyromitra esculenta*. It is bay red, round, lobed, irregular, gyrosewrinkled. It must be gathered as soon as it comes to the surface of the ground; later it becomes poisonous. When the Europeans first came in contact with the Indians of North America, they found them cultivating some twenty-five plants, previously unknown to white man.

Besides being a natural botanical garden, this wild woodland close to the Pequawket Trail used to be a "paradise" to the hunter and the trapper. An ideal habitat to water-loving animals, such as the beaver, mink, otter, and muskrat. Should you have the courage to enter this solitude at dusk, you might, even now, be richly repaid by seeing several beaver colonies at work—may the beaver tribe increase!

Capt. John Lane of Hiram built, about the year 1778, a "stave, plug, and tap" mill on Ten Mile River. This mill, which stood approximately five hundred feet above the Pequawket Trail, and just below Ten-mile Pond, was under successful operation for about 150 years; but today hardly a trace remains of the mill. And not one habitable building is left in the neighborhood, although this place was at one time a busy community—the hillside burying-ground commemorates those days of yesteryear!

The "Ten Mile Kame"—the largest formation of this kind in the state of Maine, is located on Ten Mile River; on the west shore of Tenmile Pond. It is about 105 feet in height; 30 feet higher than the "Pinball" of Newfield, Me. This kame was discovered, measured, and photographed by the present writer on June 14, 1948. This exploratory find was made possible because of the denudation of the area by the great forest fire of October, 1947.

Emerging from the depth of the forest, just below the site of the old Stickney Mansion, the trail brings

the Burnt Meadow Mountains into view— a series of serrated heights vying with each other to present the boldest aspect. A trip into the heart of these mountains should be taken by anyone showing admiration for the picturesque. They are of especial interest to the geologist. This range derived its name from the fact that a fire employed in clearing woodland escaped into a low meadow or peat bog, previously a kettle pond—originally, probably a crater. In this meadow the fire continued to burn for many weeks. A deposit of volcanic dust, supposedly come from the nearby Stone Mountain (el. c. 1580 ft.), an extinct volcano (?), has been unearthed along the border of Dyer Pond—this pond is probably of volcanic origin. Feldspathic porphyry, strongly impregnated with an oxide (iron rust), causing it to assume strange shapes during the process of disintegration, is a unique feature of this region. The beds of the streams flowing from the Burnt Meadow Mountains are littered with products of denudation, such as granite, basaltic hornblende, quartz porphyry, weathered volcanic breccia, syenite, and other minerals.

In an old burying-ground, on a bluff overlooking Burnt Meadow Brook, a conspicuous memorial attracts our attention. Let us walk up to the granite tablet, and read:

“Lankister Hodges.
Died May 1, 1878.
AEt. 107 yrs. 3ms.
He left an unblemished
record.”

Lankister had been a faithful servant (colored) of the Stickneys for several generations. He became blind in his old age, but notwithstanding this defect it did not handicap his ambitions. This extraordinary person is credited with having attended most of the social and

religious functions of the neighborhood for more than half a century, and it is reliably reported that he was the "life" of every party. For many years after he had become totally blind his phenomenal memory enabled him to find his way to any place he desired to visit simply by using the stone fences as guides. To his last day his faculty of spiritual perception remained unimpaired!

Farther, on our left, we discern the charred remains of the old Stickney Tavern; a well patronized inn for several generations. Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney's "Reminiscences of Brownfield" gives us a graphic insight of the social and political life of Brownfield, dealing principally with the eighteenth century. This is East Brownfield—most of it was destroyed by the disastrous forest fire of 1947, but a new village is rapidly rising from the ashes! The town of Brownfield was formed from three grants conveyed by Massachusetts to Capt. Hebry Young Brown, in 1764, in recognition of his services in the Sixth Indian War.

The soldier-in-bronze who stands on the village green at Brownfield is that of Daniel A. Bean, the sixteen-year old son of Sylvanus B. Bean. He was the first volunteer from Brownfield to die on the battlefield of the Civil War—

Dulce at decorum est pro patria mori ("Sweet and seemly is it to die for one's fatherland").

The smallest church in New England stands some distance to the south of the tiny village of West Brownfield. There is nothing pretentious about its exterior, nor does its interior present any reverential grandeur, yet it attracts the compassionate—even the hardwoods and the evergreens growing on the mountain slope seem to graciously bestow their blessings upon it! It represents the house of worship that the Prince of Peace, with His greatness clad in the

cloak of humility, would have preferred to a cathedral, wherein He would have sought spiritual food while on His weary pilgrimage through the vale of sorrows!

If you enjoy scrambling through thickets and underbrush, with the melodious voice of a rollicking stream to cheer you onward, Shepard's River would be to your liking. This boisterous stream, named after one Shepard, an early hunter, is the leading watercourse draining the Brownfield intervale. As noted earlier, saw and grist mills were among the more important labor-saving devices of the early settlers. Practically every stream of any size had at least one such mill. The first mill in the town of Brownfield stood on Shepard's Brook at Brownfield village. It had been built, and was operated, by the owners of the land through which the brook flowed. The idyllic charm of the landscape adjoining this mill location is such that once seen it cannot be effaced from one's memory.

Upon ascending the rise of the Pequawket Trail above Shepard's River, north of Brownfield Station, one obtains an impressive view of Pleasant Mountain (el. 2007 ft.), in the town of Denmark. The intervening flood-plain of the Saco serves to enhance its magnitude and grandeur. Much of this mountain's charm lies in its grand isolation!

Skirting the northeastern slope of Frost Mountain for a distance of about 2½ miles, we come upon Little Saco River, a tributary of its greater namesake, whose falling waters chant its praise! This charming little stream arises from Haley Pond that lies at the foot of Long Hill in the town of Fryeburg, flowing past Bald Peak, thence through a small hamlet, finally meandering across a great meadow. It flows across the Pequawket Trail where a tourist shelter, built by the C.C.C. enterprise, offers temporary rest and contentment to the traveler. A saw mill once stood on the

banks of the stream a few rods below the bridge, near the Maine Central R. R.

Along an avenue of conifers, crossing the Maine Central (White Mountains Line) for the fifth and last time, the Pequawket Trail guides the wayfarer. Byways on our right lead to summer camps on the western shore of Lovewell's Pond—"Camp Rapputak," a camp for girls, is the outstanding one on this pond.

Farnham's Air Park—the only park of its kind in the state of Maine, is the first object to draw one's attention just upon emerging from the woods. A more ideally located air field would be difficult to imagine. It stands at the threshold of a new era in aviation.

Jocky Cap (el. 600 ft.), an ingenuous boss-formation of granite—a very conspicuous landmark on the sand plain, appears one mile to the north. On our left we're hailed by the "Pequawket Hills;" Stark's Hill, Long Hill, and Bald Peak, welcoming us to the storied land of Pequawket. And straight ahead of us, the Presidential Range!

The view that unfolds itself before our wondering eyes, shortly after having crossed Lovewell's Brook—the stream followed by the Massachusetts Rangers on their way to the scene of Lovewell's Fight, is one of incomparable beauty. The place charms one by the natural loveliness of its environs. Below the village, the silvery Saco wends its meandering way through the great intervale; in the near background there is an imposing cordon of wooded hills; and in the remote distance the singularly impressive Pequawket Mountain (el. 3268 ft.)—formerly the Kearsarge, and South Baldface (el. 3569 ft.) stand silhouetted against the northern sky!

No exact date can be set as to when Pequawket became a permanent Indian settlement. We know that it was a thriving community at the time of Darby Field's visit in 1642. It had then a population of some

two hundred souls. Pequawket could well have had two thousand or more inhabitants just before the "great pestilence" (1616-17)! The "golden age" of Pequawket probably existed in the early part of the sixteenth century, or shortly before the advent of Hiawatha—it was this great prophet of the Mohawks who founded the Iroquoian confederation, known as the "Five Nations." The inhabitants of Pequawket were, when they had attained the summit of their power, a Spartan-like, communistic people. Let the fact be stated right here that the social system known as "communism" is as old as the human race—Karl Marx (1818-1883) had nothing to do with the founding of communism. He merely introduced a few abstruse concepts. Hegel seems to have struck the crux of the matter when he wrote:

"We learn from history that we learn nothing
from history."

But back to Pequawket's heyday—common ownership and equal distribution of everything was then in vogue. Could this social order be called a true "commonwealth?" The virtue of truth occupied a predominant position among the early Indian tribes—falsehood was punishable by death! The earliest reference to this system of social organization amongst the aborigines of North America comes from Jacques Cartier (1491-1557), the French explorer, who, in 1535, discovered, and later described, the communal houses of the Iroquoian villages of Stadacona and Hochelaga on the St. Lawrence River. A somewhat similar form of government existed amongst the Mandans or Mantannes—a name given this tribe by the Assiniboins of Canada. LaVerendrye visited them in 1783. And six years after George Catlin's visit, in 1832, they were decimated by small-pox. The ossuaries or communal burial mounds formerly found on the

sand plain adjacent to Fryeburg (Pequawket), and the one on Ossipee Lake, N. H., all point to the final chapter of communistic tenets and beliefs among the aborigines of the Saco and Ossipee Valleys. And with communism's passing, the natives lapsed into an abject state of apathy. Like the Indians of Peru under the Incas, they had been deprived of the liberty to think and act volitionally. Thus left without any initiative, the natives perished under foreign regimes.

Of particular interest to us for the moment is the village Pequawket as it appeared to the white man in the seventeenth century. It was situated on a plateau-like elevation where this place abruptly falls off to the intervale; a drop of some thirty feet. Its dozen or more dwellings—dome-shaped wigwams covered with slabs of bark, neatly arranged on each side of a lane paralleling the declivity. The exact site of the village is generally conceded to have been close to Pine Hill (el. 600 ft.)—near the source of pure water, and just above the old covered Weston's Bridge—this bridge was demolished in the spring of 1948. An Indian foot-bridge, that later became a fording or wading-place, crossed the Saco at this point. And from this ford two trails wound their ways into the mountain fastnesses. These two foot-paths were known as the "Waubick Trail" and the "St. Francis Trail." Darby Field made use of the Waubick Trail on his two trips, traveling via Montalban Ridge and Boott Spur Mountain, to the summit of Mt. Washington (Agiochook). Between this Saco River crossing and Lovewell's Pond there was a portage of two miles—this portage eliminated thirty-two miles of canoeing along the "crooked place" of the Saco in the intervale.

Had our entrance into Pequawket occurred three centuries earlier, we would have been met by a pack of hybrid dogs; a half-wild breed, probably developed from domestic species, wolves, and coyotes. Every

Indian village and encampment harbored these faithful friends of mankind. The Indians employed their dogs as beasts of burden—when an Indian faced starvation, he killed and ate his canine companion!

Let us descend from our “supercilious perch” and mingle with the motley throng. We have learned much from the American Indian. He can teach us incalculably more. Although his way of life was a very primitive one, most of his actions were governed by good common sense. The Indian Council, was, undoubtedly, one of the most serious and dignified of all his assemblies. Tribal affairs were conducted by the local council; the affairs of the nation by the general council. Silence and attentiveness on the part of the audience were conspicuously dominant. Before such a decorous gathering the speaker could deliver his discourse with consummate skill. Furthermore, when the speaker spoke he usually had *something* to say. He had early been taught to acknowledge the fact that “Intemperance of the tongue makes conversation empty and insipid; that by long silences he might learn to be sententious and acute in his replies.” An advice our round-table enthusiasts should commit to memory!

Let us assemble in council. We are seated in a semi-circle on the ground, with the Council Fire—the symbol of the Great Spirit and the sign of His presence, shining brightly in our midst. The speaker, a venerable brave, spellbinds us with his musically rhythmical voice. His vocabulary is allegoric; his humanization of natural objects and their phenomena, such as the sun, the moon, the stars, the storms, the calms, the mountains, the lakes, the streams, the earth, are truly sublime!

Having finished his oration, the speaker lights the Sacred Pipe—the symbol of Peace, Brotherhood, Council, and Prayer; he then takes a whiff, the first dedicated to the Great Spirit; the second puff to the

Four Winds; the third to His messengers; and the fourth to Mother Earth. From the speaker the Sacred Pipe is passed to the first Councillor, thence to the second, the third, etc., passing the pipe from east to west. Smoking was a religious or semi-religious thing with the unspoiled children of the wilderness. During the decline of the race, smoking became a vulgar habit.

The Medicine Lodge—where the medicine man wields the scepter, and where the men of the tribe assemble to dance, smoke the Pipe of Peace, and “make medicine,” occupies the center of the village. Nearby stands the Sweat-Lodge. In Father Pierre Laure’s “Relation of the Saguenay, 1720-1730,” we have a brief but clear description of an Indian vapor bath—the following is the writer’s translation:

“The Indians place stones in the fire (granite is not used because it explodes when water is poured upon it). When red-hot, they are brought into the Sweat Lodge. The patient to be treated sits down on fir-branches near the pile of stones. From time to time he pours cold water on the stones, and also drinks some. This causes him to break out into a profuse perspiration . . . ”

Seeing that our intrusion is not discernible to our “reincarnated” Indian friends, let us lay aside our cautious reserve, and pry into their private affairs; the culinary art receiving our first attention. Peering into a lodge—obviously a storehouse, we descry a row of wicker baskets and skin-bags. A closer study reveals their contents. There’s no dearth of foodstuff here. The skin-bags contain animal oils, maple syrup, smoked meat, smoked fish, etc. It is a noteworthy fact that common salt (sodium-chloride) was not used by the Indians, except as a medicine. Animal fats mixed with sugar took its place in seasoning and preserving food. Sugar was obtained by evaporating the sap of

the Maple, Basswood or "bee tree," Box-Elder, Birch, Ash, Butternut, etc. In the first basket there is *Nokenike* (a coarse meal of parched corn); *rockahominy* (a corn meal less coarse than *nokenike*) is in the second basket; *samp* (a coarse rockahominy hulled in boiling lye) is in the third; *pemmikkan* or pemican (lean meat, dried and pounded fine) in the fourth; jerked meat (lean meat dipped in very strong boiling brine, then hung up to dry until it becomes hard) in the fifth. And there is a basket of beans; one of acorns (tannin removed through a process of leaching); also a heterogeneous assortment of edible tuberous roots, such as *pomme de terre*, arrowhead root, etc. Fruiting spikes of Indian corn; some of which are ripe, others green, hang from a rafter above our heads. Beans and kernels of green corn cooked together produced the favorite *misickquatash* (succotash).

The various industries associated with a primitive life can still impart food for thought. Not only cookery are represented among the women, but also beadwork, basketry, and quillwork—all the essential material obtained from the village and its environs. Concerning the work of the "sterner" sex, we observe that some of them bring in their quarries, others are busily engaged in besmearing their faces with paint, and donning the accouterments of war. Children and dogs caper about in a seemingly inextricable confusion. The quaint habits and costumes of the men and women amuse as well as shock our sensibilities. Men's garments are conspicuous by their absence; the breech cloth and the G-string, however, are prominently in evidence. The women wear short skirts open at the side, but nude above the waist. Both sexes wear tanned buckskin moccasins with uppers and soles in one piece. What appears to be a chief is wearing tanned deerskin leggings, besides moccasins, and a headdress—not the elaborately woven featherwork of the Kiowa

tribe, but a rather plain one, consisting of a broad band of skin decorated with beads and quills; the type of headdress worn by the Penobscots of today.

A brief digression here may be more or less appropriate. The aborigines of our country had at least one basic feature in common with us moderns. They held that the basis of any organized state was the *family*. Among them marriage connections with their consequent offspring, forming several families, constituted a *band*; this varying from two to twenty or thirty lodges. Two to thirty or forty bands made up a *tribe*; two or more tribes a *nation*. The leader of several bands was known as a chieftain or sub-chief (a subordinate to a civil chief); the head of a tribe was called a sagamore or sachem (civil chief); the ruler of a nation, the Head Chief. The succession of chiefs was through the female line; a brother or nephew becoming the tribal leader rather than a son. The sagamore was sometimes a woman. And now a few words respecting Indian stoicism, taciturnity, and vigilance. An Indian was backward about coming forward in his approaching strangers. Reserve was an essential attribute in his self-and race-preservation. Why? "The colonist often treated them (the Indians) like beasts of the forest," wrote Washington Irving. And people so treated had a right to be wary. As any stoic knows, to show indifference to pleasure or pain is not a sign of insensitiveness, nor that of surliness—it indicates self-control. "Only toothache will make an Indian cry," wrote Roger Williams, in 1643. Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the American Indians were not only wise but witty as well. But his knowledge of mechanical powers seems to have been very limited indeed—why had it not occurred to some ingenious mind that a rotating disk—a flat, round stone, for instance, could be put to some practical use,

simply by cutting a round hole in its center? By doing so he would have had a wheel!

The Indians were very fond of games and sports. A game played with circular dice tossed in a wooden dish was a great favorite; so, also, the cup and pin game, dolls and tops. Snow snake contests were popular. A "snow snake" was a smooth, round stick, about an inch in diameter, and from a foot to three feet in length; pointed at both ends. The game was played on any flat, polished surface of the snow. The object of the contest was to see who could send the "snake" gliding along to the greatest distance. Lacrosse, a game of ball of Indian origin, was also a favorite. Fighting wasp-nests was more of a "fight" than a contest for recreation or amusement. Wrestling, running, swimming, canoeing, and other vigorous forms of entertainment were assiduously practiced by the rising generation; thus developing a muscular physique as well as a resolute endurance. Hunting and fishing were the chief occupations of the Pequawkets—need the fact be stressed that the aborigines had to practice strict economy? Every part of a slain animal, for instance, was made use of; its many by-products entered into the making of such articles as clothing, robes, lodge covers, furniture, utensils, weapons, musical instruments, games, ornaments, fetishes, etc.

The numerous bodies of water here, as well as elsewhere, were the "stamping-grounds" of the dugout and the canoe. To quietly glide over the placid surface or to find yourself in "white water," wrestling with contrary waves or winds—this is one of life's happiest moments! In winter, when smooth ice covers every foot of water, what a delight to skim along the surface, unmindful of passing time and business worries; every nerve alert, every muscle responding to the wholesome stimuli. From the delightfully fascinating watery nooks we pass into the fragrant groves that were

God's first temples, entering them with the same unfeigned reverence shown by our early ancestors. Not only are there tongues in trees, but the very atmosphere within a grove is both condoling and consoling; conducive factors toward alleviating the wrongs inflicted by thoughtless fellow creatures—so well expressed in Voltaire's aphorism:

"The streams, the flowers, and the woods console; too often men do not.!"

But to go back to the Indian. Paint, so universally used, the Indian obtained from natural products. Pigments were furnished by charcoal, graphite, red and yellow ochres, and the tinctures of various plants; any of which combined with an animal or vegetable oil would yield a most durable paint. And wine, especially the heady variety. The North American Indian was not acquainted with the biblical precept:

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake, and thy often infirmities."

Before the whites introduced "fire-water," the red men drank the crystal-clear waters that gushed forth from the siliceous sands of mountain springs!

The intimate social relations of the aborigines were, basically, not any different from our own. Maidens and women of established age and dignity were wooed and won in the field, in the forest, or on smooth waters. They had no novels dealing with sex to arouse and corrupt the sexual instincts! Polygamy was practiced. To divorce your spouse did not call for any elaborate red tape. The cause for separation could be impotency, infidelity, or incompatibility. All that a disgruntled person had to do to break the matrimonial tie would be to pick up his or her belongings, cast a *withering* look at the accuser, then blubberingly depart!

When the time came for an Indian to depart from life, he sang his death song. Here is a paraphrased translation of Father Pierre Biard's account of the burial customs of the Algonquin tribes:

“And his friends swathed his body and tied it up in skins; not lengthwise, but the knees against the stomach, and the head on the knees, as we are in our mother's womb. Afterwards they put it in a deep grave, not upon the back or lying down as we do but sitting. Then they arch the grave over with sticks, so that the earth will not fall back into it, and thus they cover up the tomb. They buried with the dead man all his belongings, such as his arrows, his skins; even his dogs. Moreover, his survivors added to these a number of other such offerings, as a token of friendship. These obsequies finished, they fled from the place, and, from that time onward, they hated all memory of the dead.”

Concerning Indian burial-grounds, it may be said that they are few and far apart. Kames and eskers were generally used for purposes of interment. Those occupying prominent places near streams and ponds were usually chosen. Because of the whiteman's habit of desecrating Indian burial mounds, their exact locations are not given by the present writer. Here's an account of an eerie man who dug into one of these burial-places, searching for artifacts. The happening took place in Oxford county a few decades ago. Modern man's prying into tombs is a “hangover” from the dark ages! Curiosity will kill a cat—King Tutankhamen knew that it would kill men as well, so he gave orders to his would-be undertakers to infuse imperishable pathogenic microorganisms into his tomb, as a curse upon any one having the audacity to disturb his bones! The hero of our story was no “grave

robber"—he had no desire to interfere with the remains of dead royalty; he only coveted some Indian arrow-heads. What his spade uncovered was a human skull, evidently that of an Indian buried in a sitting position. But our explorer did not take the time to make any further investigation. Fright gave wings to his heels. A philosopher, like Hieronymus, would have picked up the skull, and mused upon its past, philosophizing:

“This skull was once tenanted by an active brain; the birthplace of love, of hate, of hope, of despair. Through these orbits, now, how ghastly to behold, passed the lights of knowledge; the shadows of superstition; the scintillant pearls of sorrow; flashes of anger; glows of lust; the immortal rays of hope. Between these jaws once wagged a glib tongue—a tongue like mine, always ready for action; leaping out of its scabbard at the slightest provocation; striking at friend and foe!”

Although the Pequawket Trail might be regarded as having reached its terminus at Pequawket, extensions and tributary trails were quite numerous. The Pennacook Trail, for instance, was an important adjunct. Equally significant was the trail connecting Pequawket with Waubick or Waumbick (White Rock)—this landmark is situated close to Boott Spur (el. 5500 ft.), and consists of quartz outcroppings, making the terrain appear like patches of snow. The Waubick Trail extended no farther—Agiochook (Mt. Washington), remember, was a sacred place to the Indians, and no one dared to go beyond the White Rock. Read Darby Field's account of the strange behavior of his Indian guides at White Rock. The St. Francis Trail, linking Pequawket with St. Francis-on-the-St. Lawrence River, was probably of a much

greater importance than the Pequawket and the Pennacook Trails. This ancient water and land route made use of the following rivers and lakes: Androscoggin River, Upper Ammonoosuc River, Connecticut River, Nulhegan River, Clyde River, Memphremagog Lake, Magog Lake, thence along the St. Francis River to the Indian village of St. Francis, where, on foot or by canoe, either Hochelaga (Montreal) or Stadacona (Quebec) could be reached with comparative ease.

Stark's Hill (el. 1020 ft.)—it is called Stark's Mountain on the topographic map, is the highest of the three Pequawket Hills, and the most prominent landmark in the town of Fryeburg. Mt. Tom (el. 1040 ft.) and Jockey Cap might contest this assertion! Anciently Stark's Hill stood high in public estimation, and that solely because of its strategic position. A picket stationed on its summit could easily guard the village from surprise attacks since it commanded the principal approaches—the four great trails met at Pequawket, a mile to the north of Stark's Hill. The first valid account of this pine-clad eminence was found in a diary or journal kept by Walter Bryant, a land surveyor. The year was 1741. An Indian survivor of Lovewell's Fight gave Bryant the information. He told Bryant that the "Pequawket Hills" were the *key* to the land of the Pequawkets. Stark's Hill was, however, the preeminent height. Centuries before the village of Pequawket was attacked by English soldiers in 1703, this particular hill had served as an outpost against hostile tribes. Reliable records relate that non-combatants of Pequawket closely watched the approaching Massachusetts Rangers as they came up the Pennacook Trail, and the various maneuvers associated with the ensuing "Fight" on the north shore of Lovewell Pond, on May 8, 1725, from this vantage-ground. To the first settlers of Pequawket this noble hill afforded a comprehensive view of the great in-

tervale—the bed of a big lake in prehistoric times. Today this intervale is an agricultural gem. Colonel, later, Brigadier-General Joseph Frye (1712-1794) of Andover, Mass., the grantee of Pequawket, viewed his rich possessions from Stark's Hill; so named in honor of Capt. William Stark—his brother was General John Stark, the "Hero of Bennington."

The year 1762, "the year of the great draught," marks the beginning of Fryeburg. The farmers in the town of Gorham, Maine, were, on account of the draught, greatly concerned about their livestock. With a shortage of hay, the forthcoming winter was naturally fraught with anxiety. But certain information gleaned by hunters who had roamed the meadows of the Pequawket region held high hopes for a favorable solution of the dilemma. In short, several men—John Stevens, Nathaniel Merrill, and Limbo, a negro slave, were employed to drive 105 head of cattle and 11 horses to the luscious meadows on the west shore of Kezar Pond, and where they pastured their livestock during the winter of 1762-63. The influx of settlers began in 1763.

In 1766 Gen. Frye divided his grant into sixty-four rights; sixty of which were "personal rights," and the remaining four, "public rights." A twenty-acre intervale lot, and a forty-acre house lot were assigned to each and every right—a few of the proprietors had several rights. Gen. Frye, for instance, had eight rights, John Charles had four, Moses Day had three, Andrew McMillan had three, and the following proprietors had two rights each; Lieut. Oliver Peabody, Capt. William Stark, Capt., later, Gen. John Stark. The name "Seven Lots" was given to the seven forty-acre house lots which later embraced the village of Fryeburg. The town, including the village, was known as the Seven Lots until its incorporation in 1777.

The first settlers of the Seven Lots were men and women in the broadest sense of these terms. Difficulties and privations were the customary attributes of a pioneer's life; contributing largely towards building sturdy characters. Malecontents and deserters were unknown in this budding community. Industrial peace held sway—the fight between labor and management, so common today, was not even dreamt of. The homes of these sturdy pioneers were of the most primitive construction; unhewn-log houses to start with, followed by the hewn-log cabins. Frame dwellings, introduced by the saw mills, came a few years later. Many palatial residences now bespeak the opulence of Fryeburg.

The only thing that once seriously troubled the good citizens of Fryeburg was the Saco River. Its almost annual inundations of the farmsteads lying in the intervale, or flood-plain, so tried the patience of the tillers of the soil that, in 1817, a project was launched to alleviate this condition. The Fryeburg Canal was the result, thus proper drainage of the alluvial land was speedily effected. This was Fryeburg's initial step toward peace of mind and prosperity.

Fryeburg has produced, and entertained, many famous men and women. The captivating beauty of its environs seems to account for many a tourist's visit, and his subsequent desire to become a citizen. Gen. Frye's establishing himself here must have been actuated by his appreciation of beauty and quietude, and, undoubtedly, by his keen foresight of a great lumbering industry and plenteous crops. The great American statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, was drawn towards Fryeburg because of its magnificent distances. Webster became the Preceptor of Fryeburg Academy in 1802, succeeding Paul Langdon, its first Preceptor, during the period 1792-99. Capt. Vere Royce, a civil engineer, came to the Seven Lots in

1769, to help Gen. Frye survey his grant. East Royce Mountain and West Royce Mountain—the two craggy elevations so highly admired by tourists motoring through Evans' Notch, perpetuate his name. Evans' Notch bears the name of John Evans, a member of the "Rogers' Rangers." He was among the most noteworthy "old timers" who became fascinated with the soil and scenery of early Fryeburg. It may not be amiss to mention a few more celebrities of a later period who proffered their unfeigned eulogies respecting this northernmost jewel of the Land of the Little Dog. Kate Putnam Osgood, author of "Driving Home the Cows," lived in Fryeburg. Miss Osgood wrote this noble tribute to country life at the age of twenty-two. Her touching pastoral is a factual delineation of a homestead scene in her own home town, Fryeburg. Robert E. Peary, American explorer, and discoverer of the North Pole, made frequent trips to Fryeburg, both before and after his graduation from Bowdoin College in 1877. Two memorials commemorating his distinguished services to science are found in Fryeburg; namely, the "Meridian Finder"—two posts set by Rear Admiral Peary, himself, for checking surveying instruments. The "Range-Finder," an instrument with which to determine the location and distance of any one of the most prominent physical features of the landscape that come within the scope of vision, is located on the summit of Jockey Cap. Eastman Johnson, the famous painter, was born at Lovell, Maine, but he spent his youth at Fryeburg. "Milton Dictating to his Daughters" was his masterpiece. Douglas Volk, the artist, son of the noted sculptor, Leonard Volk, made Fryeburg his home for forty years. His portrait of Lincoln, the martyred President, painted in 1922, won international acclaim. William Dean Howells, the American novelist, editor, poet, and critic, gave a graphic outline of Fryeburg in his "A Modern

Instance." Charles E. Mulford's "Hopalong Cassidy" is known to every school-boy, and to most men up to the age of eighty. The creator of this "wild west hero" lives on Main Street. His mansion overlooks the intervalle and the distant mountains.

Col. John Stuart Barrows (1865-1943), author and editor, and one of Fryeburg's most beloved sons, spent his youth and declining years at the Barrows Mansion, near the "Silvery Saco"—the stream he immortalized in his "Fryeburg" (pub. in 1938). "A Son of Old Ironside," by the same author, was published in 1931. It was Col. Barrows who saved the American frigate "Constitution!" He was for many years the editor of the Boston Evening Transcript. Miss Anna Barrows, Col. Barrows' sister, equally distinguished in the field of literature, is, at the time of this writing, residing at the Barrows Mansion. Miss Barrows was formerly on the staff of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. She is the author of several books on home economics.

In this charming village—remember! John Greenleaf Whittier spent the summer of 1888. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the American poet, read an ode of his own composition at the "Paugus Day" celebration, on May 19, 1825, in commemoration of Lovewell's Fight. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Hon. James G. Blaine—these, and many others, have visited Fryeburg; all to raise their eloquent voices in common praise of its matchless grandeur!

With these few fragments of historic relics found amongst the hills of Oxford and York we come to the end of the Pequawket Trail. But there is still a vast territory of ancient Almuchicoitt in New Hampshire that needs to be at least partly outlined; sections of the towns of Conway, Hales Location, Bartlett, Albany, Livermore, Waterville, Sandwich, Tamworth,

Eaton, Madison, and Freedom. This part of Almuchi-coitt is, however, more rich in legends and scenery than in history. What legends! What scenery! Sources of great enjoyment to thousands of tourists and vacationists annually.

Starting from Fryeburg, we follow U. S. route No. 302, passing along the foot of Stark's Hill. For the first $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles we are on the Pennacook Trail—trail leaves highway about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile to the west of the railroad crossing, and the U. S. geological survey's "bench mark"—we shall go down the Pennacook Trail later. We stay on the modern highway for two, fairly good, reasons; namely, comfort and visibility, especially the latter. Several roads lead to Conway Lake from Center Conway. We shall have something pleasant to say about Conway Lake in a little while. When we cross the Saco, by the old covered bridge, a mile beyond Center Conway, we are leaving Almuchi-coitt, but will reenter it soon. We come upon the Waubick Trail a mile to the south of Redstone—half a mile to the east of the famous Mineral Spring at the foot of Pine Hill (el. 900 ft.) The Waubick Trail, as mentioned before, connected Fryeburg with Waubick (White Rock), and the following villages are situated on its course: Fryeburg, East Conway, Redstone, North Conway, Intervale, Lower Bartlett, Glen.

The landscape that presents itself shortly before our reaching the White Mountain Highway, northwest of Redstone, leaves us breathless! From this point of view the prospect is dominated by the South Moat and North Moat Mountains. The Saco, tortuously creeping along through the great intervalle, is hidden by the terraced elevation on our left. The famous White Horse Ledge captivates the eye before we enter the village of North Conway. The equally famous Echo Lake, with its emerald-green waters—caused by green algae, is a kettle pond, without any visible outlet,

nestles at the foot of White Horse Ledge. Echo Lake lies in the town of Conway; White Horse Ledge, in Hales Location. Cathedral Ledge, half a mile to the north, is another conspicuous landmark. Both ledges are in the State Forest, and within the White Mountain National Forest. Thompson Falls, in Hales Location, deserve special mention. Although not easily reached, except by foot, they richly repay any effort made to get to them. Not only is the water-display spectacular, but the fact, hitherto unknown, is that the micaceous ledges, over which the water falls, are highly radioactive!

Lucy Brook, with its numerous cascades, should not be missed. "Diana's Baths" deserve a visit. Innumerable pot-holes in Lucy's bed are noteworthy features of this mountain stream. Incidentally, a pot-hole is a pot-shaped cavity in a rock formed by gravel gyrated by an eddy.

North Moat Mountain (el. 3201 ft.), reached via Red Ridge, or the Moat Mountain Trail—by reason of its favorable position, presents to the person perched on its summit the greatest number of rugged mountain peaks rising above the base-leveled plain. This group is known as a *monadnock*. It represents the oldest rocks of the Appalachian system. Some of these peaks assume strange shapes; Mt. Chocorua (el. 3475 ft.), Stairs Mountain (el. 3423 ft.), Carter Dome (el. 4860 ft.), are outstanding examples. The Presidential Range is a group of mountains lying between Crawford Notch and the Androscoggin River. The naming of the different summits of this range was begun on July 31, 1820, when a party of eight men, with Ethan Allen Crawford as guide, climbed to a vantage point of the range. According to the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap, a certain Walter Neal was the first white man to explore the White Mountains; this exploration is supposed to have taken place in 1632, ten years before

Darby Field's ascent of Agiochook (Mt. Washington—el. 6288 ft.), the highest peak of the Northern Appalachians.

This part of Almuchicoitt is a paradise to the devotee of hiking and mountain climbing. Merely to name all the trails of the White Mountains of New Hampshire would require several pages of a book, and detailed descriptions of these foot-paths could easily produce a large volume. Only a few such trails can be outlined here, and that succinctly. Although the American aborigine excelled modern man as a trail-maker, we have, notwithstanding, some fairly well made manways. Only in one respect does a modern mountain path surpass its ancient predecessor—it strives to reach the most scenic spots along its route, disregarding all dangers! The Appalachian Trail, though not within the boundaries of Almuchicoitt, is so widely known that it can well serve as an example of what constitutes a typical mountain trail of today. Only a few detached portions of this trail between Crawford Notch and Carter Notch need be considered here. The part of the trail between Crawford Notch and the summit of Mt. Webster is in certain places both difficult and dangerous, especially so just below the top of the one thousand-foot precipice. The outlook toward the Willey House is awe-inspiring. Incidentally, in a glacial meadow a short distance to the north of Mt. Jackson, at an elevation of about 3900 ft., cloud berries (*Rubus chamaemorus*) grow. This section of the Appalachian Trail—between Crawford Notch and Mt. Clinton, is also known as the Webster Cliff Trail. And between Mt. Clinton and Mt. Washington, via Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Franklin, and Mt. Monroe, we walk the old Crawford Path, formerly a bridle path. Cairns and inscription signs mark the trail—snow, ice, and high winds make it very difficult to maintain these

trail markers, Sharp rocks, slippery ledges, and wet ground are a few of the difficulties encountered, varying in seriousness according to the weather. Between Mt. Washington and Gorham, N. H., two alternate routes of the Appalachian Trail are available; one via Mt. Jefferson (Gulfside Trail), Samuel Adams, Mt. Madison, (Pine Link); the other via Tuckerman Ravine, Pinkham Notch Camp, (Wildcat Ridge Trail), Wildcat Mountain, Carter Notch, Carter Dome, etc. This latter route offers a greater variety of spectacular outlooks than the other route. The only dangerous part of the trail is where the path leads over the precipitous "Head-wall" at the upper end of Tuckerman Ravine. In winter the accumulation of snow against this Head-wall transforms it into a "Snow Arch," beautiful, but treacherous! The terrain at this point is subjected to so many changes that a safe foot-path is made impossible. To build a trail, and then maintain it in a passable condition throughout Spring, Summer, and Autumn, is a formidable expenditure of time, labor, and money. The trail atop Wildcat Ridge is both solitary and wild, and the views from its outlooks are most impressive! The ascent and descent of Wildcat Mountain put the courage, strength, and endurance of a climber to a crucial test. A misstep, or the loosing of one's grasp on a root or rock might easily lead to a bruise or a sprain. But a resolute-hearted mountain climber does not anticipate any such mishaps—the old adage, "Always alert, never hurt," is his slogan! It may interest the mountain-trail enthusiast that the writer intends to publish, in the near future, a monograph—illustrated with Kodachromes, on the trails of the White Mountains. But now to return to the Land of the Little Dog.

Mt. Chocorua is not only the most impressive peak of the White Mountains, but it is also the most photo-

graphed mountain in America! As we have noted elsewhere, it was from the summit of this peak that Chief Chocorua delivered his "curse." Chocorua's Curse! Who does not remember the fateful words uttered by this great chief as he lay dying on top of Mt. Chocorua? That curse still lives! Those who dwell at the foot of the mountain know the potency of his curse! Mt. Chocorua seems to lay within the scope of your vision from almost every height in Almuchi-coitt—you cannot escape its stern visage! Let us climb to its summit and get its tidings. Several trails are available, but the most interesting one is the Piper Trail that ascends the eastern slope of the mountain. The climb is difficult, but not dangerous—a wrong step at one point close to the summit might lead to injury or instant death, but to a sound mind in a sound body no fear need be entertained. The mental and muscular efforts required to reach the top are very small as compared with the pleasure that climb creates, and its lingering memory! Near the foot of the steepest part of the trail, two shelters—Camp Pennacook and Camp Upweekis, are always open to weary and belated travelers. One interesting feature about the trail near these camps is the innumerable roots crossing it, giving one the impression of ascending or descending a series of stairs—a fatiguing process. The Nelson Crag Trail is similarly encumbered with step-like roots. The view one gets from the "table-top" summit of Mt. Chocorua is indeed sublime! An observatory once stood here—it was swept away by an angry wind. As our gaze roams over the surrounding country, we suddenly become fascinated by the strikingly beautiful "Smile of the Great Spirit"—Lake Winnepesaukee, beaming at us from the south! Rebuke not the sentimental soul who, when far from this delightful scene, is tempted to dream—

When slumbering trees awake to sigh
I lift my eyes unto the sky;
Where drifting clouds awake in me
A yearning for that inland sea.

Having regained our composure, we again permit our gaze to calmly sweep the panoramic view. Looking northward, what a bewildering array of ridges and saw-toothed summits here meets the wondering eye! Turning to the immediate foreground, we reverently contemplate the sky-blue waters of Chocorua Lake who for ages have mirrored the versatile moods of Mt. Chocorua!

Before we take to the Pennacook Trail, let us visit a few of the numerous landmarks seen from Mt. Chocorua. Bunker Hill (el. 940 ft.) on Bunker Hill Road, in the town of Tamworth is our first objective. Unlike its famous namesake on Charles River, Mass., it can boast of no historic battle—it bears no monument, yet, it is in itself a memorial. It points to the mansion of our late President Grover Cleveland (1837-1908) on the Cleveland Memorial Road. Mr. Cleveland, an ardent sportsman, was well acquainted with the lakes and streams of this storied land.

Surveying the country from a dominating height, although greatly inspiring, should not be regarded as the best method for establishing a lasting acquaintanceship with old Mother Earth. And what is the most practical way? As repeatedly pointed out, it consists of coming in close contact with the physical features of the country, and mingling with its people of the past and present. The numerous stone fences crisscrossing the meadows, fields, and hills, are actually the essential parts of the scenery—the family burying-ground, where many a loved one rests, is enclosed by field stones; so is the barn-yard, the orchard, the meadow, the pasture—enclosures laboriously made

from the stones removed from the tillable land. What physical strength; what perseverance went into the making of these "memorials" to the pioneers of farming!

Concerning our search for ideas, no field could be more salutarily lucrative than the unspoiled country. Here both scientists and laymen have an equally free access to the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. Taking a genuine interest in all three eventually leads to a comprehensive knowledge of our planet. To acquire sound knowledge and to find a suitable outlet for it, is this not the prime motive of life? Which came first, the soil, the plant, or the animal? Naturally, the rock which glacial action and erosion transformed into what is commonly called the soil had to come first; therefore, one's first attention ought to be about the basic rock. As frequently mentioned elsewhere in these pages, it is self-evident that the world's mineral wealth has to come from the earth's crust; the prospector being the first man to appear upon the scene. The old-time prospector, is however, almost extinct. Electronic devices have superseded "hunches" and the divining-rod. The modern prospector is a geophysicist, employing the most up to date electrical and electromagnetic methods. Nowadays aerial mapping of the region to be investigated is usually the preliminary step. Early seekers after valuable minerals had no such favorable backing. Let us continue to search the earth's surface for further information. In doing so, we must roam the countryside and climb the steeps!

The ancient Tamworth Iron Works, located at Chocorua village, on route No. 116, is of more than local interest. The bog iron ore was obtained from a bog near the village. These works are closely associated with the "spirit of 1776;" similarly, Cornelius Board's Iron Forge, on Sterling Lake, Orange County, New York. Both of these smelting establishments won re-

noun owing to their having been engaged in the construction of the huge iron chain that stretched across the Hudson River at West Point, thus to prevent the British fleet from attacking Albany. The chain was completed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. One report has it that some of the iron ore came from Red Brook, Ossipee.

Several internationally known writers have made their homes in this scenic region. Dr. Cornelius Weygandt of Philadelphia—the author of several books dealing with the White Mountains and adjacent regions, has a summer home at “Skinner’s Corner,” North Sandwich, just on the western boundary of Almuchicoitt. His “New Hampshire Neighbors” is one of the best books on this particular section of New Hampshire. The late Arthur T. Walden of Wonalancit—this place is named after Chief Wonalancit, the son of Chief Passaconaway, was another talented writer. Mr. Walden had been a cowboy, prospector, and dog-driver—a mail driver in Alaska. His Alaskan experiences were embodied in a book some years ago, and should be read by every man, woman, and child interested in real adventures. Mr. Walden accompanied Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd’s first expedition to Antarctica. Two other famous writers will be mentioned when we come to the Pennacook Trail.

Again, the scenery of northern Almuchicoitt! That this region has been given the name of the “Switzerland of America” is no overstatement—the comparison is countenanced by all who have seen the two countries. Looking northward from the south shore of Silver Lake, for instance, presents a landscape of exquisite beauty, unequaled anywhere. And with the songs of birds and falling waters filling the air, one’s tongue takes the liberty to quote Coleridge:

“Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!”

Throughout the Sandwich Range, in the White Mountain National Forest, peace and happiness contentedly dwell. And anyone enamoured with Mother Nature here feels safe, and, at home—even the most timid soul in civilized society feels brave upon confronting these Mountain Monarchs, notwithstanding their “uncultured” appearances—shaggily arrayed in garments of green, with bald pates deeply furrowed by the hand of Father Time!

In our inexorable attitude we maintain Aristotle’s maxim:

“Know the work of nature of which you are a part, and you will be yourself and know yourself without thought or effort. The things you see, you are.”

Coupled with this most worthy thought, we have that of Louis J. B. Agassiz’, which brings us still closer to a realization of life’s ultimate destiny:

“The study of nature is direct intercourse with the highest mind.”

The study of plants, the value of which has so often been stressed in these pages, is one of life’s most interesting subjects. Plants are such congenial “people.” They show no vanity, no conceit, no ill will toward their Creator, nor toward mankind—at times, during moments of despair, one is tempted to say that the plant, not man, is the paragon of creation! John Davy, the “father” of tree surgery, gave us this excellent advice:

“Go, tell your troubles to the trees.”

Plants probably have their own vexatious problems, and can, therefore, proffer their condolences to receptive individuals of the human race. Joyce Kilmer,

the poet, entertained a similarly deep confidence in the soul-healing virtue of plants; so beautifully expressed in his immortal poem, "Trees." Furthermore, John Muir, the naturalist, indirectly confirms the reality of this human-like behavior of plants when he writes:

"How little we know as yet of the life of plants—their hopes and fears, pains and enjoyment!"

The first known account about the flora of North America came from Rosier, historian of the Capt. John Weymouth expedition to New England in 1602. Marc Lescarbot, Samuel de Champlain's chronicler, gives us some valuable reports relative to the flora and fauna of 1604-06 of the coastal region of New England and New France. The outstanding writer on our flora was the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler (1742-1823), known for his versatility and neatness. He was the first man to botanize New England systematically, in accordance with the classification formulated by Linnaeus, the Swedish botanist. Cutler was also the first one to study the arctic plants of Mt. Washington; especially those of the "Alpine Gardens." About 12,000 species of plants were known in his day—today we are acquainted with more than 300,000 species! In spite of the fact that plants have to cope with numerous destructive forces, they still manage to survive, nay, to increase in number, thanks to horticulture and forestry! But our forests are now in jeopardy—their greatest enemies are the insects, such as the white pine blister rust, the spruce budform, the bronze birch borer, and the beech scale. Modern lumber-jacks with their power saws, bulldozers, and tractors are also greatly contributing toward decimating the forests. To feed the pulp and paper industry requires a tremendous amount of wood—it has become one of the major industrial enterprises in New England. Fortunately, state and national forest areas have been

reserved, thereby curtailing the impoverishment of our dwindling forests. John Muir was the first one to champion the cause of forest sanctuaries. Like all compassionate souls, he was deeply in love with every living plant! "To live and let live" is, however, a saying that is often preached but little practiced—this leads us to the problem of wild-life conservation. With more than 14,000,000 hunting, trapping, and fishing licenses issued each year, no wonder that all forms of wild life are gradually disappearing. And if it were not for our numerous fish hatcheries, fishing and hunting regulations, future generations would have no idea of what a fish, a bird, or an animal looked like! While on the subject of hunting, it may justly be said that most hunters are considerate creatures, but many are not—these latter need a reprimand! Here's an uncommon self-censure, coming from a man of sterling worth, who, for obvious reasons, wishes to remain unknown. Let his story be called, *Private Property and the Pilfered Pants*:

"Being a *fan* when it comes to gunning, I've always been among the first in the field when a hunting season opened. Until very recently, private property bearing 'no trespassing' signs gave me no concern—to blast holes through these signs with my shotgun gave vent to some of my pent up deviltry. But one day a practical joke of this nature backfired. Having discharged my gun at a certain 'keep off' sign, I was suddenly confronted by a vicious-looking dog. And I just as promptly directed my headlong flight toward a group of saplings. It goes without saying that I did my very best to outdistance the pursuing beast, but, alas! a root tripped me, and I was sent sprawling, with the dog upon me. He got a firm hold on the seat of my pants, and without any further ado, scampered away with my

precious pants in his possession. I now found myself in a sorry plight—pantaloon gone, and several miles from home! What if an acquaintance should see me in my present predicament? I looked about me in vain to find something that could take the place of my nether garment—even a gunny-bag or a barrel would have answered the purpose! In short, I eventually reached home, and that without having been seen by any curious eye. But on the following day, imagine my mortification, if you can, when, upon my answering the door bell, I came face to face with the owner of the dog who had so unceremoniously deprived me of my self-respect! In his hand he held my ‘pilfered’ pants—or what was left of them, and with a mischievous grin he gave them to me saying, ‘Napoleon brought these trousers up to my house last night—this envelope, carrying your name and address, was found in the back-pocket.’ And without any further comment, gracefully retired. Was my face red?”

The Swift River Highway that lies between Conway and Passaconaway, following Swift River through the Albany Intervale, is a favorite route to all tourists desirous of becoming intimately acquainted with the throbbing heart of this mountainous region. To the left and right of this highway, trails head for the various mountain peaks. What an enjoyment lies in store for the enthusiastic hiker who takes to any one of these delightful paths!

In speaking about “super” highways, the Bartlett-Passaconaway Road stands at the forefront of such thoroughfares. It is nine miles in length and has an excellent roadbed; three quarters of its entire distance following the route of an abandoned lumber railroad. To the motorist, this road is perfection itself—to the hiker it is an ideal starting point for many an excur-

sion into the wilderness where silence is king! Among the many mountain landmarks viewed from the Bartlett-Passaconaway Road, none are more conspicuous than the Bartlett Haystack (el. 2995 ft.)—it is seen from all three of the outlooks on the northern slope of Bear Mountain (el. 3230 ft.); and, from the outlooks on the western slope of this same mountain, Mt. Chocorua, with its pyramid-like peak, beckoning the adventure-bound traveler!

There is a certain path amongst these venerable mountains that has no known name—a meandering path, only a few hundred feet in length—now almost overgrown with lichens and mosses. This path ascends a gentle slope to the summit of a rise crowned by a weather-worn cottage embowered by an aged quaking aspen—its tremulous leaves bewailing the inconstancy of life. This scene reminds the writer of his birthplace in the Land of the Sky-tinted Waters—

'Tis the path that leads to the house on the hill
That I see with my tear-filled eyes tonight.

'Tis the path that makes my heart with rapture
thrill

For it takes me where mother's fire burns so
bright.

There is no place like home, search where you will,
No truer love than dear, old mother's.

There is a longing in my heart that I cannot still;
To walk that path once more—brothers, sisters,
Will you go along with me?

This northernmost section of Almuchicoitt has lately developed into an all-year recreation resort, with its center at Conway. This ideally situated village has everything to offer the tourist and the vacationist. Nothing has been left to chance. Everything, from comfortable accommodations in first class tourist cabins and hotels, to scores of wholesome entertainments—

horseback riding in summer; skiing in winter, lure the traveler. Above all, the incomparable scenery of the region is the greatest attraction. Conway, the "Pride of Almuchicoitt," nestled by Swift River, the Saco, and Pequawket Pond—the bard could have meant Conway when he exclaimed:

"Distance adds enchantment to the view!"

Yes, this distant view of the Crystal Hills enraptures the eye, enlightens the mind, enhances the soul—need anything more be said about Conway?

We are now ready to travel down the Pennacook Trail, leaving U. S. Interstate Highway No. 302, at a point a little more than a mile to the east of Center Conway, as previously intimated. Our first objective point is Conway Lake—one of Nature's "beauty spots," $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length. While gazing upon its waters, one becomes strangely aware of a mystic atmosphere—an atmosphere similar to the one brooding above Lough Leane (one of the Killarney Lakes of Ireland)! The mountains that stand in the background, peering into the waters, may have something to do with this illusion—evidently normal, not pathological. The Macgillycuddy's Reeks may be involved in the Irish phenomenon. Whatever the cause, the effect is inspiring, at least to the imagination. In any case, Conway Lake with its numerous small isles and skerries is an admirable body of water—ah, if we but knew the many legends of old enshrined in its embrace! To the bass fisherman, Conway Lake is a paradise! To the canoeist it is a wonderland!

While journeying down the trail, pondering the past, the question arises: Is there anything definitely known about the Pennacook Trail and its historic associations with Almuchicoitt? Like the Pequawket Trail, the origin of the Pennacook Trail is lost in the hoary past. However, a few fragmentary facts acquired



Conway Lake (looking west), Conway, New Hampshire



Mt. Chocorua, from Bartlett-Passaconaway Road, N. H.

during the course of an extensive research; as set forth in the following outline, may be considered fairly accurate.

Incursions into Almuchicoitt by the Mohawks were annual affairs prior to the advent of the English settlement at Plymouth. This feared and despised people of the Mohawk Valley were known to the Algonkins as "man-eaters." The word, Mohawk, according to Roger Williams, was derived from the word "moho" which signifies, "to eat." They were probably nicknamed "man-eaters" because of their rapaciousness! That the Mohawks made use of the Pennacook Trail on their pillaging expeditions is evidenced by the promptness with which they moved from village to village. They evidently entered the Land of the Little Dog from the west, probably through the Sandwich Notch.

Chief Passaconaway of the Pennacooks—the great "Bashaba," frequently traveled the Pennacook Trail; the last time on his journey northward to meet the Great Spirit on the summit of Agiochook, from which place he was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire! And what remained of Metacomet's disorganized army, in 1676, fled into the mountain fastnesses of Almuchicoitt, via the Pennacook Trail. This mountainous region offered a safe retreat to the harassed, this partly due to the strong alliance between the Pennacooks, the Almouchiquois, and the Anasagunticooks.

Along this very same arterial highway, Capt. John Lovewell of Dunstable, and his Rangers, marched to their rendezvous with defeat and death at Pequawket, on May 8, 1725. And after midnight on May the ninth, the survivors of Lovewell's Fight, led by Ensign Seth Wyman, marched down to the Lake Ossipee fort. Three of the twelve wounded survivors died by the way, and were buried somewhere along the trail. These three men were Lieut. Josiah Farwell of

Dunstable; Jonathan Frye, chaplain, of Andover; and Elias Barron of Groton.

The Pennacook Trail also played an important role in the lives of the pioneers and early settlers of the northwest section of Almuchicoitt. When the Pequawket country was opened to settlers in 1763, the trail became a lively thoroughfare—the western approach to General Frye's Grant. We are now mostly concerned with incidents dating from this latter period. The famous "Dark Day of May" (May 19, 1780), that hung like a pall over New England, was faced with the customary stoic calm by the pioneers of Almuchicoitt. Many superstitious people elsewhere, however, thought this phenomenon presaged the Millennium! It was, of course, due to natural causes, forest fires, etc. In 1815, the volcano Tombora (el. 9354 ft.)—it is situated on the island of Soembawa, near Java, went on the rampage, erupting some 40 cubic miles of volcanic material, some of which encircled the earth. "The year without a summer (1816)" followed. More than a year passed before this dense cloud of volcanic vapor and dust was dissipated. The starvation and its resultant misery put the people to a severe test, but the Yankees bore the calamity with their usual fortitude. We may surmise that the Spartans of Almuchicoitt uttered only a few whimpers!

Hiking is, as we have already found out, more than walking with some destination in view. He who can philosophize and theorize on anything and everything will find—in the words of Shakespeare, "books in running brooks; tongues in trees; sermons in stones, and good in everything." Men and women hikers should act like a group of boy scouts, girl scouts, and camp-fire girls—these youngsters exemplify life at its highest degree, finding vim and zest in everything they hear, smell, and see! One should, at the very out-

set, choose one's walking companions—the habitual *grouch* should stay at home. Business and domestic troubles should also be left behind. There should always be a few rays of sunshine in one's heart, even on the cloudiest day. The writer has frequently found the following ditty of help in dispelling a mental gloom:

Cheer up, my heart, be not so sad,
For better days will come along;
When heart is light the world looks glad,
And thoughts break out in song!

So far nothing has been said about what a hiker should wear on the trail, and in camp. This can usually be left to the hiker's discretion, but one thing needs to be emphasized, and that is footwear. Only comfortably fitting shoes with rubber heels and soles should be used. The less one wears the better it is—it must be borne in mind that a hiker is not on dress parade! What and when to eat? Foods that are nutritive as well as appetizing—eat often, but little at a time. When tired, rest!

As we reach the mouth of Willey Brook we stay our steps for a few minutes to ponder a historic note. The Conway-Eaton town boundary cross a spot where this stream, after flowing through Labrador Pond, empties its crystal clear waters into Conway Lake, and right here is a fitting place to unbosom ourselves of a few thoughts. On October 1st, 1765, Benning Wentworth, the governor of the province of New Hampshire, obtained a charter from King George the Third of England, on a piece of land six miles square. This tract received the name of Conway, honoring the English statesman, Henry Seymour Conway. Lest we forget, Carroll County was named after Charles Carroll, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The influx of settlers into the town got its impetus

from the example set by Gen. Frye of Fryeburg. The adjoining town of Eaton received its first settler in 1815. The name of this sturdy pioneer was Joseph Snow—he was born at Gorham Me., in 1791. He settled on a place that later became known as the Bryant Farm. Snowville and Snow Brook are named after him. Just to the south of Conway Lake, the Pennacook Trail skirts the foot of Atkinson Mountain (el. 960 ft., 523 ft. above the surface of the lake), and follows Snow Brook for about two miles. Crystal Lake, at Eaton Center, is one of the prettiest bodies of water in New England! It is perfectly named—its crystal-clear waters come from mountain springs unexcelled in purity! Two camps, one for boys, the other for girls, are situated on this lake—what splendid opportunities these lads and lassies have to develop into robust men and women!

Space must here be reserved for the most venerable lady in Eaton, Mrs. C. Drew, who, at the age of 96, is still young—here's really a wonderful example of what it means to have mastered the art of growing old gracefully!

Frank H. Simonds, the distinguished American author whose shrewd and imaginative forecasts won world acclaim, lived for several years in the town of Eaton. His spacious mansion is situated on the northern slope of Manson Hill, overlooking the village of Snowville, and Crystal Lake; the latter lying 663 feet below his study. One gets the best view of this locale from the summit of Foss Mountain (el. 1640 ft.).

The Pennacook Trail—between Eaton Center and Effingham Falls, lay along the present route No. 153, passing through a region that is far more scenic than that traversed by the Pequawket Trail. Furthermore, the atmosphere is more conducive to peace and contentment. For several miles after leaving Crystal Lake

we skirt the shores of a series of bodies of water—Hatch Pond, Long Pond, Purity Lake—what a country for the roving lover of Nature! At East Madison, on the shore of Purity Lake, a girls' camp attracts our attention. This is truly an idyllic spot!

On Dec. 17, 1852, the town of Madison came into existence—it was formed from a tract of land that originally belonged to Eaton. There are several, rather strange, formations in this town; known to glacial geologists as "kettle holes"—these are shaped like kettle ponds, but they contain no water. Some of these depressions are terraced which make them appear like Roman amphitheaters. Similarly formed kettle holes are also found in other glaciated regions. The famous "Madison Boulder," known to thousands of tourists, is an immense block of granite—the largest erratic east of the Rocky Mountains. It was probably transported from some cliff, miles distant, by glacial agencies. Madison is a "land of lakes and ponds," some of which are very beautiful—Silver Lake is the most striking example. Streams and bogs are also numerous; Forrest Brook, Pequawket Brook, and Deer River represent a few of the former, the latter include Cranberry Bog and Tyler Bog. Three ponds are known as Pea Porridge Ponds—what's in a name? Visit these ponds and determine for yourself their true identity. You'll be surprised!

The three lead-zinc mines in the town of Madison are of general interest. They were opened during the latter half of the past century. Several veins of lead (galena) and zinc (sphalerite) ores were profitably worked for several decades—the galena assayed 94 ounces to the ton, and carried silver in varying amounts. The discovery of a new deposit of zinc and lead, possibly in commercial value and volume, might induce an industrialist to resume operation. You will find the abandoned mines on the northern slope of

Jackman Ridge; a few hundred feet southwest of Cooks Pond, and about half a mile to the east of Silver Lake. Mineral collectors—petrographers especially, would profit by a visit to the old workings. Fragments of rocks, not native to this particular area, are scattered about in great profusion. This extensive distribution can be traced to the glacial periods when fields of slowly moving ice advanced toward the coast, breaking off pieces of rock from the ledges, and transporting them to distant regions. Linear markings, such as grooves, channels, and ridges—technically known as *striae*, that are found in quartz and granite ledges, were produced by these advancing ice fields. Hence, by means of these *striae*, any certain pebble or boulder (erratic), can, with a fair amount of patience and perseverance, be traced to its original site or position. The writer has traced a great many such exotic minerals to their “home-land.” By this method the following minerals, found in Madison, Tamworth, and Ossipee, were traced to Jackson, N. H., and its immediate vicinity: Apatite (calcium chloro-or fluorophosphate), Arsenopyrite (iron sulfarsenid) or mispickel, Epidote (aluminum calcium silicate), Bornite (copper-iron sulfid), Fluorite (calcium flourid), and Scorodite (hydrous ferric arsenate). Incidentally, Cassiterite, a tin oxide, was first discovered in the United States in 1841, at Jackson, N. H. The tin-bearing pegmatite dikes were in mica schist. The abandoned mine can still be seen on Tin Mountain (el. 2025 ft.) near the village of Jackson. Fibrolite, found in the towns of Hiram and Porter, Me., have similarly been traced to Mount Washington and Nelson Crag. Several other minerals with their histories could also be cited if space would permit it.

We have now another occasion to mention the town of Tamworth; this in connection with its early history. Tamworth was granted to Lieut. John Webster, and

others, on Oct. 14, 1766, in sixty-eight equal shares. Squatters had settled here years before this time, as was the case with practically all the other townships. A high-born gentleman by the name of Campbell deserves special mention. He was a friend of Chief Chocorua up to the time of the latter's tragic death, as related elsewhere. It was Campbell's family that the mad chief massacred upon his return from a visit to St. Francis de Sales, Canada. He became incensed over his son's death by poisoning. According to one version, it was Campbell himself who fired the fatal shot into Chief Chocorua! There is no known report of gold ever having been found in Tamworth, but another mineral, besides limonite or bog iron ore, has—and probably will again augment its fame. This mineral is called *novaculite*; an extremely fine-grained sedimentary siliceous rock used for hones. Gold is, however, found in the adjoining towns of Sandwich and Ossipee. Gold was discovered near Sandwich Center in 1877. Gold is reported to have been found in the Ossipee Mountains; in a vein of quartz near its contact with granite and gneiss. There is a strong reason for believing that the Ossipee Mountains will be the scene of the next gold rush!

But let us now return to the Pennacook Trail. We enter the town of Freedom about half a mile to the south of East Madison. Between this hamlet and Effingham Falls—the distance is about four miles, the trail (now route No. 153) lies embowered beneath a dense growth of evergreens and deciduous trees. Thus protected, we embrace the chance of indulging in a few savory reflections. Our feet are now coming in close contact with the friendly soil of Freedom. This town was incorporated on June 16, 1831, as North Effingham. At one certain point, less than a mile from the trail, and about three hundred feet above our heads, Mr. Corey Ford, the humorist and parodist—

known to millions of Americans, contemplates mankind from his aerie-like vantage point. Before him lies a grand panoramic view of the Ossipee Mountains and the Sandwich Range, with Ossipee Lake and the great, green intervale basking in sunshine and shadows. As we pass by an old apple orchard—now overgrown with weeds and blackberry bushes, a whimsical “poem” comes to mind, created far way, and long ago:

I’ve been kissed in the kitchen and the parlor;
Kissed in the shade of an old crab tree.
But the kiss I got in the blackberry patch,
Was the kiss that most tickled me.

Regaining our decorum, we resume our march down the Pennacook Trail. Below us, to our right, but not within sight, the waters of Dunforth Ponds silently glide into Broad Bay, thence into Leavitt Bay and Berry Bay—now commingling their murmuring with the crescendo of the Great Ossipee River at Effingham Falls!

As we have mentioned before, the Pennacook and Ossipee Trails become one at a point a short distance to the north of these falls. Having crossed the river, we again tread the soil of Effingham. This town first came into prominence on a certain day in June, 1749. The stateliness of the mountains of Effingham is proverbial. Whether seen from the plains of Porter, or from the bosom of Ossipee Lake, this group of mountains presents a lasting impression upon one’s memory!

If we wish to remain within the borders of Almuchi-coitt while continuing our march toward the Atlantic Ocean, we have several routes to choose from. We may start from Effingham Falls, or from a point on the Pennacook-Ossipee Trail, half a mile to the north of Red Brook. We prefer the latter, since it is our intention to take a side-trip to the outlet of Ossipee Lake—

the source of the Great Ossipee River. Again we stand upon the shore of Ossipee Lake, gazing wistfully toward the Ossipee Mountains! Before the coming of the railroad—when stage-coach travel was in flower, a ferry-service across the river at this place catered to the traveler. If it be your wish today to get to the opposite bank of the stream, you may do so, but by your own motive power and at your own risk—you may either swim or row across! Before we reluctantly return to the route that is destined to carry us away from this storied land of the Ossipees, let us present a historic note: "The existing town records of Ossipee began in December, 1790, at a town meeting held at the home of Capt. Jacob Brown." As affirmed earlier, a settler began to till his farm on the west shore of Ossipee Lake way back in 1720.

Let it be stated at the very outset that the route we have chosen to take us down to the coast is neither the most direct one nor is it the best. It is both tortuous and rough; but has the advantage over others in taking us to the most out-of-the-way places. Route No. 16, entered upon at Center Ossipee, is comparatively straight, wide, and comfortable; and is, supposedly, following the route of the ancient Pennacook Trail. For the sake of acquiring some acquaintance with the lower part of this trail and its historic associations, we'll cross the boundary between Almuchicoitt and the land of the Pennacooks at various places. Our immediate destination is Granite, via the hamlet of Pine River. The entire Pine River Valley is, as we have previously mentioned, of especial interest to the glacial geologist—to him this undulated terrain is an "open book," replete with wonders! Even the names of the ponds that lie in this secluded valley indicate the nature of the region—Lost Ponds, White Pond, Black Pond, Snake Pond; all encircled by verdant eskers.

Fascinating forms of aquatic life, both plant and animal, flourish in this particular area of the valley, lending an added interest to the land already so highly endowed with scenic beauty! We may now either return to Granite—the pleasantly located hamlet on the west slope of Pocket Mountain, or follow the Pennacook Trail to North Wakefield, thence to the source of Pine River at the northernmost extremity of Pine River Pond. We choose the latter course. Why is this body of water not called a “lake?” And why is Wilson Lake not a “pond?” The former covers an area several times that of the latter—a pond is supposed to be smaller than a lake! Be that as it may. Large or small, a body of still water is “Nature’s eye”—in it we behold our own reflections, as well as those of the earth and sky! At the rustic stone bridge—close to the remains of an ancient one, about a hundred yards to the north of the dam, Pine River makes its first wild leaps of liberty! Over the smiling waters of Pine River Pond by canoe is our next adventure. Here there is more than three miles of enjoyment, with numerous small islands and promontories to enhance the pleasure. At the upper end of the pond, a carry of half a mile takes us to Balch Pond, then a mile by water, next a carry of over a mile along foot-paths and wagon-roads to the north shore of Great East Lake. Launching our canoe, we strike out for the east shore of the lake. The view, looking eastward, is quite extensive; the most conspicuous height before us being Abbott Mountain (el. 1077 ft.) in the town of Shapleigh. Everywhere along the shores cottages meet the eye. This is bass water, hence a favorite place for the angler. At the upper end of the lake, a complicated arrangement of eskers jutting out into the water seemingly threatens further progress, but the straits are sufficiently wide and deep to permit passage. A carry of about a mile brings us

into Square Pond, thence, by a much shorter carry, we come to Mousam Lake, the source of Mousam River. The Acton-Shapleigh boundary runs through both bodies of water. The town of Acton, originally a part of Shapleigh, began settlement in the early part of 1772; and the town of Shapleigh, first called "Nabardstown," received its first settlers in the winter of 1772. The town was named after Nicholas Shapleigh of Kittery. An iron smeltery was erected at North Shapleigh in 1838. This small furnace was operated by "Hulse & Company." The fluxing agent used were clam shells (calcium carbonate), hauled from the beach at Wells. A great kame and kettle field is found above Goose Pond—several such fields, but much larger, are located to the north and east of Poverty Pond. A book could be written about these strange formations. But now we have to return to the Great East Lake, the source of Salmon Falls River. The first few hundred yards of this stream are the most interesting—a man-made canal carries the water for some distance to Horn Pond which lies thirty feet below the lake. The adjoining Canal Farm presents a rural scene of peace and plenty!

Before we make our next portage, let us climb to the summit of Oak Hill from which we may obtain a grand view of Lovell Lake, town of Wakefield, N. H. The scene has an especial appeal to us because it was on the west shore of this lake, near what is now the village of Sanbornville, that a historic event took place in the year 1725—an event that has saddened the heart of many an upright person. The incident can be sketched as follows: On August 19, 1706, when the General Court of Massachusetts instituted the Act that made scalping legal, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts became a "bloody hunting ground." A *bounty* of one hundred pounds (English money) for an Indian scalp, of any male above twelve years of age!!

Among those who were enthralled by this generous offer of award, was one Capt. John Lovewell of Dunstable, Mass.—yes, we have met him several times already. On a certain day in the month of March, 1725, Capt. Lovewell summoned forty of his fellow-adventurers to his side and forthwith plunged into the wilderness. Beside the Pennacook Trail, on the shore of Lovell Lake, the scalp-hunting expedition came upon ten sleeping Indians. No, the scalp hunters gave the natives no chance to fight for their lives—the unconscious men were first murdered, then scalped! The perpetrators of this crime then immediately returned to Dunstable with heir bloody trophies, for the covetous reward of one thousand pounds! At the close of two months of riotous living, another scalping party was organized; under the same command, but with a force of forty-six Massachusetts rangers, including a chaplain! When Capt. Lovewell and his men arrived at Ossipee Lake, they hastily erected a fort on the site of the previous one—burned in 1676, and, having garrisoned it with twelve men, the remaining thirty-four, constituting the fighting strength of the party, marched up the Pennacook Trail, bound for Pequawket, as mentioned previously in this book. Sobered and subdued by the facts of these historic incidents, we return to our canoe on the Great East Lake.

Having brought our canoe over the carry to Horn Pond, near the foot of the rapids, we briskly paddle our way toward the southeast shore of the pond, beaching our craft near the bridge spanning Salmon Falls River, and at the crossing of State Highway No. 109. From this point our canoe goes by car to Salmon Falls, while we have to trudge along toward the same destination by foot-paths and rutty roads. The way down to Milton Mills is a rather lonely one. Being unfrequented, it appeals to the nature-lover. Moreover, its

quietude invites reflection. While sauntering along, let's dwell a moment on a few fascinating features closely associated with the town of Acton. A silver vein was once worked in this town—in fact, a large fortune was expended upon the development of the deposit, but, unfortunately, the yield did not warrant a continued operation. A somewhat similar vein of silver ore had been mined at West Newfield. Why this latter working was discontinued is more or less of a mystery, as the tailings indicate a rich mineralization. Peat, a substance of partially carbonized vegetable material that represents the first stage in the coal series, is one of Acton's potential industries. To retain moisture and fertilizing material in a sandy soil, what is more important than peat? If so, why import peat from foreign lands when it can be obtained from your own backyard? With this relevant remark aimed at the wise, we nonchalantly await an answer, but none forthcoming, we turn our attention upon a certain constricted passage in the river where the rapid and turbulent waters display their power and fury. We now envision a bronzed figure—a Newichawanock—perhaps Capt. Sunday himself, perched on a projecting rock above the rapids, wielding a long-handled spear. It is spring-time. Salmon are ascending to their favorite spawning beds in Great East Lake.

While sojourning in the valley of Salmon Falls River, a glance at a few early events occurring hereabouts may be considered pertinent. First, what made the Almouchiquois—the people of the Land of the Little Dog, call their territory Almuchicoitt? For years this name intrigued the inquisitive mind of the present writer. As every serious student of the North American Indian knows, each tribe of a nation had an assigned jurisdiction, clearly defined by natural boundaries. It was Col. John Stuart Barrows of Fryeburg who gave the writer the incentive to ascertain the

origin of the name *Almouchicoitt*. The writer's first step was to locate the natural boundaries circumscribing the lands of the various tribes concerned, this done, he drew a line along the circumference of the area over which the Almouchiquoian tribe exercised its authority, and, behold, this particular territory assumed the rough outline of a dog! *Valeat quantum valere potest*. The main "dividing-lines" between Almuchicoitt and the land of the Pennacooks consisted, as we have stated elsewhere, of three important streams; namely, the Piscataqua—the broad waterway between Kittery and the mouth of the Cocheco; Salmon Falls River, and Pine River (Nechewanick). These streams, remember, were no barriers—the Almouchiquois had friendly neighbors; the Anasagunticooks to the north and east of the Saco; the Pennacooks to the west. All friendly united by the Pennacook Confederation—the capital of this strong confederacy was situated at Amoskeeg ("twisted place"), the modern Manchester, N. H. This Indian confederation collapsed following the great attack on Dover N. H., in 1689, by the Pennacooks. This attacking force had been organized and was led by Chief Kancamagus, the nephew of Chief Wonalancet. Incidentally, sachems and sagamores could issue "licenses," permitting members of other tribes to hunt, fish, and trap on their property; also to traverse it, but they had no right to sell any land, since all land was held as *common property*—this ancient, sacred law of the red men was mercilessly violated by the Indians themselves upon their having become conscious of the fact that nothing could save them from extinction!

From the charming, little village of Milton Mills, we proceed down the valley, east of the border, hence in the state of Maine. Northeast Pond, an expansion of Salmon Falls River, is about five miles in length, and we catch a glimpse of its northernmost shore above

Lebanon. Upon our entering the town of Lebanon—its Indian name was *Towwoh*, we naturally think about the classical Lebanon, the mountain range of Syria. Lebanon was granted to settlers by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1733. Those who christened the town must have been in love with the religious significance of the name, inasmuch as all the hamlets bear the name of Lebanon—North Lebanon, East Lebanon, West Lebanon! Our course lies through West Lebanon and South Lebanon. Each and every one of the six Lebanons are charming places and well deserve a wide publicity.

We enter the town of Berwick about a mile to the east of East Rochester, N. H. Berwick (Newichawanock) was settled some time between 1623 and 1630, by a company of more than 60 men and 22 women, under the guidance of Capt. Walter Neal or Neale. The town owes much of its fame to the fact that "Master" John Sullivan lived there. And who was he? A tough Irishman from Saorstát Éireann, who, in 1740, became the father of a son; the famous Gen. John Sullivan of the American Revolution, later a governor of New Hampshire. His other son, James Sullivan (1744-1808), a distinguished author and statesman, was mentioned earlier in this work. The town of North Berwick was settled about 1630. The writer's first acquaintance with this town was made a few years ago while bicycling along some abandoned roads to the west of Bauneg Beg (el. 840 ft.), the highest point in North Berwick. He got lost when one of the roads came to a dead end, and he had to force his way through a trackless wilderness, finally emerging from the woods near the village of North Berwick. The site of the historic Indian village on Bauneg Beg Pond was visited at that time. The valuable "Morrill Collection of Indian Artifacts" came from this village site. Great Works River, flowing into Salmon Falls

River below the village of South Berwick, comes from Bauneg Beg Pond.

To reach our next destination, South Berwick, we take to route No. 108, at the village of Berwick in the town of Berwick—Maine seems to have run short of names! South Berwick, originally a part of Kittery, was early known as the "Parish of Unity." The town was settled in 1623; Humphrey Chadbourne being among the first settlers. The town's chief interest to us lies in the fact that it produced the great writer, Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909), author of such fascinating books as "Deephaven," "Country of the Pointed Firs," "Country By-Ways," "A Country Doctor," and other, equally important, writings. Today many a laurel has been won on the field of literature by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Some of her best known works are, "Dunnybrook," "As the Earth Turn," "Neighbor to the Sky." History informs us that Capt. John Mason, the grantee of New Hampshire—he gave the state its name, introduced a breed of "yellow cattle" from the country of Denmark, grazing them in the luscious meadows of Piscataqua Valley. In his letter of May, 1634, Capt. Mason mentions his cows and goats at his "Newichawannock House" in South Berwick. Incidentally, the Indian name, "Newichawannock" is often mentioned in the early history of this region. The name represents a sub-tribe living along the Salmon Falls River. The writer has been asked to *trace* these "yellow cattle." The only answer that can be given is this: By 1676, all these "yellow cattle" had been destroyed!

When we come down to our canoe below Salmon Falls, our adventurous spirit is aglow with expectations. The day is a beautiful one; sun shining brightly, and the waters calm. We are now navigating an ancient thoroughfare, abounding with adventure and romance. As our canoe comes to the confluence of the

Cocheco and the Piscataqua, our uppermost thoughts are concerned with our first and greatest naval hero, John Paul Jones (1747-1792), the "father" of the United States Navy—the coves and creeks of the Piscataqua were the trysts for his craft. His ship, the "Ranger," was built at the Kittery yards in 1777. In 1778, this vessel, with her skipper and crew—chiefly Kittery men, headed for foreign ports and adventure galore! On our left we have the meadows of Eliot—this town, originally a part of Kittery, was settled in 1623. The most conspicuous thing about Eliot, from our point of view, is Frosts Hill (el. 315 ft.), highest point in the town. In the far background, Mt. Agamenticus, in York County, looks down upon us—this is our first view of the mountain that has played so many parts in history and legend. We shall have more to say about it later. We are now approaching the town of Kittery (Quamphegon), settled in 1623, incorporated in 1647 as "Piscataqua Plantation"—the first town to be incorporated in Maine. Kittery is replete with historic events, and its landmarks too numerous to be even outlined; only the most outstanding ones can be mentioned here. Fort McClary, near Kittery Point, is the first one to attract our attention. The original fortification, occupying the site of the present structure, was erected in 1690. This fort was not intended to act as a defense against the Indians; merely as an "intimidation" directed toward the government of New Hampshire for its exacting "unreasonable duties" upon the merchants of Massachusetts. Incidentally, New Hampshire was organized as a distinct royal province in 1689, a year prior to the building of the fort at Kittery, upon the expulsion of Gov. Andros. It did not, however, become an entirely separate colony until 1741—it remained a royal province until 1776. As we are about to disembark at Kittery, another pertinent thought arises: The famous

“Kearsarge” who fought so gallantly in the Civil War was also constructed at Kittery. Other naval heroes, besides the Scottish-American naval commander John Paul Jones, who honored fair Kittery by their visits, we must not fail to mention Commodore Stephen Decatur, and Admiral David Glasgow Farragut. The latter passing into immortality at Kittery, in 1870.

The “Pepperell House,” was built in 1682, the home of the first William Pepperell, father of the baronet, Sir William Pepperell who commanded the English expeditionary force to Nova Scotia in 1745. This ancient building reminds the visitor of the pomp and circumstance of the Pepperell household—all this ostentatious display was swept away by the Confiscation Act of 1778.

While musing on the inconstancy of life, in the cemetery of the First Congregational Church, we suddenly come to a pause before the grave of Celia (Laigton) Thaxter (1835-1894), the poetess, and one of America’s most distinguished writers. To what should we assign such a preeminence? Obviously, to an acute sensibility, a vivid imagination, and a mastery over words. Her book, “Among the Isles of Shoals,” for instance, evinces a profound knowledge of natural history; enchantingly, yet, authoritatively, told! As the reader undoubtedly knows, the Isles of Shoals, situated about nine miles from the mainland, lie within the towns of Kittery and Rye—the latter in the state of New Hampshire. Appledore Island, in Kittery, is the largest one in this group, embracing some four hundred acres. The ancient cairn on the summit of Appledore still holds a mystery—when, and by whom, was it erected? It has been surmised that Capt. John Smith erected it in 1614. The writer submits his opinion that this cairn is the work of Norsemen, and, furthermore, that they left a runic stone on its summit. Christopher Leavitt visited the Isles Of Shoals in

1623, as he himself mentioned in his published book. In 1645, three brothers, John, Richard, and Robert Cutts settled on Appledore. The name of Samuel Haley deserves an honorable mention—he was “a man of industry, honor, and honesty,” the records assert. He died on Appledore in 1813, at the age of 84; deeply lamented by the Shoalers. Descendants of all these worthy pioneers are met with almost everywhere on the mainland. To anybody interested in the United States Life-saving Service—organized in 1871, it may be regarded as noteworthy the fact that the coast guard beach patrol station at the Isles of Shoals was discontinued in 1946. The radio, hydroplanes, and faster boats have taken the place of stations situated miles off the coast.

The shortest and swiftest way to reach our final destination, Biddeford Pool, is via the Maine Turnpike—a helicopter might be better. But, why hurry? We want to loiter and learn, hence let us patronize the conveyance most handy, be it only an ox-drawn cart, a nag, or a bicycle. Our most dependable form of locomotion is, however, a pair of sturdy legs! One of the most celebrated towns in the United States is situated in the Land of the Little Dog. Its name is York—we have had the honor and the pleasure to mention it several times before. York was settled in 1624; named “Georgiana,” in 1630, by Sir Ferdinando Gorges. In 1652, the Massachusetts Bay Colony christened the town York, named after Yorkshire, England. The “Old Gaol” at York Village was built in 1653, and is the oldest public building in the United States. It is now a museum; its valuable collections of objects of art, etc., dating back to early colonial days, are truly noteworthy. Not only is York Village the first chartered village in North America, but it served as the seat of government of the District of Maine

from 1716 to 1735. An important village of the Almouchiquois—"Agamenticus," once stood on the east bank of York River, at York Village. The last lodge disappeared before the advancing tide of the whites in 1624. Artifacts unearthed here, as elsewhere in the town of York, confirm the fact that not only was this region densely populated prior to 1616, but its inhabitants could boast of a fairly high culture. Mt. Agamenticus, situated $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles—as the crow flies, to the north of York Corner, is, in fact, the most notable height in North America, at least in one particular respect, as a "sacrificial place!" This mountain won its fame upon the death of St. Aspinquid in c. 1678, when a great hunting feast attended the funeral on the summit. His grave, marked by an inscribed tablet, could be seen until about the year 1720. St. Aspinquid was an Indian sage that had been converted to Christianity in 1628. More than five thousand offerings to this sainted sage have been made at his grave on the summit of Mt. Agamenticus! For forty years he had preached the glad tidings of salvation through the atoning death of Jesus Christ among the countrymen of his race! As we stand on the summit of Mt. Agamenticus today, viewing the landscape, we may behold, if we so desire, a most inspiring panorama—at night, our sentiment would concur with that of the Polish astronomer, Copernicus:

"To look up at the sky, and behold the wonderful works of God, must make a man bow his head and heart in silence."

The physical features of the towns of Kittery and York are, in certain respects, quite different from those of the other towns of the Maine "peneplain." The former present a "choppy" appearance; the latter resemble the swells of the sea following a storm!

Kittery and York have an intricate arrangement of meadows and marshes, interspersed with ponds and numerous streams—in the fragrant meadows herds of contented cattle graze—in the marshes, after dusk, invisible beings noiselessly glide along through groves of elder and over the heads of marigolds, carrying friar's-lanterns. These mysterious "knights" of the marsh and the night breathe methane, the deadly marsh-gas! Dear reader, don't become alarmed—no one will ever stay long enough in any one marsh to succumb to its sinister spell. Among the ponds of York, Chases Pond, lying between Mt. Agamenticus and Cape Neddick, is the largest and most conspicuous. The streams of the town are significant—Cider Hill Creek, Smelt Brook, Josias River, Cape Neddick River, York River; the latter canoeable along its entire length. Looking seaward from the coast of York, one descries, on any clear day, a tiny isle resting on the broad bosom of the sea, some six nautical miles from Cape Neddick, the nearest point of land—this is Boon Island, a lonely outpost, the scene of several shipwrecks, therefore looked upon with awe by sea-faring men. But when the sun has set, and twilight is deepening, the lighthouse on Boon Island begins sending forth its friendly beams of light to guide the mariner sailing by! Almost everywhere along the coast there is to be found a spot where a nature lover feels at home, where he or she enjoys to work, rest, or dream. Long Beach, lying between Lobster Cove and Dover Bluff, is a paradise to the person who likes the surf—to tussle with the breaking billows, or bask on the sun-kissed sands!

Ogunquit—an Algonkian name, signifying "a beautiful place by the sea," needs no introduction. It is a watering place known to thousands who admire the beautiful in nature and in art. Ogunquit Beach, and Wells Beach—both directly breasting the billows of

the Atlantic, are known as ideal spots to all vacationists enjoying the seashore.

The town of Wells, formerly embracing Kennebunk, was settled by people from Exeter, N. H., about the year 1640. The town was named after a borough in Somersetshire, England. At the outbreak of King Philip's War (1675), the good citizens of Wells were most rudely disturbed by the arrow and the tomahawk; thenceforth, until 1758, the people of Wells and the neighboring towns lived in a state of constant dread of new uprisings. The grassy ponds, salt and fresh marshes of this coastal region were the refuges resorted to by friends and foes alike. Today there are no wild Indians in Wells. But we have their counterparts in reckless motorists who constantly menace the safety of their civilized brethren! We are in great need of reformers. Dear reader, will you become one? If so, your first duty will be to reform yourself—drive carefully—don't throw waste-paper, empty bottles, and other rubbish along our highways and byways! We thank you!

When we have crossed Branch River, we are in the town of Kennebunk—it was settled about 1640, as we have previously noted. Beneath the shady limbs of the stately elms of the village of Kennebunk we proudly march, casting a regretful eye upon Mousan River—it is navigable to canoes for many a mile! Should alewives interest you, a trip to Alewives Pond, via West Kennebunk, would tickle your palate. Kennebunk River is another navigable stream—canoeable between Lyman and the sea. It forms the natural boundary between the towns of Kennebunk and Kennebunkport. Kennebunkport was settled by Richard Vines in 1629. Our first thought upon entering the town is about the village of Kennebunkport, situated on the banks of Kennebunk River and near the sea. Several of our

distinguished writers have had their homes at Kennebunkport: Kenneth L. Roberts, Booth Tarkington (1869-1945), Margaret Wade Deland (1857-1945)—at “Greywood,” John T. Trowbridge (1827-1916)—opposite “Spouting Rock.” If you haven’t already read Trowbridge’s “Darius Green and His Flying Machine,” do so at your first opportunity! Besides Kennebunkport, there are Kennebunk Beach, Cape Porpoise, and Goose Rocks Beach—all delightful places. There is also an interesting group of islands just off the coast that attract those who are in search of charming seascapes. Here, as elsewhere, legend and history intrigue the sentimental and the venturous spirits!

From Fortune Rock, town of Biddeford, we behold a touching view of our destination, Biddeford Pool—the beginning and the end of our enjoyable pilgrimage to the “shrines” of Almuchicoitt. Again we stand on the southernmost point of Fletcher Neck, at Biddeford Pool, gazing seaward. Before us lie centuries of events—all enhanced by sounds, forming one grand opera of life!

Vedi Almuchicoitt, e poi muori !

PART TWO

1

HISTORIC SIDELIGHTS

THE BLACKSMITH OF RAMSELL CITY

The year is 1783. The war clouds of the American Revolution have just been dispersed, supposedly by a mere gesture of the Infinite, thus bringing to completion another "cycle of events." Among the thousands who had retired from the fields of battle to resume their pre-war pursuits, there were many who failed to find the peace and contentment they had anticipated. In their failure to rehabilitate themselves, they finally became the derelicts of society; drifting down the stream of time; banished from the friendly hearth by some unjust decree of circumstance. And such was the social status of Capt. Abner Dow, alias Abram Day—he will henceforth be known as "Abe," erstwhile patriot, and now the hero of our tale.

On one of the tributaries of the Great Ossipee, a few miles above its juncture with the Saco, there nestled a peaceful hamlet, known locally as "Ramsell City." Its beginning dates from the time of the first dwelling erected by the Ramsells in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Abe had chosen this secluded location for several good reasons; first, it was off the much-traveled Ossipee Trail; second, the region

abounded in fish and game; third, a deposit of iron ore lay in the vicinity. This latter reason alone must have sufficed to climax his decision about making this place his permanent home, as he was a blacksmith by trade, besides possessing a practical knowledge of smelting iron ores. For the first few years, Abe must have keenly felt the anguish attendant upon ostracism. But being a man of imagination and action, there would be little time to brood over past events. His working hours were assiduously devoted to honest, character-building exertions. His greatness naturally lay in his humility. Above everything else, he was a free man in a free country!

In his daily occupations of tilling and cultivating, digging for iron ore in a nearby bog, and, blacksmithing, Abe was constantly being reminded of the supreme importance of coming in close contact with old Mother Earth—only to those who observe closely does she reveal her secrets. The soil, as most of us know, is this world's greatest laboratory—in the composition of the soil lies the secret of plant growth. He who knows the nutritive, medicinal, and textile properties of plants is far greater, though he may be but a humble farmer, than the most vain-glorious potentate who knows nothing about plants! Again, he who possesses the ability to transform such a homely thing as bog iron into articles that are both useful and decorative, is he not worthy of our respect? Abe belonged in these two categories. It is in the capacity of a "miner" that we now first consider him. Let us lift our eyes toward the hills that overlook Ramsell City; toward the iron-stained ledges that disintegrate before our very eyes. This is the ultimate source of our bog iron ore. Our going into technicalities here in order to make the subject-matter more intelligible should not be construed as pedantry. The liberated iron is in the

form of an insoluble ferric oxide (sesquioxide of iron), often appearing as an oil-like iridescent scum on the surface of the water. Upon its coming in contact with the decaying organic matter—sedges, bullrushes, pond weeds, peat mosses, etc., of the bog, the ferric oxide is changed into the soluble ferrous oxide. No sooner has this been accomplished than certain *iron bacteria* come to its rescue, transforming it back to the insoluble state, thence, indirectly, into limonite or bog iron ore. These same bacteria may even give rise to vast deposits of ferrous carbonate, (siderite) commonly called clay iron-stone. It weathers to limonite. Incidentally, the first bog iron ore and clay iron-stone deposits in New England to be worked commercially were at Hammersmith (now, Saugus), Massachusetts. The blast furnace was established in 1643; and a large furnace, the "Katahdin," in Piscataquis County, Maine, was built in 1845. Abe's smeltry was not a furnace, but a so-called "bloomery," which means a place where iron ore is reduced into a "bloom" or liquidated lump of iron by means of a forge hearth.

An ore-producing bog yields a deposit ranging in thickness from a few inches to two feet every twenty years—three tons of bog iron ore yield about one ton of metal.

Abe had to transport his ore a distance of about one mile—he carried it in baskets. He later conveyed the ore from the bog to his bloomery in a hand-car. Arriving at his smeltry, Abe had to put the ore through the following laborious process: First, pulverize the ore; second, mix it in proper proportion with charcoal (reducing agent) and limestone (fluxing agent); third, place this mixture in forge, to which air blast was delivered by hand bellows. Result: The molten iron (wrought-iron) collected on the bottom of the forge hearth—the vitreous scoria or slag floating on top.

The color of the slag is an important factor. If slag is pale yellow, everything is favorable; green indicates oxide of iron and lack of lime; streaks of blue, protoxide of iron—a deficiency of fuel or an excess of blast; dark-colored, heavy slag indicates a deficiency of fuel or careless working of forge. Specimens of slag that represent these four conditions have been found on the site of Abe's bloomery, thus giving us an insight into the problems he had to contend with. Although the methods employed in smelting the ore were by necessity rather primitive, the outcome was, nevertheless, fairly satisfactory. From Abe's smithy came such articles as flatirons, sledge hammers, hammers, tongs, spears, hinges, nails, which he bartered for food and wearing apparel.

Abe's career centered around his smithy. Like all blacksmiths, he was somewhat of a philosopher—he was versed in the vagaries and wisdom of the little world he lived in. Here all the wits and nitwits of the countryside would congregate to indulge in fiery polemics, these Abe would skillfully dissipate with witty and pithy remarks, punctuating them with mighty blows upon the anvil!

Samuel Ramsell (1766-1848) and his good wife Elizabeth (1770-1847) were undoubtedly the first Ramsells to settle at what was later to be known as Ramsell City. Who came first, Sam or Abe, is problematical. Be this as it may, one thing is quite certain, the Ramsells were the most influential, if not the most prolific, amongst the families of the hamlet, which automatically designated the place name. If we are to believe the inscriptions on the tomb-stones in the local burying-ground, infant mortality was high, few outliving their childhood days!

On his frequent walks o'er the hills and dales of the immediate neighborhood of Ramsell City, Abe's keen-

ness of observation must have taken note of the numerous natural geological formations that gave such a picturesque relief to the landscape. Glacial geology was then unknown, and geology proper was still in its infancy, judging by the progress made in these two branches of science during the last few decades. In our day how different! A new world of wonders is dawning on man's intellect, and that simply by his taking cognizance of what were until quite recently looked upon as "trivialities," and unworthy of serious thought. The two-mile long esker or "horseback" that extends from the mouth of Johnson's Brook—this point is a few hundred feet below the old mill dam, to a place just opposite Day Hill (formerly called Wescott Hill, also Wescott Mtn.) that overlooks the headwaters of Little River, is of great interest to any keen student of nature. This natural formation has, however, hitherto received no attention from the glacial geologist. This neglect may partly be accounted for by the isolated location of the esker concerned. Incidentally, this esker represents a "short cut" taken by the glacial waters rushing down the Ossipee Valley to reach the Central Valley—the latter drained by Little River, lying directly to the south.

This region was formerly an ideal ground to the hunter and the trapper. Among the early settlers who followed these pursuits, we note that George Kezar of Parsonsfield was the first one. He came from Canterbury, N. H., about 1772. Those who moved in later include, James Holmes, John Hodgdon, John Gilpatrick, Joshua Chadbourne, John Pendexter, Huff, and others. All were Abe's contemporaries, and frequent visitors to his smithy. Here they must have unbosomed many a tall tale—deeds of daring! George Kezar's last encounter with a wounded bear belongs in this category. This particular incident took place on Elisha Wad-

leigh's farm which was situated between Long Pond and West (Mudgett) Pond. The reader who wishes to check up on this may experience a considerable difficulty in locating the site of Kezar's tussle with the bear, however, yet, it is to be found somewhere on the lowland near Mudgett's Hill. Once discovered, the stage is set, and with the aid of a few facts—coupled with a lively imagination, the "actual" fight is enacted before his very eyes—we fix our gaze upon a meadow lying close to the shore of West Pond. The first frosts of Indian Summer have tinted and seared the leaves of the alder and the willow, now fluttering downward with many a melancholic rustle. Our attention is drawn to a motionless, dusky form huddled up close to a rock lying amongst the tall weeds that skirt the border of the meadow—a black bear—wounded—see the bloodstained, trampled grass! Presently we see Kezar step into the scene. Cautiously he approaches the recumbent beast. If the animal were dead, he ran no risk, if, however, the bear played possum, he faced a great danger, as the hunter's only weapon was a hatchet. As soon as he comes within striking distance, the bear discards its pretense of feigning death—a savage growl puts the hunter on his guard. The fight that ensued ultimately ended in victory for Kezar, but to his grave he carried the scars of a badly mangled right arm.

One of Abe's intimate friends was Thomas C. Randall, Esq., the "Eaton Poet." Abe was too poor to sink any of his hard-earned money in mining speculations, but he evinced a deep interest in Randall's venture, occasionally visiting his mine back of Kezar Falls. Wandering over the countryside, Abe would often come upon a vein-outcrop indicating mineralization. These surface signs usually pointed to such interesting minerals as magnetic iron ore, arseno-

pyrite or mispickel, iron pyrite, marcasite (white iron pyrite), malachite (carbonate of copper), graphite, etc. Prospecting was to Abe more of a hobby than a vocation, although he was undoubtedly aware of the fact that to explore or examine a district for minerals is the *basis* of the mining industry.

Once grievously wronged by a fellow-mortal, Abe had gradually become taciturn, and at times, morose. He felt, as others have felt, that he could not confide his troubles to anybody. To have done so would have lead only to idle gossip, which is the parent of that ugly imp known as rumor! Being constantly occupied offered the only relief. At his anvil in his own smithy he forged his ideas, tempering them in silence, employing them later as weapons of assuagement, not of retaliation. There were also moments of sublime serenity, especially before the blazing hearth at the close of an arduous day—pleasant dreams of his childhood and early youth. No, he had no fire-side of his own—he once enjoyed that privilege, but that was before he enlisted in the Continental army; then happily married, now a divorce. Compensation lay in the quietude of Ramsell's home across the road from his smithy. Furthermore, there were children in Ramsell City—innocent beings endued with contagious mirth. In such a merry company sadness feels out of place. And what a joy he got out of those leisurely walks along the country lanes, across flowery meadows, through fragrantly scented woods; accompanied by agile feet and inquiring tongues!

Wedgewood Brook, which has its rise in Spruce Pond, stays its haste when it arrives at the millpond in Ramsell City. But there is no sound reason why the brook should tarry there today. In Abe's day, however, the stream was a very welcomed visitor—it was immediately harnessed to a sawmill and a gristmill, the

former situated just below the mill-dam, the latter, about a hundred feet lower down. Among the few labor-saving devices used by the early settlers, none were more picturesque and endearing than the saw and grist mills that adorned our streams. The chief features distinguishing one type of a mill from that of another was the water-wheel. Three types were in general use; namely, the *overshot*, the *undershot*, and the *breast* wheels. The overshot and the breast wheels had a series of buckets on their circumferences; the former was actuated by water shooting over from above, and was often of enormous size; the latter was rotated by water falling horizontally to its axis—its buckets were so arranged as to cause the wheel to revolve backward instead of forward as in the overshot wheel. The undershot wheel had a series of vanes or paddles, not buckets, on its circumference, and moved forward by water passing underneath. The *sash* or *gate* sawmills were the ones in use before the introduction of the circular saw. The saw blade was moved in a vertical direction by means of a crank and shaft. The sound produced by one of these “up and down” saws has been likened to a man’s lusty snoring!

And as for the gristmills, well, their millstones were usually cut from the nearest and most convenient granite ledge. Few of the early settlers could afford to buy the commercially-made ones. The operation of preparing a millstone—it is also called the “buhr,” or “buhr-stone,” by hand-tools alone, was one of arduous toil. A gristmill consists of two such buhrs, placed horizontally, one above the other, of which only one, the “runner,” revolves. The grinding surfaces of both disks are furrowed, thus expediting the grinding action. The grain to be pulverized enter through the center of the upper stone, thence passes into the grooves or furrows which distribute the grain over the

grinding surfaces. The ground grain is eventually discharged at the periphery. Both mills at Ramsell City were driven by breast wheels. The first sawyers were Ramsell & Son; the miller at the gristmill was David Morrell.

The charcoal Abe used in his smeltry was manufactured at the kiln which stood close to his establishment. Limestone was obtained from a deposit at the foot of Day Hill, about a mile to the northwest of Hosac Pond, in the town of Cornish. He also made use of crushed oyster and clam shells, as fluxing agents. Tanning and soap-boiling were thriving industries in Ramsell City, the citizens of which depended almost entirely upon the natural resources of the countryside for their raw material. The agent most generally used in tanning is *tannin*; this is a soluble vegetable extract, obtained from such substances as oak bark, hemlock bark, sumac, alum, beech bark. A detergent, pearlash or potash, that is widely used both in tanning and in making soap, was obtained by lixiviating the ashes of various woods and plants. From the foregoing it appears clear that unemployment was not a civic problem. Only the aged and the sick, and those addicted to laziness and intoxicants, could afford to recline upon the couch of idleness.

Saturday or Sunday was a day of rest in Ramsell City. To some the chapel had the strongest appeal; others sought spiritual consolation in the old family Bible at their own homes. The Bible was a treasured article in most homes—in it the family records of births, marriages, and deaths were preserved; to which the genealogist often refers for information not found elsewhere.

Notwithstanding the people's frugality and temperance, illness was a frequent guest in Ramsell City. Erruptive contagious febrile diseases such as measles,

chickenpox, smallpox, scarlet fever were highly virulent, resulting in numerous fatalities. What cause could be assigned for this lamentable condition? Lack of sanitation, vitaminic deficiency, wrong food combinations? Assuredly not insufficient medications—this can be proved by grandmother's "pharmacy" which consisted of roots, herbs, mints of every conceivable variety. These were cultivated or picked in their wild habitat for the express purpose of preventing diseases, or banishing them from the flesh of mankind. Out of this vegetal life, grandma steeped, brewed, or distilled all her carminatives, stomachicals, purgatives, laxatives, and astringents. She concocted salves, ointments, poultices, and beverages galore! Modern advancement in physiological therapeutics has been more marked, but we have far to go before all our "unnecessary" ills have been eliminated! In combating and destroying insects that prey upon plants, man has made a better showing—our relentless war against the insect world has been intensified instead of abated. Modern insect-warfare had its counterpart in Ramsell City. The making of insecticides was entrusted to Abe. One such stand-by preparation was a soap wash, composed of concentrated potash lye, fish-oil, and water. Abe's versatile genius found expression in numerous undertakings. In fact, anything that came within reach of his observation was "pounced" upon with alacrity—whether it involved the construction of a cradle or a casket!

Agriculture was, as previously intimated, the mainstay of Ramsell City. Rye, wheat, barley, corn, flax, potatoes, carrots, beets, cabbage squash turnip, pumpkin, beans, peas, rhubarb, millet, clovers, timothy grass, vetch—these were among the major grain and vegetable products. The "herb-garden" was, of course, an indispensable appendage to every well-conducted

farm. Dairy cows, beef cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry were also inseparables. The cereal grasses cultivated for their seed was an important industry. Thrashing or separating the grain from the ear was done by hand. The instrument used was known as the flail. This implement consisted of a wooden bar (swingle) tied to a handle. Hand-looms were found in almost every household—the homespun was still in popular use. This was the age of the spinning-wheel, used for spinning yarn or thread. These fibrous materials were obtained from wool and flax—the use of flax fiber for linen is as ancient as civilization itself. Yes, the Common Flax was cultivated for its fiber and seed. In short, the people of Ramsell City were self-supporting!

What were the transportation facilities in those “good, old days?” When anybody wanted to move from place to place “swiftly,” the horse was put in requisition. A man mounted on a spirited steed could make a trip to Portland in *one day*, and, if sober, return to Ramsell City before dusk on the following day! Freighting was done with oxen until about the year 1831, thenceforward teams of horses were employed. Walking was man’s favorite method of locomotion—a pair of strong legs was a godsend!

The sawmill in Ramsell City—as well as those of other places, was engaged in the manufacture of not only lumber and shingles, but also of hogshead shooks and hoops which were shipped to the West Indies. They returned as hogsheads filled with Jamaica rum!

Ramsell City was most certainly not a “dead city” in its heyday, notwithstanding its annual decimation by epidemics. Those who survived these periodic scourges were, evidently, destined to arrive at a ripe, old age. Amusements, such as dancing beneath the hayloft, husking bees, drinking applejack, sleigh-riding in the moonlight, and bundling were in vogue. Hunting bee

trees often proved both exciting and remunerative—when Nimrod's honey was accompanied by stings the person who got stung furnished the amusement! Raccoon hunting was a favorite sport—to men and hounds! Deer hunting was, however, more popular, but not so hazardous as coon hunting.

Thus life moved onward towards its destined goal at Ramsell City. Days lapsed into years. One day Abe became conscious of the fact that he was growing old. His steps had lost their former sprightliness. His eyes no longer discerned the demarcation of objects nearby. Sounds, once so acutely perceived, now fell dead upon his listless ear—

“Thou know'st 'tis common! all that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity.”

Yes, Abe had suddenly become old. On his forthcoming birthday he would be one-hundred-and-four-years! Time to leave this earthly scene. But first he had to make a confession.

Abe spent the last days of his life at the home of one of his friends on Towls Hill. He now wished to lighten his conscience respecting a few personal events that warped his life prior to his coming to Ramsell City. While serving in the Continental army, he one day went home on a furlough, and soon discovered that another man had alienated his wife's affections during his absence. He promptly sought retribution, not in accordance with law, but in conformity to what his incensed emotions told him was justice. And he forthwith played the parts commonly assigned to a jury, a judge, and an executioner! His military record shows that he was court-martialed and discharged from the army—we next meet him as the “Blacksmith of Ramsell City.”

And so Abe died, and was buried amongst the weeds by the wayside, about one mile below the village of Cornish, with only a field stone to mark his grave. No,

he was not permitted to rest in any "consecrated" ground!

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear.

—*Goldsmith.*

2

FATHER RASLE OF NARANTSOUAK

The incentive that prompted the writer to pen the following sketch can be attributed to the late Father Delaney of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle, N. Y. From his study at No. 106 Centre Avenue, the present writer often saw the venerable figure of Father Delaney walking amongst the stately trees in the garden of his church. The scene, for some reason or other, inspired the tribute of praise to Father Sebastien Rasle.

As everybody knows, the purest water is generally found at the fountain-head of a stream; likewise, the most trustworthy account of an event is at its original source—reference is here made to material used in this work, such as letters and manuscripts that have not undergone translation and revision. Father Rasle's chirography is the best guide to his character. Although his name is familiar to most people, his status in the missionary field has often been distorted by men of passion and prejudice, evidently designed to discredit the clergy.

The scene that rises before us, standing on the summit of what is now known as Sunset Hill, is one of winning beauty. It depicts a sylvan landscape reposing beneath the effulgence of a mellow moon. The eye discerns but one single break in the illimitable forest—a glade-like opening, and here stands the Indian village of Narantsouak; its dusky feet laved by the swirling waters of the Kenabeek, "The Serpent." Within the precincts of Narantsouak a man of destiny dwells. And

who is this singular personage? This illustrious figure is none other than the Jesuit missionary, Father Sebastien Rasle; variously spelled Rasle, Ralle, Rasles, Rallen, etc. One of the greatest missionaries sent by France to the New World.

Father Rasle was born on January 4, 1657, at Pontarlier, France; a village picturesquely situated at the foot of the Jura Mountains. How often he must have lifted his eyes unto the towering Alps! Here, at the Jesuit College, he entered upon a two years' study of philosophy and classics; his novitiate dating from 1675. This was the character-building period of his life—youth, when both mind and body are plastic, and easily molded into any desired shape. From 1677 to 1684, he was an instructor at Carpentras and Nimes; and in 1688, having completed his studies in theology at Lyons, was ordained to the priesthood. In 1689, at the age of 32, he volunteered for the Canadian mission. He undoubtedly knew what lay in store for him. Many missionaries before him had recorded their various experiences in the missionary fields of North and South America, enduring every privation known to mankind. Notwithstanding this austere outlook, he anticipated with pleasure his entering the service of the Lord. Father Rasle writes: "It was on the 23rd of July, in the year of 1689, that I set sail from La Rochelle, and, after a fairly prosperous voyage of three months, I arrived at Quebec on the 12th of October in the same year."

Father Rasle served his missionary apprenticeship in 1689-91, at St. Francis de Sales, which lay opposite the St. Lawrence River from Trois Rivieres, assiduously devoting his time to become conversant with the languages and dialects of the Abenaki, the Huron, the Ottawa, and the Illinois tribes.

In the latter part of 1691, Father Rasle was called

from his studies at the mission by the Superior, to take charge of the Illinois mission. An assignment that called for, not only a sound spirituality and an acuteness of mind, but also an extraordinary degree of physical strength and endurance as the journey was both dangerous and difficult. The route to the country of the Illinois was through the northern section of the Laurentians, via the Ottawa River and the Mattawa River, Lake Nipissing, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, Lake Oshkosh, Wisconsin River, Mississippi, and the Illinois River — not to mention the many other smaller streams, lakes, and the numerous portages that encumbered the course of the journeyers. Indian guides accompanied Father Rasle on this hazardous journey. The only delay en route occurred at the Island of Mackinac, and this was caused by the inclemency of the wintry weather. Resuming his journey in the spring of 1692, Father Rasle finally reached the Illinois mission at Kachkachkia or Kaskasia. Kaskasia, once the capital of the state of Illinois, has been completely destroyed by the lateral erosion of the Illinois River.

Father Rasle's stay among the Illinois came to a close in 1693, upon his being recalled to Quebec, to be sent to the Abenaki mission at Narantsouak on the Kennebec. He returned by the same route. For his account of the customs and beliefs of the Illinois and the Ottawas, the reader is respectfully referred to the Jesuit Relations of that particular period.

Here's a pertinent digression. To anybody who has become enamored by the natural beauty of the Great Lakes region, especially the provinces of Quebec and Ontario traversed by the Ottawa River and its tributaries—to anybody who has walked in the very footsteps of the early missionaries and voyageurs; Jacques Marquette, Louis Hennepin, Sebastien Rasle, Samuel de Champlain, Pierre la Verendrye, and numer-

ous others, to that person this territory is most fascinating. The scenery is most grand at North Bay and Mattawa. At the latter place the work of erosion in the Ottawa is superb! Ages before the coming of man to this planet of ours, Mother Earth had gone through a long series of ordeals; her heaving bosom first tilting the basins of the Great Lakes so as to discharge their waters southward into the Mississippi, then, after ages of repose, another convulsion when these same bodies of water would empty themselves northward into the Ottawa. Later, another such upheaval sent the waters into the Hudson River. Niagara River, as well as the St. Lawrence from its source, Lake Ontario, to the Lachine Rapids, are, according to the geological time-table, recent creations!

Father Rasle's trek to Narantsouak started from Quebec by canoe across the St. Lawrence, thence by canoe and portages up Riviere Chaudiere to Lake Megantic, and from the latter by another series of carries, and by canoe, via ponds and brooks, into the great Kennebec. Incidentally, this route was the one followed by Gen. Benedict Arnold and his men on their toilsome march to Quebec in 1775. A more important land-and-water route, however, was the one lying farther to the east—beyond ancient, glacial Lake Attean; namely, where the Penobscot and the Portage Lakes, together with Riviere du Loup, served as the connecting links between the headwaters of both the Kennebec and the Penobscot with the Chaudiere and the St. Lawrence. A route frequented by the aborigines from time immemorial, and by hunters, trappers, traders, and missionaries during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Lieut. John Montessor followed this route in 1761.

It was in the autumn of 1693 that Father Rasle arrived at the Indian village of Narantsouak on the Kennebec, succeeding Father Bigot who had been in

charge of the mission since 1688. The first missionary to the Narantsouaks was Father Gabriel Druillettes of the Jesuit mission at Sillery, near Quebec. He had established himself at Narantsouak in 1646 upon the insistence of Abenaki converts, to minister to the spiritual needs of their people. This service Father Druillettes faithfully fulfilled, retiring from the mission in 1657. During the period 1657-1688 too great demands upon the order from other quarters made it impossible to work the mission persistently. Only occasionally could a missionary be sent to visit Narantsouak.

Father Rasle's coming to Narantsouak was unanimously hailed by the natives as a genuine godsend. Here was a man that possessed courage, endurance, compassion, and, above all, *prudence*. These attributes were highly respected by the American Indian. He was generally regarded as providentially sent to pilot the policy of the mission safely through the intrigues of politics and foreign creeds!

The year is 1698. The scene is the same touched upon at the initial stage of this narrative. While enraptured with the solemnity of the setting, the soft notes of a bell abruptly break the silence. The sound comes from the nearby chapel—recently erected by the good missionary and his converts, summoning the devout to meditation and to prayer. The entire population of the place is soon astir; all directing their steps toward the house of worship. Father Rasle will have something of special interest to announce at the close of this morning's Mass—the news of the death of Count Louis de Baude Frontenac (1621-1698), French administrator; Governor of Canada. This doleful dispatch bore at least one hopeful aspect—Frontenac's banning of the publication of the "Relations," in 1672, would presently be revoked.

As previously intimated, Father Rasle had several

serious problems to contend with, and that from the very outset of his missionary work at Narantsouak. An insidious foe in the form of the local juggler or soothsayer—among the Algonquins such a person was known as the “Pilotois” or “Ostemoy,” was the most destructive. Centuries of craftiness were embodied in the works of this soothsayer. Notwithstanding his machinations, the mission flourished—Father Rasle’s advice always prevailed at the village Councils.

The first crucial period occurred at this time (1698-99), when grave suspicions of complicity fell upon the French missions of Narantsouak, Panawaniske, and Medoktek; situated on the Kennebec, Penobscot, and St. John respectively. Thomas Campbell explains how a man usually extricates himself from such a quandary:

“In all cases of misfortune the first consolation to which human nature resorts, is, right or wrong, to find somebody to blame, and an evil seems to be half cured when it is traced to an object of indignation.”

To the English, Father Rasle was the “object of indignation.” And although harmony prevailed amongst the villagers of Narantsouak, discord was dominant in the outside world, and its encroachment upon the defenceless mission was imminent. In spite of this impending danger, Father Rasle’s behavior did not manifest any apprehensiveness—he imperturbably performed his various offices; catechising the young converts, teaching them to know the Pater, the Ave Maria, and the Credo by heart; counselling their seniors against immorality, jealousy, vindictiveness, and hypocrisy—he knew that if these failings were permitted to develop into obsessions they would eventually make ghouls out of men and women!

In 1703, English forces visited Narantsouak, but found only abandoned lodges.

In 1705, Col. Winthrop Hilton, at the head of 220 men—Dr. William Douglass' report, others give the force as 250 English and 20 Indians swooped down upon Narantsouak, anticipating a rich booty, but, alas! their quarry was nowhere in sight. Evidently, an Abenaki scout had informed the villagers about the designed attack, thus enabling Father Rasle and his converts to escape into the friendly embrace of the forest. Frustrated, yet, revengeful, the soldiers fired the lodges and the chapel—first removing the little chapel bell, then retired from the scene of their atrocity. Being winter, all marched on snow-shoes, traversing The Plains toward what is now Waterville.

The sorrow and dismay that smote Father Rasle upon his return to the charred remains of his mission can more easily be imagined than described. Is retaliation in any form permissible, No! The Indians were generally regarded among the whites as being two stages below human beings; namely, noxious animals, and in accordance with this corrupt standard they were treated as such.

Another winter expedition against the Narantsouaks was undertaken in the early part of the winter of 1710, by Col. Walton and his force of 170 men. This attack brought death to many of the inhabitants of the Indian village, including Chief Arruhawikabemt. That the colonial troops were justified in carrying out these "punitive" attacks is questionable. Most of the atrocities committed by Indians during the Colonial Period were instigated by French and English madmen, using the natives as tools for furthering their selfish interests!

Soon after this wanton destruction, the chapel was rebuilt—by English carpenters. Concerning their workmanship, Father Rasle says: "It is ill built, because the English don't work well." A stockade, 160 feet square, nine feet high, and having four gates, was

constructed at the same time. The chapel stood twenty paces from the east gate.

In the spring of 1713, a summons was issued to the effect that one or several representatives from each of the various New England tribes betake themselves down to Portsmouth to attend a treaty, formulated by the English. Many chiefs and chieftains were present at this meeting—several came from Almuchicoitt. The Indians were listened to with the customarily cold courtesy of indifference. The red men had, of course, little or no opportunity to express any opinion about how a “lasting peace” could be accomplished. Nevertheless, a “nominal peace” was signed before the meeting was adjourned.

An eight-years’ postponement of enmity now ensued, permitting Father Rasle to devote a part of his time to literary pursuits. His famous dictionary of the Abenaki language was in preparation during this interval. Definitions were in French and Latin. His longhand gives us the key to his character. The original manuscript is now in the Harvard University library. Incidentally, Father Joseph Chaumont’s grammar of the Huron language invites a favorable comparison.

Apart from his spiritual and literary vocations, Father Rasle had to wrest a livelihood from the soil; a task that naturally called for an indefatigable industry. In this work he was not found wanting. Contiguous to the little village—just outside the stockaded enclosure, were several fields of corn which our good missionary industriously worked—he considered corn to be his chief article of diet. Maize or Indian corn—the Abenaki word for corn is *Skamounar*, is a 100 per cent American plant; the aborigines having cultivated it from time immemorial. In fact, its cultivation began on the plateaus of Peru, South America, of Guatemala and southern Mexico—even on the plateaus of New Mexico, over a thousand years before the Christian

era. The wild type corn was developed from the cereal grass *Teosinte*.

Father Rasle was a versatile man. Crocheting was one of his many hobbies. The finished products of this delicate work were used to adorn his chapel. Having a receptive mind, he was always on the alert for sensible ideas. He learned many things from the Indians with whom he came in daily contact. For instance, they taught him how to obtain wax from the waxmyrtle or bayberry (*Myrica asplenifolia*). The method was a very simple one. By boiling the berries in water it causes the wax to rise on the surface—to make candles, simply skim off the wax then pour it into moulds. The primitive way was to dip a wick into the wax floating on the surface of the hot water, dipping repeatedly until the candle had reached the desired thickness. Father Rasle made many such candles for his chapel. He was wholeheartedly in accord with any project that served to promote the interests of his beloved mission—to its welfare he had consecrated his very life!

Twice a year, winter and summer, Father Rasle accompanied his flock to the seashore, where they occupied themselves with hunting and fishing. Being a man of God's great-out-of-doors, hence thoroughly acquainted with hardships of every kind, he entered with gusto into every wholesome undertaking demanded by circumstances. These efforts fostered his genius and enhanced his fame. Everything in nature seems to speak in terms of force. To survive, man must conform to nature's law. Government is also based on force—to make people like it is statesmanship! Father Rasle was a competent organizer—to develop this quality one must come in contact with life, starting with primary things, such as manning the canoe with agility, draw the bow, wield the spear, know the ways of plants and animals. To Father Rasle all these efforts were ennobling, inasmuch as they represented man's essential

struggle for existence. Moreover, he did not permit himself to become enslaved by them, as many of his time and generation did, and still do—his spiritual eyes were constantly fixed upon heaven!

Four years of fomentations pass by. Another “pow wow” with the Abenakis was in order. This time the conference was held at Georgetown, on Arrowsick (Arrowseag) Island, near the mouth of the Kennebec. The memorable event marked its opening on the 9th day of August, 1717, by an oath administered by Judge Samuel Sewall—he believed that the Abenakis were the “ten lost tribes of Israel.” Col. Samuel Shute, Governor of Massachusetts, was the principal speaker. The gist of his harangue was that he, the Governor, deeply desired to see all the Indians renounce their allegiance to Louis XV, and to embrace the “great, good, and wise King George I.” Furthermore, he adjured them to abandon Catholicism, and to adopt Puritanism, since the latter was *the only true religion*. On the following day, Wiwurna, the chief of the Narantsouaks, spoke before the assembly. But being constantly interrupted by Gov. Shute, the speech became a dialog. It was not the custom among the Indians to be interrupted during a discourse. Chief Wiwurna’s address was stately and imposing, whereas Gov. Shute’s was satiated with platitudes. Father Rasle also spoke, expressing himself in Latin. This “treaty,” like all its predecessors, turned out to be a fiasco!

On July 13, 1720, the General Court of Massachusetts issued the following proclamation:

“Resolved that a premium of one hundred pounds be allowed and paid out of the public treasury to any person that shall apprehend said Jesuit (Father

Rasle) within any part of the Province, and bring him to Boston and render him to justice."

In 1721, another "scalping fever" broke out in New England. Known to historians as the Fourth Indian War (1721-26). In December of that first year of unrest, a force, under Col. Westbrook, destroyed the mission at Narantsouak. The main object of this attack was to capture Father Rasle, but he and his faithful converts evaded their machination by escaping into the friendly forest. Col. Westbrook's loot consisted of Father Rasle's manuscript of his Abenaki dictionary.

Soon, again, Narantsouak rose from the ashes. The chapel was rebuilt, but not the stockade. Only a resolute-hearted man like Father Rasle could have confronted all these disasters and still remain loyal to his faith, and a champion of the policy of the French. How like the knight of romance who, with a sword in his hand and his back to a mountain wall, uttered the fearless challenge:

"Come one! Come all! This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I."

Father Rasle's courage was greater still—his only weapon was a saving faith! In all his letters to his brother and nephew in France, as well as those addressed to Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, there is to be found no sign of his having compromised with his ideals—no relaxing of his ardent and active interests in his ecclesiastical duties. About the English who coveted his scalp, he wrote:

"I shall be only too happy if I become their victim, and if God deem me worthy to be loaded with irons, and to shed my blood for the salvation of my dear Savages."

The word "Savage" was not used in contempt—it was a term of endearment.

The war was now in full swing. No further overtures were submitted to Father Rasle. Unconditional surrender to the English was the decree. But he remained irreconcilable. *Finem respice*. We enter the little chapel. Before us stands a venerable figure; a representative of unselfish devotion to his fellowmen. Christ-like in his attitude toward children, the humble, and the persecuted; ready at any moment to take up the cudgels. Before us stand, also, a group of some forty young Indian converts in their classics and surplices. A few of them are servers on the altar of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Others chant the divine offices and sing hymns at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. They are serenely happy, and as yet unconcerned about the future. They entertain an entire confidence in their Father.

On August 8, 1724, 208 men, in four companies, under Captains Moulton, Brown, Harmon, and Lieut. Bean, set out from Fort Richmond, in seventeen whale boats, bound for Narantsouak. Arriving at Taconic Falls, they beached their boats, leaving them in charge of a lieutenant and 40 men; the remaining 168 men and their officers, guided by three Mohawks, resumed their journey on foot through the dark forest. It was in the early morning of August the 23rd that the soldiers opened their attack on the unprotected village. A volley of shots fired into the lodges brought out the entire population. No mercy was shown to any one of them. Although Capt. Jeremial Moulton, the officer in command, had given orders not to kill Father Rasle, an impetuous lieutenant (Benjamin Jacques) forgot orders, and shot him; split his skull open, then scalped him. This massacre brought the blood-thirsty soldiers 26 scalps. Bomazeen, a famous warrior and chieftain of the Narantsouaks, was among those slain. Twenty-

four Indians escaped. 150, including men, women, and children also escaped injury as they were absent from the village at the time. Having spent several days in gloating over the ruins of the village, the perpetrators departed, bringing with them Father Rasle's "strong-box"—now at the Maine Historical Society. The chapel bell is also here. The ruffians brought the 26 bloody scalps to Boston, where their nefarious deed was vociferously acclaimed by the rabble. Father Rasle's scalp was immediately auctioned off "as a very precious trophy of the victory"—so the historian of that dark period unblushingly recorded the event!

In 1833, a granite shaft, eleven feet high—it bears a Latin inscription, placed on a base five feet in height, surmounted by an iron cross, was erected by Bishop Fenwick of Boston, on the site of Father Rasle's chapel at Indian Old Point, Narantsouak—the place is now known as Norridgewock.

Thus, briefly, I have traced, in bold outline, Father Rasle's journey through life; from his cradle at Pontarlier, to his death at Narantsouak where he exchanged his scalp for a martyr's imperishable crown!

It is the truth alone we wish to know, and what joy there is in discovering it.

—*Scheele.*

3

THE OLD COACHMAN'S STORY

Above the distant hills of Flint's Town, rose-tinted dawn; clad in an aery, gossamery raiment, mounts majestically, stepping upon the verduous crowns of the forest. And carried to our ear, on the wings of a gentle breeze, an infant's crying, commingling with its mother's lullaby:

"Sweet baby, sleep! What ails my dear?
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby,
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep!"

The voices come from a settler's cabin in a clearing that overlooks the Ossipee Valley. We recognize them as belonging to Deborah, the good wife of Obediah Gerrish, and their infant, Peleg. The time is Summer, 1823.

Obediah Gerrish, the owner of this woodland farm, had, in 1820, come from the historic village of York, in York County, Maine. The land, prior to his coming, had been a part of Capt. Charles Lee Wadsworth's 500-acre tract, and was at that time densely wooded.

Curiously enough, the name "Peleg" frequently occurred in the old families of Hiram. The writer has been reliably informed that Gen. Peleg Wadsworth—the grandfather of the poet Longfellow, had previously offered a *reward* to any parents christening their sons "Peleg." Therefore, upon his having been told about

the new arrival in the Gerrish family, the old General promptly sent his award—a live sheep, to the justly proud parents of little Peleg (Peleg Wadsworth Gerrish).

Peleg developed early into a robust lad, and, in the course of time, matured into a man of great physical strength and stamina; with a keen mind radiating good humor and wit. In this man there existed the potential of an ideal stage-coach driver. About the year 1843, opportunity knocked at Peleg's gate.

A business organization in the village of Saco had just then launched a new industrial project that called for a comparatively large number of workers, not readily obtained locally, hence the firm was compelled to call on distant communities—even Oxford County was canvassed. All were interested, and many agreed to contribute help, provided the concern would facilitate transportation. Their desire was promptly complied with, and presently a regular stage-coach service was established between Saco and the village of Porter, with intermediate stations. Peleg met all requirements, and was duly appointed to drive the stage-coach.

The chief attribute that gave such a romance to stage-coach travel was its dramatic action. Every man, woman, child, and dog within reach of the town crier's voice would be wide awake the moment the coach's approach was announced. Why, even the horses and cattle of the immediate neighborhood joined the welcoming committee! There is no such enthusiastic appeal about a modern taxi and its offensive noise and odor. A coach and four suddenly breaking the monotony of a quiet scene—this was considered a real tonic for jaded nerves! Thrilling the onlooker was one thing; furnishing excitement for the passengers themselves was quite another, especially when the vehicle went careening around a sharp turn, or plung-

ing over undulations—the Porter-Saco road had many such bends and inequalities.

The coach that Peleg drove may be reconstructed as follows: It was a four-wheeled carriage with an enclosed body of one compartment made of wood and sole leather, swung on thorough-braces; that is, the body was suspended by many thick leather straps attached to enormous springs and high axles. This coach seated from six to nine passengers. The outside seat in front was for the driver. One or two teams of high-spirited horses furnished the motive power. In winter, when deep snow-drifts made wheeled vehicles impracticable, coach-bodies or “boobies” set on runners were used.

Here’s an outline of Peleg’s route—it is as correct as it was possible to make it with the meager information available: Suppose we start from the village of Porter. The way is along Interstate route No. 25, via Kezar Falls, Cornish—route No. 117 a few miles south of this village, Limington, South Limington, North Hollis, Bar Mills—route No. 112 between this latter village, via Salmon Falls, and Saco. And now an insight into the scenic and romantic beauty—and thrills—of the territory traversed.

The passengers having climbed into Peleg’s coach at Porter, bound for Saco, the driver set the vehicle in motion with one grand flourish of his whip—the whip (regulation size) was twelve feet and five inches in length. Down the old Ossipee Trail the coach went rumbling along; its occupants soothed to repose by the rhythmic gait of the prancing steeds. There were moments when the horses went through all the various foot movements, from a leisurely walk to a fast trot. Below the trail, on the right, there arose the intermittent murmur of the Great Ossipee; its voice mingling agreeably with the hoofbeats of the horses.

It was still dark—the passengers had encoached before daybreak, yet, the gloom of their confined space was dispersed somewhat by the light from an array of fitful stars entering the coach windows.

Reaching Kezar Falls, the coach went thundering over the covered bridge—it was replaced by a concrete bridge some years ago. Onward, through a virgin forest of hemlock and pine; the road paralleled on its right by the ancient river-bed; on its left, far below, lay the “modern” course of the Great Ossipee. At Edgerly’s watering trough, Peleg refreshed his horses. His passengers were not fully awake, but would be presently!

Having forded Wedgewood Brook—most of the small streams and shallow rivers were forded in the early days, Peleg’s passengers began to realize what the thrills accompanying stage-coach travel meant. They had just been tossed about by a rocky fording-place. By now they were thoroughly awake, and, although having already had a rather rough experience, it did not deter them from looking forward toward a more exciting experience. Reaching the rise above the brook, the passengers beheld with joy the fast-approaching dawn suffusing the horizon with pennants of gold, thus proclaiming the birth of another glorious day!

Only a few Cornishmen were seen astir as the coach entered Cornish village; these early risers being the teamsters employed by John O’Brion in hauling freight between Cornish and Portland. But a vigorous blast from Peleg’s horn suddenly brought the people out of their cosy beds. Among whom a few became passengers—one with a “gift of gab” made it a merry company!

Having traversed the two-mile sand plain south of the village, and forded Pease Brook, the stage en-

countered its first difficult ascent. Here the Cornishman with the glib tongue proposed that they all get out and push, but as no one seconded the motion, the "assembly" lapsed into a temporary silence. The view one gets from the top of this hill is really a grand one. Upon looking northward, one cannot help eliciting an exclamation of surprise as the eye roams over the heights of Cornish, Hiram, and Baldwin!

Over the hills and across the dales of Limington the stage-coach winded its way. The town of Limington is widely noted for its scenic beauty. In the early days there were no huge bill-boards bearing whimsically-worded posters or placards to beguile the public and disfigure the landscape! The "Broad Arrow," a traditional Royal Navy marking, could still be seen on the trunks of a few forest giants—trees that never would be used for His Majesty's ship masts. Furthermore, rare plants—never disturbed by vandals, grew in profusion amongst the rocks by the wayside: where every ledge and boulder was richly decorated with crustaceous lichens and mosses! In those good old days apple-orchards crowned the sunny slopes—these same hillsides are still adorned with fruit-bearing trees. Grazing grounds for numerous cattle still deck the valleys. Cottages and mansions, half-hidden in the embowering shades of maple and elm, furnish the finishing touch to this pastoral charm!

At South Limington the coach-weary passengers alighted before an inn. Here both man and beast generally sought refreshments and rest before negotiating the remaining distance. The loquacious man from Cornish here came in contact with an old chum of his, and soon became the "life of the party"—when the contents of a certain bottle had been safely disposed of. The climax was a proclamation delivered in husky voices by the two chums as they leaned heavily upon

each other for a mutual support: "United we stand, divided we fall!"

Maloy Mountain (el. 643 ft.), a conspicuous height, a mile to the south of the village, offered an excellent outlook to anyone desirous of taking advantage of the "resting-period" benefiting the horses. From this vantage point an unobstructed view of Casco Bay, with Breakheart Hill prominently present in line of vision, charms the beholder. Against the skyline, twenty-four miles away, the city of Portland proudly faces the Atlantic Ocean. Incidentally, Portland was founded in 1633, on the site of the Indian village of *Machigonne*. Once the state capital (1820-1831), hence eligible to be known as the "Dowager Queen City of Maine."

Little Ossipee River was crossed by the stage-coach about where the present-day iron bridge spans the stream, two miles above Nasons Mills. The area lying between Little Ossipee and the Saco is a rather desolate one — a region sparsely settled, yet of considerable interest to the geologist.

Peleg's next tarrying place was Bar Mills. A quiet place a century ago—no elaborately made highways intersected the country at this point. Among the public houses found here were the "indispensable" tavern, and the good, old corner grocery, about which Wilder's lines may be appropriately applied—where there

" were seen such offerings
As herring, pickles, tea, and rice,
Bathed in an atmosphere redolent
Of tobacco, cheese, and spice."

With a crack of his whip over the heads of his horses—a good driver seldom had to touch his horses with the whip, Peleg started off for Saco. Guideboards directed the traveler. Nothing detained the

coach—the writer does not wish that it should, no, not even a “hot box” nor a common thing like an unhooked trace, interfered with its progress. At last the driver gladly, and without compunction, entrusted his unscathed passengers to the fatherly care of the landlord of the first stage-tavern in the heart of the bustling Saco.

Years pass. Peleg has retired from the scene of his former “trials and triumphs” as a coachman, and has become a tiller of the soil on his farm in the town of Hiram. Indulging in reminiscences has become his most cherished avocation.

On one particular evening, many years ago, we find among those gathered around the old gentleman, two distinguished visitors; Gideon T. Ridlon, the Maine author, and Llewellyn A. Wadsworth, the Hiram poet. Closest to Peleg’s heart was his recollections of the stage-coach days. Here’s one of his choicest anecdotes:

“ . . . I remember the incident as distinctly as if it had happened yesterday—it was up in those Limington hills where my coach overturned in a snow-drift.”

The narrator here chuckled to himself for a few moments, then continued.

“It had been storming for several days, and the roads, in places, were crossed by enormous drifts; and on coming to an irregular one lying lengthwise, I tried to straddle it, and in doing so, the sudden impact gave the coach a violent lurch, upsetting the carriage, and scattering its occupants pellmell, some of whom were completely buried beneath the snow; one of the latter being a young lady of high mettle. By squirming she had managed to get her head out of the snowbank, and, having regained her breath, gave voice to her distraught emotions.

“ ‘I have been killed—I have been killed!’

“I rushed over to where she lay sprawling, comforting her with my compassionate voice.

“‘Lady, you’re not dead—a dead person could not make such an outcry.’

“She was not so much as injured, though her feathers were more or less ruffled!”

As soon as the laughter this story evoked had subsided somewhat, *another one* was called for.

“I’ve never told you about how Miss Chase became my wife, have I? Well, here’s how ma got pa, or vice-versa—”

His wife, Lydia, busily occupied with preparing the evening meal, interrupted him at this stage of his narrative with an admonition.

“Now, Peleg, watch your words!”

To which he replied with a chuckle.

“I will, my dear. And to you, gentlemen, would it not be interesting to know many fair dames and damsels were attracted to the seat on the box beside me? Although I’ve never been what is commonly called a ‘lady’s man,’ still, there were occasions when some inherited impulse prompted me to act the part of a gallant.”

After a brief pause—first giving Gideon a roguish wink, he proceeded.

“There was one girl amongst my regular passengers that struck my fancy from the very beginning—a wee bonny lassie she was—”

Here a sidelong glance at Lydia, who caught his smile with one of her own.

“She rode beside me for many a mile, thus shortening both time and distance. What was our conversation about? Of small account to outsiders, perhaps, but to us it was the very essence of life itself—our own worthy poet can readily grasp the import of this thought.”

Peleg and Llewellyn exchanged glances, whereupon the latter quoted Aristotle.

“The family is the first stage of society, Hesiod is

right when he says, 'First house and wife and an ox for the plow.' "

"Right you are," Peleg exclaimed, "but my family was not yet complete. I was shy of one thing—a wife! but I was determined to acquire one; and with this burning ambition in view, I put my best foot forward at the very start, forging ahead with hammer and tongs!"

This remark was instrumental in kindling Gideon's desire to harness his aphorisms.

"Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak; for truth hath better deeds than words to grace it."

"Who said anything about not being able to speak," was Peleg's retort.

"'Twas but a sally of mine, I trow," Gideon replied, "but you did fail in winning her with words alone. My advice to you would have been, 'win her with gifts, if she respects not words; dumb jewels often in their silent kind more than quick words do move a woman's mind.' "

"Say, Gideon," Peleg rejoined, "you have taken all the wind out of my sails—where was I?"

"You were where I myself once found myself; in a state of perplexity, but go on with your story, I'm listening," was Gideon's concluding quip.

"If you hadn't been interrupting me, Gideon, I would have finished my story by now, but no matter; what really did matter some thirty years ago, though, was whether I could win or lose my lassie's heart and hand—I won them both, didn't I, Lydia?"

"You did, Peleg," she fondly replied.

Among the attentive listeners to this diversified conversation, was a lad of some four or five years of age; Nettie's son, Harold—Peleg's and Lydia's grandson. He had, perhaps, been named after "Harold, the Fair-haired," a king of Norway, of the 9th century, A. D. With wide open eyes and ears, but a tightly

closed mouth—an indication of filial obedience, he absorbed everything that came within reach of his observation. "His face, that infallible index of the mind," pointed unmistakably to intelligence, honesty, humor, and a budding wit.

There now ensued a discussion concerning cooperation and independence, and their relationship with freedom. Their united thoughts were now atuned to a theme of common interest.

"We have too much independence, and too little cooperation," Gideon averred. "We all need support at one time or another. Too much independence spoiled the North American Indian. Intertribal cooperation could have saved their various nations from extinction, but the people would not listen to the pleadings of their native statesmen. Our own farmers—the most independent people on earth, fall into this category, and of whom the great American statesman said, 'Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever He had a chosen people.' "

Every one present knew what it meant to be a tiller of the soil, and the struggles that occupation entailed. Following a short pause, Gideon continued.

"As a matter of fact, farmers are the only ones who are really self-supporting—dependent upon the weather for a livelihood, to be sure, yet, working under no tyrannical constraint or compulsion."

Concerning the spirit of independence among the stage-coach drivers, Peleg had this to say.

"They were an independent lot. A driver on his box dominated the road, if not the countryside. No, he was not an arrogant person, but he would not brook impertinent oppositions. About intoxicants; no self-respecting driver would overindulge in them. Among the lighter beverages served at taverns, there were cider and New England rum—rum and milk made quite a popular drink. Every tavern, as a rule, served

wholesome food, and plenty of it. A tavern was usually a place of "good cheer," and almost always a center of great liveliness. The arrival and the departure of a stage-coach were quite exciting events. The coachman was not only a conspicuous person, but one highly respected as well. Both his passengers and Uncle Sam's mail were safe once ensconced beneath his sheltering wing."

Having delivered the foregoing remark, Peleg suddenly turned his thoughts to other subjects.

"What is your definition of education, Llewellyn?"

This worthy's reply was prompt and to the point.

"It is much easier to define how not to acquire an education—I humbly refer to what the Superintending School Committee of Hiram had to say about it on Feb. 20, 1867, concerning the Tripp school district:

'There are a few lawless boys in this district, who are more accurate in throwing stones and snow-balls through windows, than in answering questions at recitation. They are more expert in extracting a seat from its fastening than in extracting square and cubic roots. ' "

The following question, by Gideon, was more of a jest than a serious enquiry.

"Were you ever robbed, Peleg?"

"No, Gideon, no highwayman ever bothered me—"

At this very instant the continuity of Peleg's train of thoughts was severed by Gideon's impulsive interposition.

"How do you know—'He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n, let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all' "

When this epigrammatic remark had been delivered, there followed a short period of silence. Gideon's next pronouncement was equally baffling.

"Alas! the age of chivalry is dead—gone are the robber barons—gone are the stately manors and Platonic groves—gone are the happy home-made brews, bushy "beavers," bustles, and crinolines. All gone, let's weep!"

As might be surmised, no one wept. Peals of laughter superseded sighs and tears.

Supper was eaten in comparative quiet. This repast was followed by the guests' retiring to the parlor, where they resumed their friendly discussion, while the others did their chores. Twilight had fallen, and a few twinkling stars shone above the serrated outline of the Hiram Hills. The serenity of the night beckoned—the pulsations of Spring filled the air—the awakening Mother Earth was softly calling!

In the family burying-ground overlooking the Great Ossipee River, Peleg W. Gerrish (1823-1902) rests. A noble life ended—fond memories remain!

Friends should not keep their stories to themselves, but have them in common.

—*Plato.*

4

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND—ISLE OF ENCHANT-
MENT

Mount Desert Island is today one of the most famous of our national resorts; a place everybody should visit. What a multitude of highly colorful historic events the name evokes! Moreover, it unrolls before our mental eye a record of geologic time; a record surpassingly fascinating!

This delectable land—how could it otherwise be designated?—embracing an area of 100 square miles of natural wonders, is situated in latitude $43^{\circ} 58' 8''$; longitude $68^{\circ} 7' 44''$ W. Its length is 16 miles; 4 to 13 miles in width, and has a coast line of 60 miles. The island is deeply incised by a narrow arm of the sea—the so-called Somes Sound, which is, properly, a *fjord*. Twelve post-glacial lakes and thirteen rugged mountain peaks give the topography its marked peculiarity, contributing so much to the island's scenic beauty and matchless charm. The highest peak has an altitude of 1532 feet—the first landmark on the island to be sighted by the mariner's eye. This height bears the euphonious name of Cadillac Mountain (it is also called Green Mountain), honoring the French explorer, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac. This group of granitic mountains is the most conspicuous representative of the submerged continental shelf known as *Appalachia* that repose beneath the waters of the Gulf of Maine!

Twenty-nine square miles of Mount Desert Island—including Schoodic Point on the mainland, were made into a national resort in 1929; now known as the Acadia National Park.

Who made the first ascent of Cadillac Mountain? Nobody knows. That some adventurous person of the Pleistocene epoch, living in North America eighteen thousand or more years ago, could have braved the ice-choked ravines of the island to reach the summit of its highest peak, does not lie beyond the bounds of possibility. This bold conjecture should not be taken too seriously, however. There is apt to be less strain on one's imagination to surmise that a member of the ancient Red-Paint People once "timidly" stood where we now so "bravely" stand. And who were these people? As we have observed elsewhere, they were probably the very first aborigines of Maine—last members of the Pleistocene race. That Red-Paint People once lived near Mount Desert Island is evidenced by the finding of several of their burial places nearby; on Frenchman Bay, Bluehill Bay — in fact, their burial mounds have been found, not only along the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and the Ossipee Rivers, but also in the river valleys of other New England states—they have been unearthed even in the region of the Great Lakes.

That the summits of Cadillac, Champlain, Penobscot, Sargent, Flying Squadron, and the other mountains of the island were frequented by the Norsemen during their long stay in Vinland is self-evident, viewed in the light of their religious tenets. All Norsemen were fond of towering heights, on the summits of which they conducted many of their religious and semi-religious practices. The introduction of Christianity into Scandinavia by Ansgar or Anscharius, prior to 865 A. D., changed somewhat the Norseman's concepts of life, death, and a future existence, but, basically, he remained an unenlightened person, so far as modern religious concepts are concerned. The Norsemen had been sun-worshipers from time immemorial; and to this very day, Eastre, the goddess of spring, is

annually celebrated at a certain time between March 22nd and April 25th. This particular celebration essentially consists of a *vigil* kept before a bonfire on some conspicuous elevation, from dusk to daybreak! Suffice it to say that for uncounted ages these peaks have served as outposts to soaring eagles; as playgrounds to playful and boisterous winds; and as shrines to the supplicants of Nature!

On our leisurely ascent of Cadillac Mountain, many and varied are the interests confronting us, chiefly the flora of this area. This flora is unique in one respect; namely, many of its 275 species are indigenous to three distinct climatic localities. This singular differentiation of plant life prompts one to cogitate the following fact: Why should this comparatively small area (60,000 acres), with an elevation of less than two thousand feet, permit such climatic zoning? The geographic position of the land accounts for this extraordinary phenomenon. We first come upon plants whose habitat is the northern limit of the North Temperate Zone. Higher up we meet with plants which thrive in a sub-arctic climate, such as the Meadow Beauty, Swamp Loosestrife, Pitch Pine, Bear Oak, etc. Near, or on the summit, we find the Black Crowberry, Baked-apple Berry, Greenland Sandwort, Banksian Pine, etc. Wherever these plants be met with, whether in bogs, along marginal moraines, in glacial meadows, or on wind-swept crags, we experience the same inexpressible enjoyment we've had on similarly unforgettable walks on less accessible terrane, such as the "Arctic Island" on the summit of Mt. Katahdin; the Alpine Gardens on the slopes of Mt. Washington; and on "Vegetation Island" in the Driftless Area of the upper Mississippi River where we came upon plants of the pre-glacial period growing amongst the erosion remnants of the Cambrian sandstone!

The panoramic view one gets from the summit of Cadillac Mountain is awe-inspiring. It speaks to the soul as much as it does to the intellect—it brings us into a closer harmony with God! In view of these pertinent facts, then, let us peer into the past which interprets the present and the future. As our eyes scan the archipelago of Maine—some 1,300 wooded islands, and numerous skerries at low tide, we see what were once mountain tops—the intervening waters represent valleys engulfed by the sea! Try to envision this submerged land as it appeared eons ago, when, gazing southward, the eye failed to discern its coast line which at that time lay some two hundred miles away! What agency or series of agencies caused its submergence? Was it due to volcanism? The scientist's answer is a definite "No!" Some learned men attribute this continental shelf's sinking to the weight of the incumbent mass of ice during the Ice Ages. Whatever the cause, the result was phenomenal. The Bay of Fundy slowly came into existence as the land sank beneath the level of the sea. Every incoming tide (flood) pouring into this arm of the Atlantic—the Bay of Fundy is actually a *cul-de-sac*, exerts a tremendous force, in the form of a friction-brake, upon the rotation of the earth. Nowhere else on our globe does such a tremendously great tide exist! The average rise and fall of the tide at Eastport, Maine, is 18 feet and 2 inches; and at the head of Minas Channel and Chignecto Bay, the tides have a range of 63 feet! Concerning this tidal power, who does not remember the "Passamaquoddy Bay Project" that was thrown into discard by perverted politics? The object of this practical power project was to generate electricity from impounded tidal flows.

Let our minds dwell upon the happy thought that Appalachia may some day emerge from the bosom of the sea, revealing its potential wealth—black

diamonds (coal) may not exist in Maine, but should they ever be found in the state it would be in some glacial drift somewhere southeast of the Appalachian range; also, probably, in some carboniferous formation off the coast. The palaeontologist here intervenes, saying that few, if any, plant fossils on Mount Desert Island are found—the conditions which governed the deposition of sediments were not favorable to the preservation of plants, nor of animals; reference is here made to the Miocene Epoch. Eons before this time, that is; during the Paleozoic Era, between the Cambrian and Pennsylvania Periods — when the uplifting of the Appalachian Mountain system took place, volcanic dust from the then active volcanoes would have favored the preservation of land plants, but subsequent glaciation swept away any such depository. And such a depository, or several of them, might be found on the floor of the Gulf of Maine.

Before making our descent of Cadillac Mountain, we are prompted to make a few comments about the coast line of Maine. This coast line is 2,486 miles in length, and is formed by numerous promontories and bay-like recesses. The familiar expression, “the rock-bound coast of Maine,” is true so far as it concerns the coast between the mouth of the Kennebec and the city of Eastport—between the Kennebec and the Piscataqua, however, many a broad beach of glacial sands break the ocean waves. Along this coast we come upon many mineral resources. Concerning the commercially valuable minerals, it can with justice be said, that, as to the *quality* of those produced by the western states, they are worthily rivalled by those of Maine. A rich metaliferous region extends along the coast, and for a considerable distance inland—from Lubec to Porter. Copper is of primary importance. It is the one metal put to a practical use by the aborigines; furthermore, they were acquainted with the art of hardening and

tempering it—to modern man this is a “lost art.” Most of Maine’s copper is in the form of sulphides. Some native copper has been found at Bluehill. Lead is widely distributed. It is found all along the Appalachian range. Galena is the principal ore of lead—native lead is extremely rare in its occurrence. Galena weathers slowly to anglesite or lead sulphate, and to cerussite or lead carbonate. The aborigines knew of the existence of lead, not in its elemental state, but as a sulphide (galena)—this can be reduced by merely smelting with charcoal, a process with which the Indians evidently were not familiar. It is a noteworthy fact that both galena crystals and implements and weapons of tempered copper such as adzes, chisels, arrow and spear points, have been found amongst our aboriginal artifacts. Silver veins, located at various points in the state, have produced over four thousand ounces of silver. Greater events in the history of silver mining in Maine are yet to come. The same holds true, if not more so, of our valuable copper deposits. We also eagerly anticipate the resuscitation of our iron works—the earthy forms of hematite and limonite (oxides of iron) were formerly extensively worked, especially at Katahdin. The discovery of enormously large deposits of native copper and iron ores on Lake Superior in the early part of the past century threw the eastern deposits into temporary discard. We possess an abundant supply of non-metallic minerals, all of which are of an incalculable importance. These include feldspar (potassic and sodic), mica, magnesite, graphite, diatomaceous earth or diatomite, slate, clay, sand, gravel, and gem minerals: Garnet, rock crystal, topaz, amethyst, beryl, black tourmaline or schorl, green tourmaline, smoky quartz, morion—a dark variety of cairngorm, etc.

The name given to the island on which we now stand, by Samuel de Champlain (1570-1635), the “Father of New France,” is a misnomer. The island is

far from being a "desert." The Norsemen named it *Dragoe* (Dragon Island). The English called it "Mount Mansell," in honor of Sir Robert Mansell, a naval officer. Mount Desert Island ought to be known as the "Isle of Enchantment!" But let us know the reason Champlain gave for his naming it Mount Desert Island—he christened it on September 5, 1604:

"Continuing from St. Croix River along the coast I went near an island about four or five leagues long. The distance from this island to the mainland on the north is not a hundred paces. It is very high with notches here and there, so that it appears, when one is at sea, like seven or eight mountains rising close together. The tops of most of them are without trees, because they are nothing but rock. The only trees are pine, firs and birches. I called it 'Isle de Monts Deserts.' "

The first clash between the French and the English in the New World took place here—on Somes Sound, in 1613. The events leading up to this skirmish were as follows: The failure of Sieur de Monts' colony at Port Royal, in 1607, gave Madame de Buercheville, a favorite at the French Court—she had just bought the De Monts' claim, the initiative to establish a new colony elsewhere in New France. The Indian village of Kenduskeag—the site of Bangor, was chosen as the most likely spot. And so forthwith an expedition was organized by a certain Captain Saussaye. The party consisted of 48 prospective colonists, under the command of Capt. Charles Flory. It set sail from Honfleur, France, on the 12th day of March, 1613, arriving at Port Royal in the following July. Here two Jesuit missionaries, Father Pierre Biard and Father Enenond Masse, embarked, and the ship resumed her voyage. A voyage which fate decreed should not be Kenduskeag as her destination, but Mount Desert

Island. A dense fog in Penobscot Bay was the deciding factor. The ship went off her course, and, eventually, entered Frenchman Bay, where a safe landing was made at what is now Bar Harbor, but which the missionaries named "Saint Sauveur." Shortly thereafter, however, the natives of the island advised the party, through its interpreter, Father Biard, to retire to a more favorable location—to a place later known as Fernald's Point, on Somes Sound. And here a settlement was made.

The news of this French colony soon reached the ear of Capt. Samuel Argall of Jamestown, Virginia. This misanthrope had made his first appearance upon the historic scene as the kidnapper of Pocahontas, as related elsewhere in this work. Whatever he did, it bespoke of contamination, originating in his deranged intellect. Promptly upon his hearing about this French "encroachment" on English (?) territory, Capt. Argall set out with an armed ship and a force of sixty men. The struggle that ensued became a short-lived affair, since the little colony was not prepared to offer any effective resistance. It proved to be an unconditional surrender. Capt. Argall thereupon returned to Jamestown with Father Biard and several other colonists, together with the stores of the sacked settlement. The "hero" of this act of violence was presently given another assignment, equally unwarrantable—to destroy all the French settlements of Acadia. The deed was accomplished with the usual thoroughness of one obsessed by racial and religious prejudices! Father Biard was forced to accompany this parvenu, and to witness all his unbridled passions. A few months later, still a captive, Father Biard reached England, where he was finally released; thence he made his way to France, his native land. And who was Father Biard? The first French Jesuit missionary to be sent to New France. He was born at Grenoble, in 1567. He

held the chair of Scholastic theology and Hebrew at Lyons at the time he was called to take charge of the Jesuit mission in Acadia. Arriving at Port Royal—Port Royal was changed to Annapolis Royal in 1710, on Pentecost Day, May 22, 1611. So assiduously did he apply himself to the study of the Abenaki dialects that he soon mastered them. Furthermore, being a very keen observer, his accounts of Indian life have been of inestimable value to the ethnologist. Here is an excerpt from Biard's "Relations" that ought to be of interest to modern eugenists:

"You do not encounter a big-bellied, hunchbacked, or deformed person among them (i.e., the Abenakis). Those who are leprous, gouty, affected with gravel, or insane, are unknown to them."

Father Pierre Biard died at Avignon, France, in 1622.

Thus far and no farther. Our eyes have grown weary from gazing into the dim and distant past. Let's go fishing! In the state of Maine's 2200 lakes and 1400 streams we find the fisherman's fondest hopes fulfilled. Most of these lakes and streams abound in fish—each species has its own particular habitat. The most popular fish include the Land-locked Salmon, Sea Salmon, Brown Trout or Square-tailed Trout, Blueback, Rainbow Trout, Togue or Lake Trout, Small-mouthed Black Bass, Whitefish (shad or Bluefin), Pickerel, Yellow Perch, White Perch, Smelt, Horned Pout or Bullhead—a cousin of the Cat Fish, Sucker, Crawfish—a fresh water lobster. Mount Desert Island's marine fauna include the Haddock, Hade, Halibut, Herring, Pollock, Salmon, Mackerel, Cod, Lobster, and Clam. Mermaids were formerly found basking in the sun-kissed waters off shore—this singular information has reached us through ancient mariners. Today, however, we meet "mermaids" as

amphibious beings, reclining on pearly beaches, in pools of crystal clearness, where they may be admired to one's heart's utmost extent—on this most historic and romantic spot in all New England!

I was born to love and not to hate.

—*Sophocles.*

5

THE MIDNIGHT DANCE

Low-lying clouds of fog majestically rolled over the ponds, bogs, and meadows of the town of Porter when Rastus, the hero of our tale, went out into the darkness to search for his errant hound, Rosalind. Rastus, dressed only in his long nightshirt, nightcap, and a pair of tall boots, set out on this desperate journey shortly before midnight. The weather was somewhat sultry, and swarms of vicious mosquitoes were on the war-path!

Dragging a loafer rake back and forth across a large meadow in the stifling heat of an afternoon's sun is a day's work for any rugged man, but to have to search in the gloom of night, amongst thickets and tall weeds, for a lost pooch, why, this is enough to try the patience of a saint!

Rufus was naturally fond of Rosalind—she was a genius when it came to hunting the raccoon. Her nose was never known to have erred in its duty, but to go out “gunning” like this, and that on her own initiative, without as much as giving a hint of her intention; this was to her master a most trying circumstance. Moreover, Rosalind had but recently given birth to puppies—what about their future should calamity deprive them of maternal care? The very thought brought tears to his eyes!

Rosalind's baying far off in the direction of Moulton Ridge did indicate her whereabouts—she was very much alive, nevertheless, her voice enhanced rather than assuaged the chagrin that burned within Rufus's

sun-tanned bosom! An hour's rambling—to Rastus it seemed a whole night, brought him nowhere. He found himself walking about in circles; a sure sign of his being "lost." Presently an old pine-stump in a clearing, on the edge of a bog, intrigued his eye—here, he thought, was relief; and so it was for a while. Overcome from fatigue, he soon fell asleep. But out of this state of forgetfulness he was to be rudely awakened, not by the kick of a nightmare, nor by the gentle touch of a friendly human hand—oh, had it only been the cold nose of poor Rosalind!

Something was crawling up and down his arms and legs—probably only ants attracted by the warmth of his body. They could very easily be brushed off. But, not so! Every effort to dislodge the "critters" was followed by a sharp sting. The truth finally dawned upon his confused brain that he here had to deal with bees, not ants!

In his wild attempts at freeing himself of his unwelcomed "guests," he pranced about like a colt; pirouetted amongst the bushes like some ballet-dancer. A dancing dervish could not have excelled him! To get rid of the bees that had so affectionately become attached to him was, however, no easy matter. In desperation, he tore off his nightgown, and using it as a cudgel drove the bees away. The victory was his, but at what a price!

Rosalind had become divorced from his mind during the ordeal, and only upon his arriving at home, more dead than alive, did he give her any thought—did she deserve any? Who staged the "midnight dance" anyway, Rufus or Rosalind? Whoever was to be blamed for it should naturally apologize. Rosalind who greeted her master with a lusty bark when he returned early that morning—and he surly ignored it, was ready to forgive and forget, but Rufus stubbornly remained recalcitrant. It is to be hoped that they finally arrived at

a conciliation, and that they lived happily ever after!

There are no gains without pains.

—*Franklin.*

6

SWIFT RIVER GOLD

A few years hence there may be no need for anyone going beyond the borders of Almuchicoitt to satisfy his craving for gold—till then most of us must suffer in silence. One day, however, the lure of gold became too strong for the present writer to resist, so he and two other men, similarly inclined, set out for the gold fields of New England.

Few emotions familiar to the human race have stirred man's mind more energetically than those aroused by the sight or touch of that yellow metal known to us as GOLD. In fact, its very mention is apt to conjure forth before our mind's eye a series of vivid scenes that are surpassingly rich in enchantment.

The Canabis of the Kennebec, and the Anasagunticooks of the Androscoggin, were the original Argonauts of the Blue Mountains. Although the North American Indian was better known for his incomparable woodcraft and prowess in the chase than his knowledge of mineralogy. He was, nevertheless, more or less versed in the common minerals, and in the metals found in a free or uncombined state, such as copper, gold, platinum. His prospecting for gold is especially illuminating. This work he ordinarily assigned to the black sands of the river beds; occasionally, however, the quartz outcroppings repaid his scrutiny more bounteously. That no actual "bonanza" was ever discovered, except by accident, is easily understood, seeing that the aboriginal mind, being un-

tutored, could not possibly arrive at any scientific deductions.

The invasion of this territory by the whites in the early part of the nineteenth century naturally introduced new and somewhat improved methods of gaining access to the rich hoards of Mother Earth. It must be remembered that the true value of gold does not lie solely in its possession and utility, but to a great degree in its anticipation—the pleasure enjoyed while acquiring it being the greater asset. Fortified with these facts—taking it for granted that we already possess sturdy limbs, open minds, and a contagious enthusiasm—let's enter the Blue Mountains.

The Blue Mountains of Maine lie in Oxford and Franklin Counties. This group of mountains of the Northern Appalachians encompasses some of the most sublime and idyllic scenes imaginable. Seen at a remote distance, this particular range appears as if it were enveloped by a blue veil; an appropriate setting, indeed, for a "coterie" of such stately monarchs!

In our quest for the royal metal, the hand of destiny leads us along many a devious course; across quaking bogs—these were formerly glacial lakes, now overgrown with carex roots and sphagnum moss thus forming an ideal ground for cranberries, pitcher plants, and pickerel-weeds—we climb through the matted undergrowth of alders, willows, hazels; ascend the steep and slippery slopes on our hands and knees; peering over lichen-clad escarpments into the dizzy depths. While thus occupied, we assiduously scan the surface of every exposed ledge, looking for the first telltale sign of "pay dirt."

Gold is found almost everywhere, but usually in very small amounts. *Where* to look for it is a comparatively easy task. *How* to distinguish gold from certain less valuable or worthless minerals calls for a little more experience—pyrite, pyrrhotite, chalcopy-

rite, or mica are often mistaken for gold. Gold is, as previously intimated, a yellow metallic element (Symbol *Au.*, atomic number 79; atomic weight 197.2; specific gravity 15.6 to 19.23). It is the most malleable and ductile of all the metals. The richest deposits of gold ore have been detected by means of electrical appliances, but to employ these successfully a thorough knowledge of geo-physics is essential. To get the ore out of the ground is one thing—to get the metal out of the ore is another. But there is no need of our going into technicalities here. Dreams and philosophical speculations are, as we all know, yet seldom admit, more conducive toward engendering scenes of high adventure and dramatic appeal than the customary presentation of cut-and-dried facts!

To expedite our traveling from one end of the chain of mountains to the other, it is advisable that we take advantage of the incomparable Appalachian Trail. If, on the other hand, a thorough survey of the terrane is the principal objective, an improvised zig-zag course is the one to be recommended. The latter alternative being our choice, it is imperative that we acquaint ourselves with the predominant rock formations in this region, and these include the following mineral matter: Granite, Schist, Pegamitite, Quartz, Quartzite, and Basalt. The study is, of course, encyclopedic in scope, hence anyone desirous of delving deeply into the subject had better consult text-books on mineralogy and metallurgy. Here, however, we have to be sententious to the point of niggardliness, lest a too voluble diffusion of knowledge lead the reader too far afield. We, therefore, confine our attention to the simplest and most essential subjects.

Gold has been found in all kinds of rocks. But it shows a predilection for quartz. Why this is so, no mineralogist has as yet been able to explain satisfactorily. Another thing, the Appalachian Mountain

range—it was formed during the Cambrian Period of the Paleozoic Era, has given us comparatively little gold, whereas the newly-formed Rockies—this range came into existence during the Tertiary Period, has supplied us abundantly. The fabulously rich ore in the quartz veins of the “Mother Lode” of California is a case in point. Only the well-to-do can work such a find successfully. In placer mining, however, the converse holds true. Here the prospector—poor as the proverbial churchmouse, may become a prosperous miner merely by adopting a shovel and a gold pan!

The particle that sets one’s heart a-thumping could be a nugget of considerable size, or a single speck of “flake” or “flour” gold, just visible to the naked eye—two thousand such tiny particles would be worth about one cent.

Pyrites (fool’s gold) and flakes of mica have often been the cause of much disappointment to ignorant prospectors or gold-seekers. Although much gold has been found in pyrite, *mechanically* combined, this iron disulfide is the source of sulphur, not gold. Incidentally, the gold in tellurides is *chemically* combined. Extracting gold from ores necessitates the use of more or less elaborate methods about which we need not be concerned at this time.

Volumes could be written about the various attempts made to wrest the last ounce of gold from the obdurate embrace of the Blue Mountains, but the present work must by necessity circumscribe itself to but one locale; namely, Swift River.

Swift River is well named. It has one thing in common with all mountain streams; a predilection for the fellowship of the placid waters of the pond, the laughing lake, and the melancholy sea. Subsequently to a cloudburst, how passionately the waters of Swift River display their consummate power, forms, and

colors. Nowhere else in its headlong flight of some 45 miles does this stream unfold its manifold characteristics more advantageously than at Coos Canyon—the canyon in the “meadow of pines.” Here the turbulent waters reach the very climax of their ecstasy, and hither tourists come from all parts of the United States to watch and to succumb to this spectacular display. Only during periods of seasonal draughts does Swift River show its genial mood—a mere brook at such times, murmuring softly to itself; overheard only by some audacious plant that leans over the rocky bed, as it leisurely wends its way down the fluted aisles, cross sun-flecked shallows, gyrate once or twice in some gigantic pot-hole, thence resumes its gentle flow along the sculptured course. It is during this stage of low water that the gold-seekers reap their just rewards—men, women, and children by the hundreds have spent their week ends prospecting for gold along Swift River. If only a few become proud possessors of nuggets, they all experience the exhilaration of adventure which is so conducive to happiness!

Swift River—the stream that is so closely associated with our “Eldorado,” has four prominent branches; West Branch, Bradeen Branch, Houghton Branch, and East Branch—the latter plays the most conspicuous part in our story.

The State Geologist revealed in 1939 that gold ore, assaying from \$40 to \$520 a ton, was mined in Franklin County. This fact is most convincing. It assuredly indicates that we here have another “Klondike” in the making. And with this assurance, let us promptly wield the pick and shovel, pan and sluice-box. Back to the *gold standard*!

As previously suggested, our field of activity was to be along the East Branch of Swift River. Once there, we perceive at the first casual glance that it is not in “virgin” soil we’ve come to seek our fortune, but in

ground made well-nigh barren of all gold. The alluvial soil is literally pitted with shallow diggings, some of which, it is reported, have disclosed pockets yielding up to \$1,500 in nuggets! On higher ground, shallow shafts were sunk in attempts to come across ore shoots, but evidently little regard for systematic work directed their efforts.

A certain "sourdough"—originally a native of Armenia, in Asia Minor, was one of the first gold hunters to conduct a systematic search for the parent lode. He seems to have been well acquainted with the "Golden Fleece," explained by the historian Strabo, inasmuch as he actually made use of the woolly covering of sheep to catch and retain the minute particles of gold in his sluice. This Armenian worked on the theory that the source of all the drift gold found in the river bed itself, as well as that discovered in the seams of clay and quartz of the lowlands, came from an extinct volcano. He is reported to have struck it rich somewhere in the immediate vicinity of a quiescent volcano; the find consisting of free "cube" gold, and some diamonds. The gold was taken from a quartz vein between granite and schist ledges. He crushed the ore by means of a home-made stamp mill. In washing the auriferous earth, he made use of the cradle or rocker as well as the sluice.

A few years later, several prospectors from the gold fields of California established their camp on Swift River, evidently with considerable success as they remained there for a number of years. Some years ago, a corporate company sold shares in the gold fields of Swift River, but the scheme came to grief because its promoters were more interested in collecting money than in the development of the mining project. In the hands of honest, scientifically trained engineers, and with the most modern equipment, this, and other, prospects might be made to yield riches.

In short, this is a mecca to gold seekers. The very atmosphere of the region is redolent of adventure and romance—many Indian legends are associated with Swift River, especially Coos Canyon. The wave-like schistous rocks of the river bed is a great attraction, and no wonder, since this strange formation is found in very few places.

Besides gold, and the oddly shaped, water-worn ledges of the Swift River region, we have the irresistible beckoning of the 3,035 foot precipice of Tumbledown Mountain—what has this extinct volcano in store for posterity?

Over a man, Gold has greater power
than ten thousand arguments.

—*Euripides.*

7

GOAT ISLAND

Wilton Pond. A star sapphire in an emerald setting. From a certain point on its southern shore we behold—in the words of the late philosopher and humorist, Will Rogers, “one of the most beautiful scenes in the state of Maine.” The scene, truly one of exquisite beauty, owes its sublime aspect chiefly to the serrated peaks of the Blue Mountains silhouetted against the northern sky—especially fascinating is their reflection upon the unruffled bosom of Wilton Pond!

Nestling near the western shore of this pond is an isle that bears the pastoral name of Goat Island. And here is how this idyllic spot sprang into prominence. On an autumnal day, not so long ago, four tourists from the Land of the Little Dog, were captivated by the enchanting view of the mountains, and, therefore, alighted from their automobile at the village of Wilton. Seeking enlightenment, the senior member of the party went in search of an informant. Such a person was presently found amongst the good citizens of the village—we take the liberty of familiarly calling him, “Felix.” No persuasion was necessary to induce him to unfold his scroll of knowledge respecting the locale in question. In fact, he spoke volubly, and whenever his talk touched upon the theme of Goat Island, it waxed exuberantly eloquent, casting a spell on his attentive listeners—a spell from which they have not as yet fully recovered!

“Ever heard about the ‘floating island’ of Wilton Pond?” Felix asked this question as he led his visitors,

in single file, down a steep declivity to the beach. Without waiting for a reply, he continued his discourse. "Well, a swampy tract once lay between the mainland and Goat Island; and only a few years ago, high water and a high wind sent this 'swamp' adrift—."

At this particular moment he suddenly turned about face, almost knocking down the Professor, who, absentmindedly, was still in his class-room! Felix shrewdly scanned the countenances of his followers for any sign of incredulity, but evidently finding none, he resumed his *forward* march.

"As I was saying," he continued, "this swamp vamoosed one stormy night, and, believe it or not, appeared next morning *floating* in full view of the village and heading toward it."

At this point in his narrative, the party reached the boulder-strewn beach, where a small rowboat, anchored to a tree, was promptly put into service. Before embarking, however, he informed his would-be passengers that the craft could seat only three persons at a time.

"This is a one crew craft—two of you must wait for the next boat," he chuckled.

While resting on his oars for a few minutes—Felix was in no great hurry to reach his insular possession, he divulged a secret.

"So far I've said nothing about the inhabitants of Goat Island. I assure you that they are most gentle, and probably more intelligent than most men. They were born under the sign of Capricornus, members of the genus *Capra*, and of the family *Bovidae*!"

Having delivered this "salvo" he bent to the oars. When half way across, he paused, and with a shrug explained.

"That floating swamp—*island*, I mean, lodged itself in the outlet of the pond, thus causing the water to rise, and thereby threatening to flood the village. It

cost the town more than \$4,000 to blast the island off the map!"

Having safely beached his boat on Goat Island, Felix sprang out, and shouted through his cupped hands, "Nanny, nanny, nanny goat!"

Presently out from the underbrush ten Toggenburgs made their appearance; all, except one, being of a peculiar brown color. The exception, a white Toggenburg (Appenzeller), who seemed to represent the band; evidently the "spokesman," since she was the only one to answer Felix's call—raucously bleating, "Ba-a-a-a!"

Rowing back to the mainland, Felix returned with the remaining two passengers, and, without further ado, left the island, accompanied by Leo and Raoul—the two latter reappearing later on the island, minus Felix, who had been brought back to Wilton village. Goat Island had now increased its population by four—ten nanny goats, two men and two women. It is but proper that they—the interlopers, not the goats, should be formally introduced to the reader—they are: Raoul, professor of modern languages; Leo, philosopher; Judith, teacher of music; Helena, registered nurse.

The atmosphere of Goat Island and its immediate vicinity is one of peace and quiet—an environment conducive to emotional release. This auspicious anticipation blossomed into reality shortly following their arrival among the goats.

The white goat—let us call her "Appe," was bent on mischief from the very start; especially toward Helena who was a brunette. Strange as it may seem, no such singular discrimination was shown toward Raoul, Leo, and Judith; a brunet, a blond, and a brunette, respectively. The other goats were docile creatures, exhibiting neither resentment nor approbation.

As everybody knows, goats are excessively fond of

cloth and paper, preferably the latter. Appe, however, displayed a somewhat peculiar predilection for paper, particularly newspaper—in this particular respect her discernment was most acute. Stock-exchange reports were to her great “delicacies,” whereas the comic and obituary sections were scarcely sniffed at. Raoul had a most trying experience with his newspapers that he had “filed” in his hip and coat pockets for future reference. Appe, while in one of her mischievous moods, sneaked up upon Raoul from behind, and deprived him of the contents of his reference department. A hot chase followed, and the rebellious Appe was finally caught and subdued in a hawthorn. As Raoul forcibly extracted the papers from Appe’s spacious throat she gave him a malicious grin. The retrieved news—now, how badly mutilated, had all the stock-exchange reports missing, and most of the society news!

Leo experienced considerable delight in his philosophizing with Appe. Although it was somewhat “one-sided,” it gave him ample scope for practice—to be applied later on his own race! Judith evinced little interest in what was happening—her thoughts were more in accord with those of the “immortals of music.” Goats may have a “social status” amongst themselves, she averred, but they had no place in the social register of mankind!

Two comfortable cottages occupy the three or four acre tract that make up the island, a large part of which supports a beautiful grove of Red Pine. A small vegetable garden occupies the center. Robinson Crusoe would have called Goat Island, “Paradise!”

Let us enter one of these cottages. Before us, seated around the kitchen table, we find our four friends enjoying an afternoon snack—a “square-table” discussion is in progress.

“ . . . in art he occupies a place between Phidias

and Praxiteles; in philosophy he stands face to face with Voltaire; in drama he clings precariously to the rung just below the Bard of Avon."

Leo was speaking. His subject-matter was a certain eccentric of Greenwich Village.

"Environment," Leo continued, "plays an important role in molding character. Take Elihu Burrit, the 'learned blacksmith,' as an example. His love for learning was acquired while he worked at his forge. He mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. He also succeeded in educating himself in natural sciences and mathematics. The City of New Britain, Conn., can well be proud of her distinguished son, Elihu Burrit. I wonder what kind of a character a man or a woman would develop if compelled to spend a few years on this island, associating with goats?"

"Let's change the subject," Judith suggested.

"I second the motion," was Raoul's sally.

"Why not talk about books?"

Helena's wish was unanimously accepted. Leo was the first one to answer this appeal.

"The vastness of the idea is appalling. Only by confining it to a limited field can it be dealt with properly. The writings of Maine authors naturally come first. The state of Maine has produced many writers, especially humorists—you have to be gifted with a sense of humor in order to get along with your fellow citizens. Take Edgar Wilson Nye (Bill Nye), for instance. He was born and brought up on a farm at Shirley Mills, in the Moosehead Lake region—he thought it necessary for anybody who tries to make a living among rocks that he possess humor. Charles Farrar Browne (Artemus Ward) of Waterford also keenly perceived the ludicrous in man. Both authors were friends of Eugene Field, 'The Children's Poet.' Gilbert Patten (Burt L. Standish), a native of Corin-

na, wrote to please aspiring talent—youth has been greatly benefited by his books; the same holds true about the works of Dr. George Stephens, Holman Day, and Noah Brooks. Their tales of high adventure thrills every youthful heart. The minds of these men, although highly developed, retained the enthusiasm of childhood—one great trouble with most adults is that they grow old too quickly—at heart one should always remain a child! Another thing, what gives happiness—where can it be found? According to Rabindranath Tagore, the poet and mystic of India—

‘In the silent sky and flowing water, happiness is spread about as simply as a smile on a child’s face.’

Happiness is contentment—it is found everywhere!

“The most interesting phenomenon in the lives of animals, including man, birds, and insects, is their *radio system*. I may go so far as to affirm that from each and every living creature — from microbe to man, there is an emission of electro-magnetic waves. Few human creatures, however, are sensitive enough to react to them, yet, lower forms of life, being many times more sensitive, readily respond to these vibrations—”

A harsh bleating outside the window broke up the discourse. Appe’s face, creased by a broad smile, appeared against the window pane.

“Your philosophy,” Raoul exclaimed, “is being verified at this very moment—even a goat understands you!”

This dramatic scene dispelled further interest in discussion, and all four retired to the porch, where they planned a prompt withdrawal from the island.

Anybody peering into the depths of the narrow channel that separates Goat Island from the mainland

can easily make out the labyrinthian root-system that formerly anchored the "floating island," the site of which now serves as a favorite spawning bed to aquatic animals. Incidentally, "floating islands" are quite common throughout the world. All of them were originally fixed, but became movable through some natural agency. Goat Island will, however, never become "floatable"—it was once, many years ago, a part of the mainland. A crevasse filling jutting out into the pond.

Like proud Napoleon on Saint Helena, Appe, with a dejected mien, stood on the boulder-strewn shore of Goat Island as her erstwhile visitors were departing for the mainland. Her eyes were fixed upon the receding boat. What were the thoughts that surged through her brain at that critical moment? Presently the four persons, who by now had reached the mainland, were startled by a harsh outcry. It came from Appe who had finally found a voice to her pent-up emotions which were couched in well-chosen words.

"Ba-a. Ba-a-a-a-a!"

Raoul translated this outburst into the vernacular tongue.

"Good riddance—stroke your chin and swear by your beard that I'm a knave!"

Humor dissipates gloom.

—*Teg.*

8

KATAHDIN AT DAWN

To see Mt. Katahdin should be the ambition of every man, woman, and child. The fulfillment of this desire lies within the reach of every wide-awake American. To reach the summit of Mt. Katahdin is, however, a far more difficult matter to accomplish, since it requires a considerable amount of physical energy and endurance. The idea is rather "painful" to most people who prefer the modern way of locomotion—helicopters or direct-lift machines may some day supersede walking; until then, if we can, let's make use of our hands and feet! Three distinct routes are now available. Hunt Trail, Abol Trail, and the Lunksoo Trail. All three lead to one common rendezvous with romance!

The name Katahdin is derived from the Penobscot, and signifies the "highest place"—the highest place in the state of Maine (el. 5267 ft.). Its summit is the only spot in the United States which catches the first rays of the rising sun!

Katahdin was, without doubt, the last mountain peak of the Northern Appalachians to doff its icy headdress before the genial warmth of post-glacial spring. Centuries lapsed into millenniums, however, ere Katahdin regained its pre-glacial strength. The so-called "arctic island" is a relic of that primeval period. This isolated tract of land is situated at the very summit of the mountain, and is noted for its singular climate; a climate supporting several species of arctic life, both animal and vegetal. The surface of

this isolated region is strewn with splinters and boulders. A condition that suggests glacial action and weathering.

Who made the first ascent of Mt. Katahdin—what fearless explorer braved the perils of the wilderness to reach its summit? Was it accomplished by some intrepid Viking bent upon adventure; some bold voyageur of New France in quest of new lands to conquer? Assuredly not by any aborigine. The native regarded its airy crest as the abode of *Pamola*, the master of darkness!

Mt. Katahdin commands one of the most picturesque of mountain sceneries. In its solitary situation; midst the deep, unbroken calm of the wilderness, lies much of the mountain's stateliness and charm. On the top of this lofty eminence, encompassed by jagged peaks, pinnacles, and formidable ravines, we have established ourselves to behold at dawn Maine's most magnificent panorama—

“Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad walks
O'er the dew of yon high eastward hill!”

We turn our eyes toward the East, just as the ancient sun-worshippers would have done, to greet the break of day. Feelingly our gaze wanders over the awakening shades of night cloaking the waters of Katahdin Lake and Wassataquoik Stream, seeking the horizon where the friendly hills of New Brunswick meet the blush-colored sky. Beneath the effulgence of this genial glow suffusing the heavens, the verdurous landscape presents a most pleasing picture—a circumstance conducive to philosophic speculations.

The first white man to leave a record of his having climbed Mt. Katahdin was a Boston surveyor named Charles Potter, Jr. He defied the wrath of the mountain god in 1804. Potter's exemplary deed was

emulated by Prof. J. W. Baily of West Point in 1836; by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the state geologist, in 1837. And Henry David Thoreau, the American essayist and naturalist, made the ascent in 1846. All left interesting accounts of their experiences. Although the year 1804 is the earliest known record, it is inconceivable that others should not have ascended the mountain hundreds of years earlier. During the Norsemen's occupancy of Vinland (1000-c.1400), for instance, this striking appendage of the landscape within their domain must have been a constant incentive—its awesome reputation alone would have been an incitement instead of a deterrent to the fearless Norsemen. Their burning ambition at all times was to subdue the seemingly unconquerable!

From this pertinent digression, let's resume our previous occupation; gazing eastward toward the Maritime Provinces. As our gaze slowly recedes from the obscurity of distant contours—over forest-clad monadnocks and roches moutonnées of the peneplain, it encounters numerous bodies of water reflecting forest, mountain, and the heavens! Looking southward, one's range of vision embraces a greater diversity of scenery. On the dim and distant horizon, where the islands and headlands, arms and reaches, bays and gulfs form the picturesqueness of the outline of the submerged coast of Maine, two objects are predominantly conspicuous; one being the group of mountains on Mount Desert Island, the other, Megunticook Mountain (el. 1380 ft.) which forms the crowning glory of Camden Hills!

Whatever man's particular interest in life might be, assuredly some phase of the landscape presented to his eye must touch a responsive chord within his bosom. To the creative mind, forms, colors, movements—so abundantly displayed everywhere, provide an un-

limited store of ideas for syntheses. From this inspirational outlook may come the initial impulse to create a masterpiece, such as a painting, a poem, or an oratorical gem!

Again, we permit our eyes to stray; this time westward and northward, over the illimitable expanse of undulated verdure, interspersed with many a replica of the sapphire-sky, while our ears are atuned to the nuances of Nature's voice. Moosehead Lake—its Indian name is *Mspame*, "large water," dominates the scene. It is 36 miles in length, and its greatest width is 10 miles—the largest body of water in the state of Maine. Wm. W. Fawler's "The Huntress of the Lakes" gives an interesting account of a white woman captive who spent the year 1672 with her Indian captors on Moosehead Lake. This is probably the first description we have of the Moosehead Lake Indians. Here's a pertinent digression. To the serious student of our aborigines, few subjects make a more forceful appeal than that of prehistoric finds. The Red-Paint People of Maine represent the earliest known aborigines of this state. Some learned men have assigned them to the same ethnic group as the Cro-Magnons of Europe, and the predecessors of the Goajiro Indians of Venezuela, since they possessed the common custom of painting the bodies of their dead with red hematite or red ochre before interring them in burial pits. The Romans, under Julius Caesar, found the aborigines of the British Isles (Celts or Britons) practiced this same method of disposing of their dead. In life they also painted their bodies with red, blue, and other colors. They were, therefore, known to the Romans as *Picts* or "painted people"—the name Briton or Britain means the "country of the tattooed men." The neolithic stone implements accompanying the remains of these people of Europe and South America are similar to

those found with the interred Red-Paint People of Maine. Archaeologists have succeeded in estimating the antiquity of these burial mounds by the correlation of soil deposits and soil erosion. Among the principal artifacts buried with each body was a fire-making kit, consisting of a small piece of felsite (finely crystalline quartz-porphry) and pyrite (disulfide of iron). Fire was produced by striking the two minerals together. This kit was intended to be used by its owner in the spirit world! Spear points of flint, but no arrow-heads, are often met with, which seems to indicate that the spear was the principal weapon. It is safe to say that these Red-Paint People came to Maine centuries before the Abenakis or Abnakis—the name is derived from the word *Waban̄ban*, signifying the people of the Aurora Borealis, or, more properly, “our fathers at the sun-rise.” The name was early applied to all the tribes inhabiting the region that later became known as Maine. These Abnakis were of the Eastern Algonquin group; all speaking the Algonquian dialects. At the advent of Europeans; that is, about the year 1605—the Norsemen excluded, there were at least ten tribes and as many or more sub-tribes living in Maine; these include the Maliseet, Penobscot, Anasagunticook or Assagunticook, Pejepscot, Canabi, Narant-souak, Wawenock, Etechemin, Almouchiquoi or Sokoki—the Saco, Ossipee, Pequawket, Newichawanock, etc., were sub-tribes of the Sokoki or Almouchiquoi. The journals and diaries respecting the Abnakis — written by explorers and adventurers, are mostly fragmentary; often contradictory, hence untrustworthy as scientific documents. The Penobscot tribe seems to be the only one that has managed to retain its ancestral characteristics, customs, and arts. The canoes, snowshoes, and numerous other products made by the Penobscots are world famous. Their tribal dances and ceremonials are

annual affairs that attract national interest—at the annual Sportsmen's Show, in New York City, the Penobscot handicraft is well represented.

The aborigines of Maine were, as pointed out elsewhere, an agricultural people, raising corn, beans, squashes, pumpkins, melons, etc.; gathering from the woods and fields, wild vegetables, fruits, nuts, tubers, etc. All were noted for their skill in hunting and fishing, oystering, and clam gathering. Their weapons were bows and arrows, spears, clubs, tomahawks, weirs, skin and fiber nets, basketry traps, bone and copper hooks, etc. Our knowledge of these original inhabitants is further enhanced by archaeological remains—imperishable objects found in shell-heaps, shell pits, fire holes, burial pits, and ossuaries. These artifacts include arrow points, spear points, stone axes, hard stones, knives, scrapers, drills, awls, celts, pestles, net-sinkers, stone pikes, banner stones, pottery fragments, wampum, amulets, beads, pearls, etc. Concerning Indian village and camp sites, and burial grounds, one should look for them in sedimentary basins, on prominent places near water-courses; not on steep mountain slopes, nor on the summits of hills and mountains.

Chipping and fashioning arrow and spear points, and other implements; known as "flint knapping," was an important industry among the Indians before the introduction of firearms by the whites. The aborigines of Maine obtained most of their flint, chert or hornstone from Mount Kineo—this "high bluff" of porphyritic rhyolite is situated on Moosehead Lake. Many of the Indian tribes east of the Mississippi River got their flint or chert from the so-called "Flint Ridge," situated in Licking and Muskingum Counties of the state of Ohio. This latter chert formation is eight miles long, and from a few rods to nearly a mile in

width. Incidentally, both deposits were produced from diatomaceous skeletons (diatoms) secreted in sea water.

Fossils of marine life, discovered in slate and limestone formations, indicate that the sea once surrounded Mt. Katahdin. These fossils of past geological ages include corals, crinoids or "stone lilies," pelecypods (clams, oysters, and other true bivalves), brachiopods (bivalves having dorsal and ventral valves), and graptolites (allied to the hydrozoa)—valuable for dating rock-layers.

From the foregoing it becomes apparent that the bosom of Maine is a storehouse of wealth, the key to which lies within an easy reach of everybody—everybody may and can become a botanist, glacialist, geologist, paleontologist, mineralogist, archaeologist, or an historiographer!

With the seemingly boundless forest before us at all times, we are prompted to make the following remarks: Many derogatory remarks have been hurled at the lumber, paper and pulp industries. They have been regarded by unthinking man as destructive agencies, notwithstanding the fact that without these industries there would be no publications—no, not even writing paper! Moreover, were lumbering to cease altogether, construction and its dependent industries would suffer a decline. Naturally, it is the *wanton destruction* of forests that should incite protests!

Eyes turned eastward complete the grand panorama. The reader is now becoming conscious of the fact that the twilight of our companionship is drawing nigh, while yet the rose-lipped dawn lingers upon the horizon.

Before descending from the arctic zone into the north temperate, let's cast one last lingering look upon the encircling grandeur. Here, midst the storm-swept

crag, is the northern terminus of the Appalachian Trail—a 2050-mile foot-path; the world's longest foot-path. Its southern terminus is Mount Oglethorpe, Georgia. Here—upon the summit of Mt. Katahdin, cares are laid aside; desires harmonized; hopes inflamed anew. Fortunate is he who permits his steps to be guided to the Baxter State Park—long live the memory of its founder; where he may engender and cradle immortal principles and precepts; compose strains of heavenly beauty, of irresistible pathos, while communing with himself, with the forces of Nature, and with his God!

Come forth into the light of things;
Let nature be your teacher.

—*Wordsworth.*

9

PEARL-FISHING ON THE MUSQUACOOK

A dome-shaped wigwam, built almost entirely of slabs of bark, stood ingeniously camouflaged amongst glacial boulders near the shore of one of the Musquacook Lakes. This was the home of Wabojeeg, a philosopher-scientist—"last" member of the Maliseet Tribe.

Darkness hovered above the brooding waters of Musquacook—hearken to the nocturnal voices of the wilderness: The call of the moose; the drumming of the partridge; the twang of the bull-frog; the laughter of the loon; the sharp splash of a beaver's tail breaking the sullen surface of the lake!

To Wabojeeg's observant ear, these heterogenous sounds arising from Mother Earth were but an infinitesimal passage from Nature's Great Symphony!

The physical surroundings, together with Wabojeeg's reaction to a similar setting, are actualities—they are drawn from real life as enacted in the wilds of Aroostook.

It was springtime. A white man and his Indian friend—to the reader they are Paul and Poolaw respectively, were canoeing down the Allagash River, and taking a sidetrip up Musquacook Stream to call on Wabojeeg, Poolaw's old friend. Their coming was announced by Wabojeeg's dog-companion Apmoojenegamook, "Mook" for short—he had been named after a lake in Piscataquis County. Mook was to Wabojeeg what the dog Paugus was to Old Sabattus, the famous Passamaquoddy Indian. Not only was Mook a very

faithful animal, but he possessed highly developed mental faculties. We'll have an occasion to revert to Mook in greater detail hereafter.

Paul now picks up the narrative, and continues it from the moment of his arrival at Musquacook to the time of his departure.

"Dusk had fallen when Poolaw and I beached our birch-bark canoe near Wabojeeg's lodge—Mook greeting us with an unfeigned joy. This was my first visit to the renowned "Allagash region," whereas to Poolaw it was but another happy home-coming event. This great solitude of mazy waterways had been his habitual resort since childhood.

Pearl-fishing was Wabojeeg's principal occupation. He and his ancestors, numerous generations back, had followed this lucrative calling. That he was no tyro at it was evinced by the elaborateness of his system and its fruitful yield. Secrecy was one of the essential factors employed, hence pearling under the cover of darkness was resorted to. The necessity of this secretiveness is logical. The divulgement of any profitable source of income naturally invites competition, and Wabojeeg entertained no desire to court it! Fishing for pearls is nothing new, however. It has been practiced by man from time immemorial, judging by the large quantities of pearls found in burial mounds throughout the world. Of special interest to us here is the pearl-bearing fresh-water mollusks, known as mussels (bivalves or shell-fish), of many varieties, and found within latitudes of 30 and 60 degrees north. The earliest references to pearl-fishing in the state of Maine come from Ingram and Rosier. David Ingram's visit to the "lost city of Norumbega," in 1568-69, where he saw pearls galore, is familiar to every student of early American history. Rosier, the historian of Capt. John Weymouth's expedition, tells about one

of its members finding, in 1602, in the Kennebec, a mussel having 50 true pearls in it! In his "Voyages, 1604-18," Samuel de Champlain mentions his having observed oyster beds all along the coast of New England—these were pearl-bearing oysters. The immense shell-heaps at Damariscotta point to a once prosperous pearl industry. One of the earliest references to pearl-fishing in our inland waters was made by Henri de Tonty, a member of the La Salle expedition, in 1679. He writes about his having seen loose pearls and pearl necklaces among the Taencas—these aborigines were related to the Natches of the Mississippi Valley. These pearls had been found in this very neighborhood (lat. 31 degrees N.), and probably came from the Nigger-head (*Quadrula ebena*). It must be remembered, however, that both oysters and fresh-water mussels served a double purpose. The pearls were used by the natives as a medium of exchange, passing as currency everywhere. And the flesh from these mollusks was in great demand as a food.

Why are there no deposits of *valuable* pearls? Pearls, unlike other precious stones, are highly perishable. This perishableness is due to the high percentage of carbonate of lime. The following table may be found useful.

Hardness: 3.6—4. Specific Gravity: 1.61—1.64.

Chemical Composition

Carbonate of lime	91.80
Organic matter	6.06
Water	2.14

Note—Both the hardness and the specific gravity vary; so does the pearl's chemical composition.

A pearl to be valuable must be lustrous; its luster evenly distributed all over the pearl. The size varies

greatly. From seed-pearls, of less than one caret, to baroques—one such pearl, of 250 carats, is the largest pearl on record. As with crystals, the small-sized pearls are of a better quality. Pearls may be of various shapes. Those most valuable are spherically round, pear or oval shaped. The so-called “Baroque” and “button” pearls are classified as imperfect pearls, and are most common. Colors? From white to black—strawberry or rose pearls being most valuable. In reckoning the price of a pearl, with one pearl-grain— $\frac{1}{4}$ carat, as the unit, multiply the grain number by itself and the product by the base price; thus, for instance, a four grain pearl at, say, \$2.00 base, would be worth \$32.00.

But to return to Wabojeeg on the Musquacook. The disheveled appearance of both Wabojeeg and Mook seemed to indicate that our coming had abruptly disturbed their nocturnal occupation.

The requisites for night-pearling, as practiced by Wabojeeg, were a glass-bottomed box, and a long-handled grappling iron to the end of which was an ingeniously attached transparent bottle containing luminous fungi called *artoosqu*. With these gadgets fortunes were brought to the surface from the shallows and the dark depths of lakes and streams.

Pearl-bearing mussels abound where the most congenial environment prevails. The principal determinative factor being the chemical composition of the water in which these mollusks live, and where they propagate their species.

Concerning Wabojeeg's private life, it may be stated that we have in him an unusual, as well as an outstanding character. A formal education had never been bestowed upon Wabojeeg—he was schooled in solitude. He had come in intimate contacts with the realities of life, imbibing their sourness as well as their sweetness. Under the tutelage of his parents—the Sun was his

father; the Earth his mother, he acquired that physical perfection and mental acuteness that so strongly characterized the true prophet of the American aborigines!

Wabojeege was a veritable genius. Not only was he an expert pearler—he could appraise a pearl at a mere glance, but also an accomplished musician. All his musical instruments were home-made. Musical pipes, made of the hollow stems of plants, were many and varied. These were used principally for mimicking bird and animal calls. The call of the moose required a more sonorous oscillation than that which could be produced by any reed, hence the “moose-horn.” There were several of them. A bullock’s horn; and horns made from leather and birch-bark. The imitated cry of a wildcat in the depth of night was a “thrill” long to be remembered! Sweetest of all were the imitated sounds of birds—the melancholic notes of the wood-thrush—the rippling, rollicking strain gushing forth from the throat of a bobolink! The drum—the oldest of all musical instruments, was also represented. How the rhythmic beats of the drum brought a pensive look to the weather-beaten face of Wabojeege!

As a hunter, trapper, and angler, Wabojeege had few equals. In him the hereditary instincts of his race were yet in flower. The primitive life of the hunter blended agreeably with the wild life of the hunted.

At this rustic spot it is both permissible and pertinent to indulge in a reverie. How could a poetically-minded soul refrain from shouting with joy while observing ethereal forms—“mists” to the prosaic mind, motivated by the breath of a gentle breeze, majestically glide across the dewy glades and glens and tranquil waters toward the rising sun? How strikingly different when the lengthening shades of twilight become a part of the sable robe of night—when

the gladsome songs of the day are gradually being hushed by the somber voices of darkness!

Wabojeeg's knowledge of his immediate surroundings was remarkably profound. To watch his plunging through the dense undergrowth, wending his serpentine way toward a predetermined destination, and unerringly reach it, was a sight worth watching. Mountains, kames, eskers, and the intervening terrain, were as familiar to him as the facial lineaments of his friends. Likewise, every sound, however indistinct, was quickly and accurately interpreted. Mook shared his master's sensory perceptions. More remarkable still was the "thought transference" (telepathy) carried on between Wabojeeg and Mook. Each knew what the other thought or wished to express, hence no need of articulate speech. When spoken to, Wabojeeg's reply was often in the form of a grunt, evidently implying: "White man talks much, but says little." The use of tobacco and intoxicants was a taboo to Wabojeeg, yet, he was no ascetic. He practiced mental concentration, but had no acquaintance with yoga. He was strongly religious, still embraced no doctrine.

My last moments with Wabojeeg and Mook were spent before the blazing hearth. The flame has always had a powerful appeal to both man and beast—all living things look upon the flame with reverence, whether arising from the camp fire or descending from the sky. What Wabojeeg saw amongst the tongues of flames must have been a vision of his past—the rise, decline, and fall of his race. Here was a man living a primitive existence midst plenty. Was his pearl-fishing a hobby or a vocation? Who was his marketer, and where was his market? Wabojeeg had no need of any outside-world source of income—"visible means of support" were everywhere apparent. On the sunny slope of a kame he cultivated a vegetable garden. Wildlings obtained from the woods, meadows, lakes,

and streams supplied him with the wherewithal for his larder and his "pharmacy." A resourceful solitary like Wabojeeg need foster no fear of want—improvidence leads to starvation; carelessness, to accidents; ignorance of self, to disease!

A home-made birch bark canoe, a dugout, a pair of snow-shoes and a toboggan were neatly arranged along the walls of his lodge. There were also to be seen a blowgun, bows and arrows—no firearms, fish-traps, baskets of many shapes and sizes, buckskin garments, moccasins, and numerous miscellaneous articles defying description. A small hut, formed of a frame of poles overlaid with bark and hides, carefully camouflaged, occupied a sheltered cove — the Indian sweat-bath, an important accessory to any permanent camp.

And, lastly, a few more words about Wabojeeg's talented four-footed friend, Mook. He was of a dubious breed, probably a collie. Mook was not only an obedient dog—trained to hold his tongue whenever told to do so, but also a mind reader, as we have already found out. Still more wonderful were his incredible sound and scent discriminations. He was worth more to Wabojeeg than all the pearls in Musquacook!"

Thus concludes Paul's report.

Looking northward and northwestward from the summit of Katahdin, one's gaze inevitably dominates what was once Wabojeeg's "principality"—seemingly an unbroken forest-covered plain. Traversing this same territory on foot or by canoe, one encounters an inequality in its terrain that is, by contrast, most baffling. Moreover, its relief speaks about an ancient, tropical sea whose billows once broke against the sides of Musquacook Mountain.

The future of Aroostook holds a promise of great-

ness toward which an enlightened posterity will eventually direct its exertions—pearls, valuable minerals, and, fossils in abundance await the aspiring hand!

Every obstacle yields to effort.

—*Leonardo da Vinci.*

10

MONHEGAN ISLAND

Few will believe the fact that Monhegan Island and tiny satellite Manana are the most anciently inhabited of all the islands along the Atlantic coast of the United States—this so far as written records are concerned. Runic inscriptions—carved on ledges by the Norsemen in the eleventh century, have been found on both islands. We shall have more to say about these Vikings later.

We have many good reasons for believing that most of the ancient mariners sailing up and down the coast of Maine actually visited Monhegan Island. Let us recapitulate who these voyagers were: Modoc (1170), Zeno (1380 or 1390), Caboto (1497-98), Cortereal (1501-02), Denys (1506), Aubert (1508), Gomez (1525), Verrazano (1525), Roberval (1542), Rut (1567), Ingram (1569), Gosnold (1602), Pring (1602), Waymouth (1605), Champlain (1605), Popham (1607), Hudson (1609), Vines (1609), Smith (1614)—

David Ingram is the first man, since the days of the Norsemen, to have anything definite to say about Monhegan Island and its inhabitants. About the island, he writes: "I first took it for a whale," and then adds, "but the sagamore said it was an island and that the people who lived on it were subjects of the *Bashaba*." Monhegan Island was at that time (1569) known by its Indian name, *Emmetinic*.

In 1605, George Waymouth and his followers landed on Monhegan Island. According to the historian,

Rosier, who accompanied the expedition, Waymouth christened the island, St. George Island, in honor of Saint George, the patron saint of England, who was martyred A. D. 303. Furthermore, Rosier describes the flora and fauna of Monhegan Island in his "Relation of Waymouth's Voyages, 1605."

The year 1609 saw Henry Hudson berth his "Half Moon" in Monhegan Harbor—this safe, little harbor is formed by the islands of Monhegan, Manana, and Smuttynose. This haven has harbored many a strange craft—the "Half Moon" no exception: Indian dugouts and canoes, Viking ships, Welsh coracles, Portuguese and Spanish caravels and caracks, French brigantines and barkentines, English shallops and sloops, Yankee cutters, down-easters, clippers, schooners, and a host of smaller type vessels. It was Capt. John Smith who first publicized Monhegan Island. He came to the island in April, 1614, to look for copper and gold, but finding none, he and his crew of merry men turned their thoughts to things that were more practical. Capt. Smith's observing eye soon detected that the waters around Monhegan were teeming with fish, and his good business sense told him that a profitable enterprise could be established on the island. But a coastal and a trans-atlantic trade called for ships! Well, why not build them on Monhegan Island? A rich forest growth invited shipbuilding, and this prompted Capt. Smith to become a shipbuilder. And within six months, seven small sailing vessels were launched from Smith's shipyard at Monhegan. The fishery was meanwhile in operation, and by the end of September several shiploads of cured fish were ready to be sent to Jamestown, Va., England and Spain. Farming on a small scale was also resorted to during their stay on Monhegan. That the island had a favorable climate for the cultivation of vegetables and cereal grasses can be judged by Capt. Smith's own account of their

phenomenal growth—like “Eric the Red,” Capt. John Smith had a flair for decorative adjectives!

The Monhegan fishery was by now a firmly established industry, and the little harbor a beehive of activity, both maintained to this very day in spite of commercial restrictions imposed by monopolies and wars. Of especial interest to those living in the Land of the Little Dog is the fact that from the time Richard Vines had established his trading post at Winter Harbor—now Biddeford Pool, in 1616, the coastwise trade in fish, particularly between Monhegan Island and Winter Harbor, had become so lucrative that by 1620, King James I, of England, through the instigation of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, issued the so-called “Great Patent of New England,” permitting the Plymouth Company to monopolize the fishing around Monhegan and adjacent waters. The exorbitant fee required to obtain a fishing license proved discouraging to most owners of fishing-vessels, and the monopoly was banned by the House of Commons in 1624.

The following sketch depicts the writer’s own impressions of the islands of Monhegan and Manana as he first saw them on June 22, 1948.

What enticed me to visit Monhegan? The runic inscription on Manana Island. Numerous articles have been written about this inscription, but all, except one, have been woefully incomplete—Olaf Strandwold’s “Norse Runic Inscriptions along the American Atlantic Seaboard” being the one exception.

Monhegan and Manana can be reached from almost any point on the mainland by private vessels, but the general public must avail itself of the few regular routes. The ferry steamer service between Thomaston and Monhegan, for instance, is very popular. But here’s a word of caution. You must be at the pier *before* the boat departs. But I missed the daily steam-

er, and would not wait for the tomorrow's, so I had to seek transportation elsewhere. The outcome was a taxi down to Port Clyde, thence by a gas-propelled fishing-vessel to Monhegan. The trip along route No. 131 to Port Clyde is an interesting one. We first pass by Montpelier, the restored home of Gen. Henry Knox, first Secretary of War, and a few miles farther south come to Fort St. George, where Gen. Peleg Wadsworth was held as a prisoner by the "redcoats" in 1781, as related elsewhere in this work. From time to time we catch a grand view of the St. George River—christened by Capt. George Waymouth in the month of June, 1605.

Fort Clyde is situated on Fish Cove, opposite Hooper Island, and a port of call to coastwise vessels. Fishery is its principal industry. Here the tang of the sea is most acute—an odor conducive to briny adventures! And "Cynthia," an eighteen-foot craft, proudly rides at anchor in the quiet cove. She is awaiting the call of her skipper to put off to sea. And in the early afternoon of June the twenty-second, the skipper, my efficient young guide, and myself embarked for Monhegan. Presently Cynthia received the word to go, and with a quiver and a snort she leaped forward like a filly suddenly released from restraint in anticipation of glorious action!

I got my first view of Monhegan Island the moment Cynthia had rounded the bold headland on Burnt Island—one of the Georges Islands. Cynthia now faced the open sea, plunging forward in the teeth of a stiff breeze with heavy swells buffeting her bows. Cynthia's tussling with the elements was contagious—I felt as if I were breasting the breeze and the billows myself with an equally grim determination to reach destination! And above us our convoy of gulls and other aquatic birds called plaintively as we sped along—what a noble escort! Within half an hour, Cynthia

found herself safely berthed in Monhegan Harbor—the distance covered being twelve miles.

Having disembarked, no time was lost in inquiring about the runic inscriptions on Monhegan and Manana. But hadn't it been for my guide's resourcefulness, I would have experienced a considerable difficulty in obtaining any information, as the good citizens of Monhegan are somewhat reticent about these "mysterious scrawls." Nobody was inclined to throw any light on the subject—only a few vague hints escaped their lips. Concerning these inscriptions' whereabouts the hints were more definite—the inscription on Monhegan, however, remained in darkness. In our rediscovery of the Manana writing, due credit goes to my worthy guide. Borrowing a dory from a fisherman, we were ready to row across the harbor to Manana. Before doing so, however, my guide bade me look at a certain place on the eastern slope of Manana. What I saw was a man perched on the roof of a shack, surrounded by goats—the "Hermit of Manana." A man who reputedly became a recluse because he had been wronged by a member of the fair sex.

The crossing of the harbor was accomplished without mishap, and so was the difficult climb up the precipitous side of Manana. But here is a word of warning: Don't try to emulate a goat unless you be sure-footed! Better get in touch with the keeper of the Coast Guard Station on Manana, who will more or less gladly windlass you up and down the steep cliff!

From the highest point of the island (el. c. 100 ft.), we pause for a moment to survey Monhegan and its harbor. First the harbor, where Cynthia lies moored alongside the ferry steamer that plies the waters between Monhegan and Thomaston. The other craft is a small one-masted vessel that its owner—a member of the New York Yacht Club, suggested I call "Hard

Luck!" And how peacefully the tiny village of Monhegan rests beside the sea! A place of artist pilgrimage. The most conspicuous structures are the church, Monhegan Inn, and the lighthouse. In the far background, Black Head rears its dusky brow—Monhegan's highest point (el. c. 160 ft.). White Head and Burnt Head are also prominent headlands. All scarred by the sea! While reclining upon the brinks of these precipices, the artist, the poet, the philosopher—yes, even the confused lover, may find inspiration and solace!

The runic inscription on Manana is situated on a vertical granite wall of a wedge-shaped defile partly filled by rock fragments (talus)—a few hundred feet to the northeast of the Coast Guard Station. This runic inscription was discovered in 1808; the one on Monhegan, in 1855. Furthermore, the Norseman who cut the Manana inscription was called "Aunir." What significant fact did the rune-cutter try to convey to posterity? The type of runes used is in itself a "date-mark," since any one period had its own distinctive characters. This fact alone would place the time of the Manana inscription in the eleventh century, A. D. Be this as it may. When I had chalked the symbols of the writing concerned, I copied it. A photographic reproduction of the inscription directly from the rock could not be made because of unfavorable light conditions. Numerous attempts have been made by paleographers to decipher this runic inscription, but so far only one runologist—Prof. Strandwold has succeeded.

Retiring to a point overlooking all the isles, scars, and ledges lying within the range of vision, I could not refrain from indulging in a little retrospection—I saw throngs of Red Paint People, Indians, Vikings, and other adventurers everywhere, all in quest of fame

and fortune! I also saw the naval battle between the "Boxer" and the "Enterprice" that was fought off the coast of Monhegan in the War of 1812-14. Everybody coming to Monhegan has enjoyed his stay there—physicians excepted. Why? Because most Monheganites die from old age! Nowhere else is the air more invigorating and the sun more loving. In such a congenial atmosphere both mind and body may reach their full maturity!

The vegetation on Manana is too scant to support anything but goats. With Monhegan, however, Nature has been more liberal. As I have noted elsewhere, plant-life on Monhegan is luxuriant and highly adorning. Furthermore, he who loves to take excursions into the past—he who wants to live and let live—he who delights in peering into the future, Monhegan holds a great promise of fulfillment!

The return voyage to Port Clyde was made without any outstanding incident. The sea was calm, and Cynthia was in high spirits—she was going home! It had been a perfect day to all concerned. And when I said *adieu* to Cynthia and her capable skipper—not forgetting my esteemed guide, it was with the assurance of its being but a temporary parting!

Bliss in possession will not last; remembered joys
are never past.

—Campbell.

11

UNCLE CHARLIE'S GARDEN

Apple picking time was in full swing. Men carrying ladders and half-bushel baskets were plodding up a steep slope towards an apple orchard. A light frost had just recently nipped the more tender foliage of the upland meadows, and only on the summits of the highest hills did vegetation still display its summer richness. The seared leaves of the apple trees enhanced the conspicuousness of the fruit, a fact that naturally delighted the owner of the orchard. He had spent many weary days in pruning and spraying the fruit-bearing trees, and now anticipated a bountiful yield.

The Astrakhans and the Gravensteins had already been picked, and the men would soon be hard at work stripping the orchard of its Mackintoshes. Picking apples is great fun. Sunshine, fresh air, and pleasant surroundings all contribute to make the task pleasant. The work is, however, not a weakling's job. A fairly strong physique, great patience and endurance are the requisites. A considerable amount of skill is also necessary—to place the ladders properly up against the trees; to pick the fruit without bruising it, and then to carry a loaded basket down a ladder varying in length from eight to twenty-nine feet—this may well be called feats of adroitness, agility, poise, and strength! But a person employed to pick apples is not always what he pretends to be—he is often more interested in looking at his watch than in watching his work! The employer keeps a sharp eye on such a

fellow. Anybody engrossed in his task does not waste his employer's time and money!

Apple-picking and story-telling go hand in hand. Many a tall story has come from an apple tree. And the object of this sketch is to relate the choicest ones. It is almost always the "other fellow" that becomes the butt of a droll story. Fortunately, there are exceptions to this rule, as we shall see presently. All names of persons, living or dead, are fictitious, and if you see yourself here as others have seen you elsewhere, you are to be highly complimented!

Emil was a stout person with a squeaky voice, and he always saw his countrymen in ludicrous attitudes. Here's a case in point.

Jacob was a queer fellow. He always wanted to do things the "hard way." For instance, every time he unharnessed his horse he would throw the harness on the ground outside the stall—he never hung it on a peg inside the stable, as others would have done. "Too much like work," he used to say. In winter, especially after a snow-storm, he usually had trouble finding it, but that was the way he wanted it—he liked to "scratch" for everything. And as a free citizen, he had the right to exercise his whims. Another thing. Jacob had no confidence in new-fangled ideas or novelties. The privy—an institution found in every well-organized household, was not a part of Jacob's plan. He regarded such a structure as "superfluous" on a farm. His aversion to a privy seems to originate from an incident he had experienced in his early years on Hallowe'en. Somebody had played a prankish trick on him while "roosting" in one of these contraptions.

Old Ben was the most faithful worker in the apple orchard. Old Ben was a horse. He was the orchard owner's prized possession. Old Ben's special duty in the orchard was to haul the wagon carrying boxes and

barrels of apples from the orchard to the sorters whose establishment was some distance away. He was known never to have "talked back" to his master; never gone on strike; ready to do his master's bidding at any hour of the day or night—he and his team-mate had pulled the writer's automobile out of many a soft spot along the country road. That his master sometimes became impatient with him in late years is explainable. Old Ben was nearing twenty-four years. He was short-winded, especially noticeable while pulling a heavy load up a steep grade. But in spite of this defect, his master treated him with great kindness and respect due such a trustworthy servant. Not even George, whose voice could be heard a mile away on any calm day whenever he expressed his displeasure over anything or anybody, could seriously ruffle Old Ben's complacency. In fact, his only reaction to a man's raucous braying was a sniff and a stifled snort, implying "Proud man, drest in a brief authority!"

"Ever heard about the man who was chased out of his own house and home by a "hen party?"

This announcement in a firm, clear voice came from Calvin who was perched near the top of a high ladder. Everybody, including Old Ben, raised his ears. Evidently, nobody had ever heard the tale related before.

"Well," Calvin began with a chuckle, "this thing happened in the nearby village some years ago. The local 'Sewing Circle' was to be held at Mrs. McDuff's place, but Mr. McDuff himself did not approve of it, as he believed that most of the members of this "exclusive club" were more interested in promoting gossip than in knitting socks for the poor heathens down in Africa. The upshot was that McDuff hit upon the novel scheme of smoking the women out. At last the time for action came. He watched the women arrive

from his vantage-ground in the wood-shed. And when the coast was clear, he placed a ladder against the dwelling-house, and with a short, wide board in one hand climbed to the roof. From the chimney a thick spiral of smoke ascended. And by placing an ear close to the opening he could hear the buzzing of his would-be victims. All was well. And quietly he placed the board over the flue, and then cautiously made his way down the ladder. From his wood-shed retreat he awaited the result. It was what he had anticipated. Violently the door of the parlor was flung open, and out streamed the flock of women, coughing and gesticulating. Clouds of smoke followed, and for a moment he thought that the house was on fire, and that his goose was cooked. His name was called several times—a familiar voice it was, and it came from the smoke-filled room. Like a true knight of old he rushed into the house to render aid to what he thought was a lady in distress, but he had hardly crossed the threshold when something heavy bore down on his shoulders, barely missing his head. Before him stood his buxom spouse—‘you’re behind all this,’ she screamed, ‘but from now on I’ll wear the pants in this family!’ ”

Calvin—the man who told this true tale, is a bachelor, hence a very happy man!

One day the sounds of an unusual commotion broke the quietude of the orchard. The cause of this disturbance was a group of young men who had been sent to Maine to “ease” the labor problem. The owner of the orchard had come upon the youngsters half asleep beneath an apple tree surrounded by tall, dry grass. Numerous smoldering cigarettes were strewn about the place—a situation that warranted the use of strong language. But the young fellows were apparently immune from correction, as the somewhat

quaint words employed to make them see the light only brought forth laughter! They were, of course, immediately discharged.

Among the most common wild plants, birds, and animals that regard the apple orchard as their "paradise," we are pleased to say that they include the following: The orchard is surrounded by American White Pine, White Oak, Small White Birch, Quaking Aspin, Rock Maple, and American Elm. And the stone fences are covered with Poison Ivy! Within these protective walls we have the apple trees. And amongst these trees the wildings—they grow and thrive best in shady nooks. Here they are. Beneath the trees where the soil is very rich, the Clammy Ground Cherry and the Wood Sorrel reign supremely. The Common Dandelion—how nobly it carries its golden crown, is also here. Among the rocks we find the Common Milkweed, Bull Thistle, Spearmint, Smooth Aster, and the Devil's Paint Brush. On sunny knolls, and near moss-covered ledges, the common Brake or Bracken lives. He who surveys all this splendor has a right to rejoice. Ask the crow and the blackbird who occasionally come down to dine on luscious, sun-kissed apples! Ask the robin and the wren who carol the romance of life! Ask the white-tailed deer and the cotton-tail rabbit who come here nightly to feast and to frolic! Life can be beautiful where there is food for body, mind, and soul!

Having picked the "macks," the pickers start on the other varieties, including the Northern Spy, Gano, Bluepine Maine, North Head, Arctic, Baldwin, Bellflower, New York Pippin, Black Oxford, Ben Davis, Senator, Stark Delicious, Snow Apple, Greening, and several others. Benjamin Franklin tells us that "it is better to be alone than in bad company." But here is good company midst ideal surroundings. Everybody bent on spreading wit and good humor. Several days

would pass, however, without anyone being inclined toward unbosoming his wisdom. Whenever one anecdote is told another is bound to follow. The "hen-pecked husband" came from a veteran story-teller whom we shall call Harry. This is a *true* story.

Henpecked husbands are as common as bull thistles in a pasture. Most husbands don't like to be pecked by their life-escorts, but I know of one who felt grievously unhappy when his wife spoke politely. Mr. and Mrs. Huckleberry were hucksters, and did a flourishing business; that is, as long as the female Huckleberry kept up her nagging. But one day she became ill, and there was a sudden decline in rebukes. Her husband began to suffer from his wife's lenient behavior toward him, and their business was on the down grade. In short, Mrs. Huckleberry died, and from that day on her widower lost all interest in his trade. The moral seems to be this: The taming of a shrew is a man's undoing!

A genial, old man with a lively sense of humor is the author of the following anecdote. A newspaper reporter once called him the "Last of the Rivermen."

Near my old home there was a cemetery which had the reputation of being haunted. And I had to pass this place twice a day on my way to and from work. The report that a "ghost," dressed in a white flowing robe, had been seen skulking among the tombstones, gave me an idea. I wanted to capture this ghost, dead or alive! And so one dark night, going home from work, I approached the cemetery with a grim determination to teach this "specter" a lesson that it would not soon forget. Armed with a wooden club, I entered the "city of the dead." At first nothing that resembled a ghost could be seen, but I was in no hurry—I could wait. I had a "premonition" that the "ghost" would soon show up, and I bided the opportunity. It

was close to midnight before the "apparition" made its appearance, and that in a very "unorthodox" manner, by climbing over the stone wall into the burying-ground and clumsily dislodging a stone in its haste. Stealthily I crept toward the white-robed figure, ready to give it a knock-out blow. The yell that "ghost" gave when my club hit its head was frightful but not fatal. I expected to see it drop any moment, but instead it took to its heels, disappearing over the wall and in the general direction from which it had come. I had my suspicions—a few days later I met what I knew to be the erstwhile "ghost." It was a man noted for his deviltry. He carried a head-bandage. And when I asked him how he got his injury, he replied, "I hit my head against a beam in the wood-shed the other night." After that unpleasant experience in the cemetery, no more "ghosts" were seen in that burying-ground!

The skunk has always been a theme with a bad ending. It is a pretty animal—a knight of the night, but is noted more for his odor than his looks. He is an expert in ejecting a very offensive odor when irritated or alarmed, and for this reason has acquired a bad reputation. The anecdote that follows was concocted by a certain Bill, well noted for his sobriety and veracity.

Returning home late one summer night after a lively American Legion meeting, the headlights of my car caught a lonely skunk leisurely walking across the country road. Now, it has always been my ambition to study wild life at close range, and right here a favorable opportunity presented itself. I stopped the car a few feet away from the animal—it was evidently a female, judging from the way she made "goo-goo" eyes at me. I got out of my car and cautiously moved toward her, but her eyes told me that I was getting

“fresh” and she resented it. She was minding her own business—I was not! She stood, or rather sat, on her constitutional rights, and would defend herself at all costs—she knew that “the end justifies the means,” and with this slogan in mind she arose, and with great dignity began to turn around. And so did I! I jumped into my car and slammed the door shut. Just then a salvo hit the car, covering it with indelible, yellow spots emitting an odor that stunk to high heaven! Several suggestions on how to remove the offensive smell were submitted, but only one seemed practical—I should drive my car into a sand-pit, cover it completely with sand, letting it remain there for about ten days! I regret to say that the burial was never undertaken. However, the odor disappeared by itself within a few months, but the stains were there to stay!”

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

—*Emerson.*

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